



i ride my bike through
American Paradise

laid out
in orderly
cookie cutter houses

a concept
of the self
all too similar

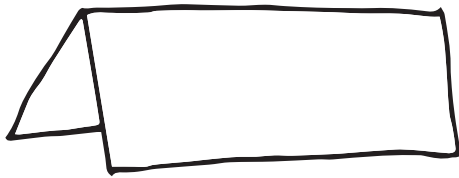
garishly perfect
a sickening memento

glass panes whole
invisible once more
sling pulled back
punching pinholes
in this suffocating
suburbia

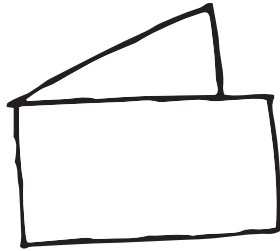
i drag my bike through
American Paradise
beaten and broken
retribution graciously
paid out

to interrupt their
complacent tranquillity
for a single moment
force them
to acknowledge me

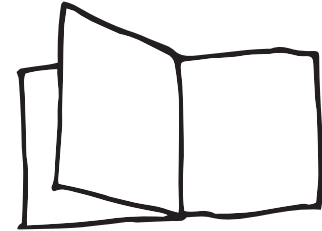
i wish i could
put a rock
through every window
punching pinholes
in the facade
of my soul



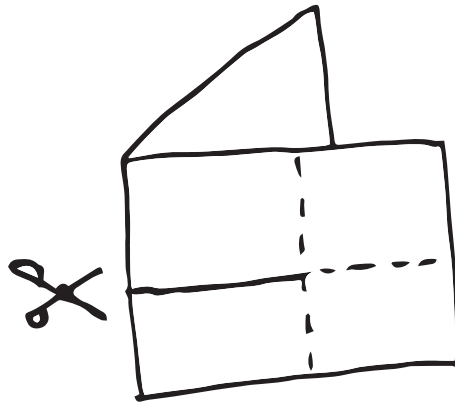
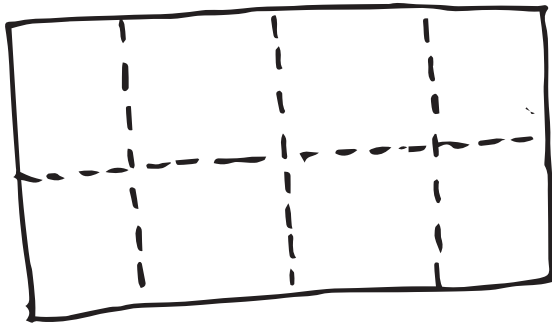
fold



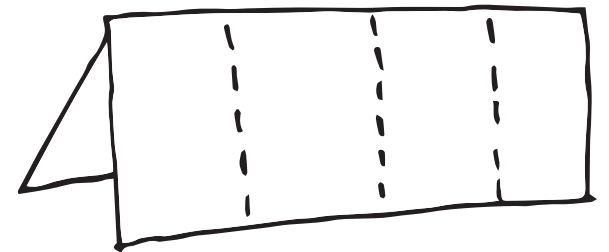
fold



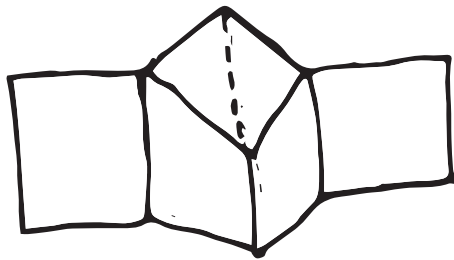
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold