

There's a difference between spring and fall,
as they can rouse emotions and tears,
thinking about the future, then thinking about the
glad it only happens once a year.

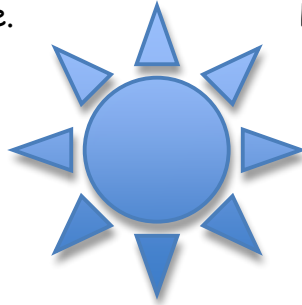


past,

I'll never be poor I'll never be humble
I have taste I have an eye
I've internalized all your shit & I'll spit it back at you.

I can't help it that I'm good at stealing &
I can't tell which of my lies are real anymore.

I've switched planes & it feels like I'm leaving you all behind,
but I'm nostalgic as fuck. Everything past
seems beautiful to me.
love of a flaw, there's
no affection for



Because beauty is only the
no beauty in perfection,
utopia.

I'm poor like
sandwich &
can I have some fries
pummeled, what is
it you call them here? I forget, I forgot, the same
way I departed, I'm not disappeared I just
can't see my own face. I'm a vulture.

there's too much salad in this

I mean pomes,



But I can still make
to know about social
when people are
you, how does it hurt
something you are
you



promises, what do you want
conventions. It's taboo to notice
following you. Why does that scare
you & why does it have to be
against. No one's going to believe

in a way that doesn't advance their current agenda.

Your friends are your enhancements, think of them
like a bouquet around you, they should be colorful
but set you off to the best light. This isn't cynical

it's the key to a



good life if you like flowers.

Every bite I take I
out,

think my teeth are going to fall

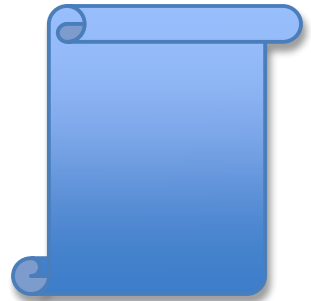
that's not a dream that's

a reality.

Only lose a tooth in front of

your best friends,

**otherwise people find it quite disturbing. (This could be
be a genius play for sympathy) but I'm pretty sure bad
teeth are a metaphor for childhood molestation.**



Do you make people sad, do you feel people in your
presence grow melancholy or sullen with resentment.

Do they ask you resentfully earnest, how do you do that,

then you might be

fucked like me, welcome.

Let's go back to
I have roots there,
just homesick for a
coping mechanisms
poisonous.



Patterson, not a young thug
not even lying right now
better worse hell. Our
are so much more honestly

Everything is killing you
we manage to just do it, bigger than
it won't stop. We can't arrest the
forces ordained in the name of
straining out any nutrients that
slipped through and broken the



hahaha, but
better,
churning
purification
might have
chains of

**a mutating resistance that
metastasizes in prayers.**

only