

On Time

We were all outside like normal

Smoking like normal

Tossing our butts like normal

It wasn't until we noticed the smoke that I ran back outside

Saw them burning in the bush

All of the things with purpose

Nothing with sense

*balal*

I hope it hits me like lightning

I don't think I want to suffer

It is hard to explain that for a long time I've thought I might die soon

I've seen it written on walls

Doctors tell me I'm fine but I don't believe them

I believe in curses

I no longer trust fantastic

Everyone keeps wishing me well but I want to be happy

I keep telling myself, "*I am a unique entity*"

But what kind of a universe would create a creature such as me?

Everyday I work with vibrations

Everyday I fight with gravity

Everything pushing

Without an outside we moved in

A space between my ears

A solid pit that won't fill

The clicking of my bag now sounds like footsteps far behind me

The body of a roach moving headlessly to lay its eggs

Osmosis running across my skin so vibrant-thin and transparent

The bloodsuckers already live inside me

So how now are the boundaries?

My body tried to quit so now I can't trust it

I objectified the moon and now she don't talk to me

A stranger broke my heart

How do you get close to something that moves so slowly then quickly?

How can you escape someone in orbit?

If you steal my soul I want you to know it's useless without me

You won't learn anything about anyone else from me

I can only tell you about me

I had a dream about Candice that I'm still trying to understand.

They told me Chris fell from his car and now he's in the ocean.

I still have nail polish on my big toe from our trip to Aaron's funeral.

When I cried my grandma told me god was probably saving him from something much worse

but I know she's not religious