



the heat
of strangers
presses in on me

blurring music
and movement
and body

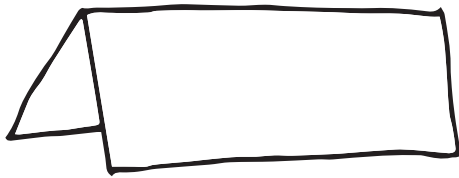
an electric dance
of hedonistic delight

my soul
so dearly lost
in the truth
behind my lies

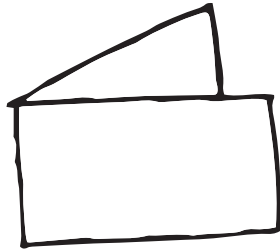
! wish to weep
under the willows
of my own planting
to water the earth
with my pain
so that it may grow
into something new

! wish to rage
against the vanes
walls of their making
to shatter the false
mirrors of my being
to crush the thing
that rends my
reflection under
heavy boot

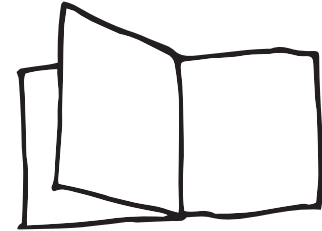
your love
never wanted
but oh so
selfishly needed
! only to prove
such a thing tangible
and the strangers begin
losing
where ! end
! melt into the blur
with broken knees
that you will pluck
me from the tree of
forbidden fruits
praying



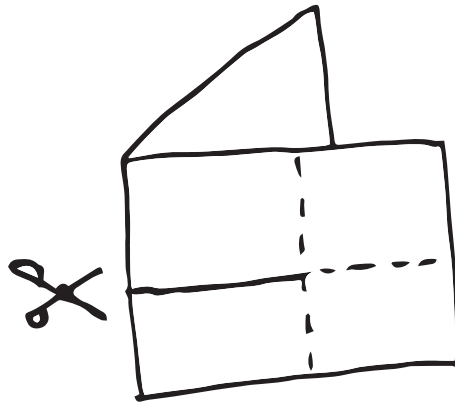
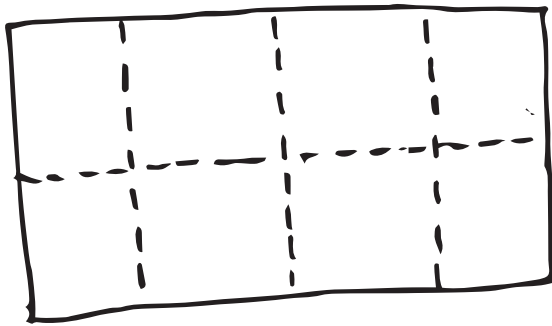
fold



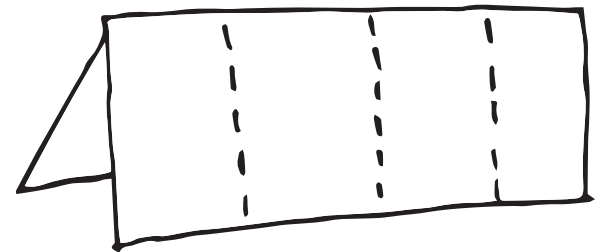
fold



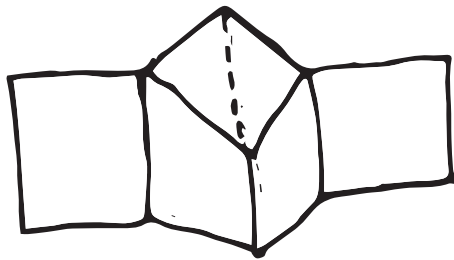
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold