

trusty weapon **bleeding turmoil** vengeance or brutal
carver slipping into darkness... or light... numbness the
slicer serrated skin stealer why **just not here** suffering of
memories bleeding
stinging...
to nothing
Pray you
don't feel
the bite of
this **end**

ACUTTER

HOW FAR MUST IT GO

All the way...

*careful
but not too
careful*

HOLD TIGHT

gasp

for

life

spiraling out of control

*is this what it looks like to
have life flash before your eyes*

*there are wedges missing
flung far from the force of this centrifuge*

*what is at the heart
in the eye of the storm
the crux of my confusion*

in the endless spiral

*i wonder who i am
is it the first time i've done such a thing*

*i know it
the walls will be dark
i'm struggling against the outward pull*

*finding i've got no more to lose but my sense of direction
no more to learn but everything.*

orbiting inwards, losing myself in myself

*what do the others think
can they find my smile in the swirl*

this feels like me

or must it be darkness ahead

*is it ok to get lost in it all
i can't resist it anymore*

but not what i want

*so out of control
who let this get*

*are these cracks in my person
splinters
lost shards*

or is this spinning more than the rest of it

A helpless husk
 What lay beneath but hollow and the dread of death? Is this none of what I was, or the last of what I am?
 I am bone. One step from dirt. Two steps from life. Many steps from griefed.
 No more than a bleak stain on your headline.

Furrowed. Even if death.

IS THERE LIGHT THIS DEEP

the
 scent
 of death,
 pungent

I AM AFRAID OF THIS PLACE

Who has fractured?

Did those investigators find out?

Was there anyone in my name?

TRADE
 THESE
 WORDS
 FOR
 MY
 NAME

Was it quick...

And what can I hear?

What but my own stillness

Crumpled lips sold to dust. Forever longing for one last utter.

CHIPS FOR TEE H

On the beginning...

What left do I have left?

And what can I hear?

What but my own stillness

I suppose this is where my words would have been. Inevitably, the only letter I can manage now is a mean.

IT STARTS WITH A CRAWL

SOME DARING STEPS

FEARFULNESS

SNOW TOPPLES DOWN
A BERAATING
A BATTERING

UNSURE,
YOUR GOAL IS EVER IN SIGHT

BUT PUSHING SCARED,

BUT?

BUT CONSIDERING
THE ALMIGHTY

SUMMIT

YOU WORKED SO HARD FOR THIS

IS THE TOP ALL YOU WANTED?
OR IS THAT SHIT

YOU'RE PROUD
BUT IS THAT ALL YOU ARE

YOU EARNED IT

BUT YOU ALSO START TO WONDER
BUT NOT

YOU'VE COME TOO FAR TO FALL

DON'T SLIP NOW

YOU CAST EYES ON A VALLEY,
BEAUTY UNFOLD

YOU'RE CENTERED NOW
FREE OF DOUBT

IF THE SOFT SNOW

TO DESCEND

FEELS AS GOOD AS HOME