

**'Fever' - April 2020**

Spending my days trying to figure out if I am too hot or too cold.  
Meanwhile in a place far away but not actually far away at all,  
you are too hot and too cold.

Ali said "If I wanted to talk to a wet flannel I would go to the bathroom"  
I lost my shit  
laughing  
in the bathroom,  
asking myself and the flannel if it is worth loving someone who doesn't love you back.

We've had this conversation before.

I wash my face  
I wash my face again and again and again  
half hoping it will turn into a different one...  
more palatable,  
less tense.

I hang myself over the drying rail,  
next to the sink  
fogging up the bathroom mirror,  
dripping onto the floor.

Tepid.

**Creep - 2020**

Am I slipping again?  
Into a past so distant now,  
the clock resets, flips, rewinds

So recent now  
it flits around in the periphery.

Hope is tentative, guarded, haunted  
The monster under the bed, in the bed, between the sheets  
holding your hand like it knows what hope is too  
Dancing on the precipice of destruction  
Exhausting work when you sleep with your eyes open.

Venture, hesitant, into the memory vault..  
Pick the locks, don't trip the alarms  
Don't leave any bodies!

Is this my body?  
Before and behind,  
molded by time,  
sacred and sore.

Fast forward, rewind,  
the aggression of touch fresh on the tongue,  
something about eternity and love  
and the taste of a ghost  
when you're hungry and alone

In the bottom of the glass.  
In a hole in the wall.  
On the bathroom floor.

Running away, patching the wall,

I toss time on the fire,  
I breathe in the smoke,  
I hold my own hand.

**Worms - May 2020**

The sky cries on my behalf. Tear ducts blocked by every letter of the alphabet.  
I can't see straight.  
Plagued by guilt and the confused shadows of the world passing by wet cheeks.

I open a can of worms. And another. And another.

I eat them for breakfast, lunch and dinner.  
There's no escape from the routine buffet of possibility that slaps you in the face every morning and eats you alive as you fall asleep at night.

Dreams are the subconscious.  
Past, present, future selves screaming warnings at you from dark corners at every party.

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I know I'm insane because I have a small hope deep inside my chest that one day I might be a real person.

Feelings rearrange themselves, a rubik's cube on ecstasy in my mind faster than the ticking hands of a clock.  
Ghosts in silk gloves spitting: faster! faster!

Daylight savings hits and it starts getting colder but the hands don't stop and parallel lives lay themselves naked and shivering on the table in front of you.

Next to the worms.

You learn to speak the language of the worms,  
you talk about life in the tongue of decay.  
They are tricksters but they are sustenance.

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What does a real person look like?

I can't focus because I'm too busy learning to read minds.

Translating thought into:  
action, inaction, communication, betrayal.  
Learning how to be real.

Trying on the masks of the friends who dance faceless in my dreams.

Is everyone just a sliver of smoke in a body?  
Don't touch, don't stand too close.  
A vessel, ambiguous and alert.

Growing pains.

Breakfast lunch and dinner is served best when you're not hungry.  
No one is ever starving for the truth.

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Sneaking away to unpick your dreams for a midnight snack, all your bones click clack to the kitchen, tip toes, heart a thunder clap, a murmur into the abyss of the night where only you can face those faceless creatures haunting the backs of your eyelids.

I'm too tired to do anything stupid.

The unknown may cause anxiety but this dirt is also a home.

**Dreamscape (why is the cheese always moldy?) - August 2020**

I thought the wok was my cat.

Blurred visions  
Blue lips  
Frostbitten and sweet  
and sour acid tongues  
and dreams and bad dreams

The hedges look awful  
and I can see right through  
Once you take off the growth  
it's just the street outside and tyre tracks in the mud  
Roadside theatre  
Otherworldly shit

Growing, growing, gone.

I want to hold your hand  
So I pull apart the meaning of a hand  
and stick the bones and tendons into the thesaurus under chaos.

I talk about loaves of cheese like they matter,  
and twisted fantasies about going to the dairy  
have never mattered more or less  
than typing them out to you  
and hoping they dont come true.