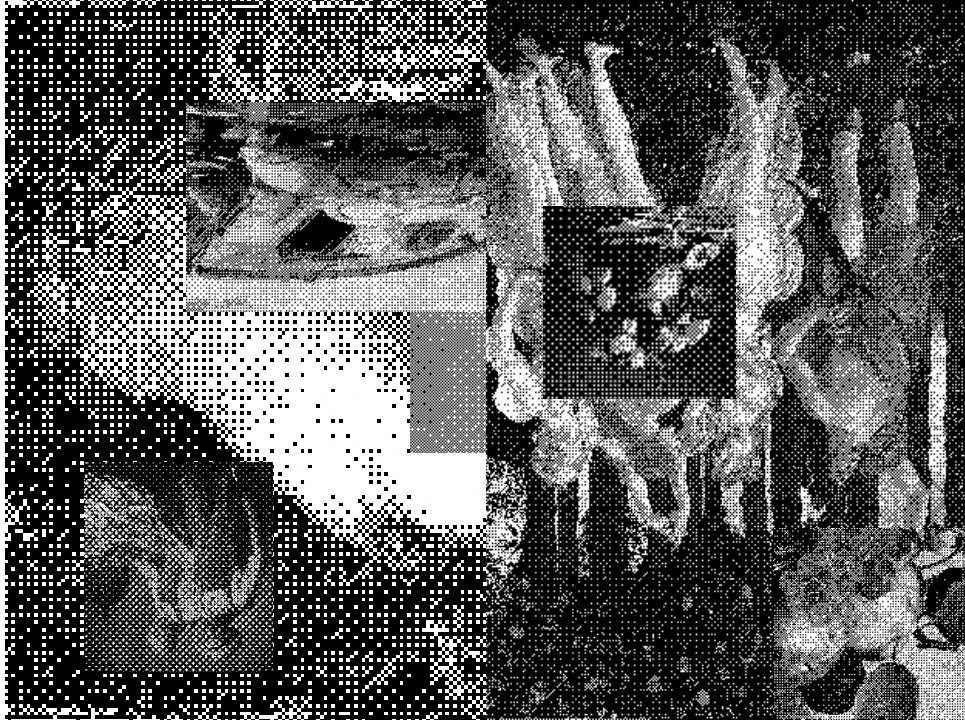


like that i own myself
in the way the
fisherman owns the sea
the storm owns the rain
the moss owns the dead



@flatvend

flatvend.glitch.me



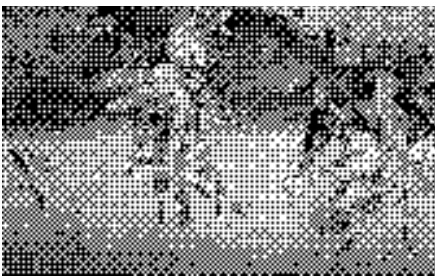
of my soul
of every syllable
the bitter-sweetness
tasting



i trace the shape
of myself
with tongue against
tooth & cheek



under the names i place
upon its surface
only now the Echo
calls back the names
i gave them



seducing the very
reflection that
fragments & obscures



Narcissus wishes
he was me



telling me the things
i already knew

