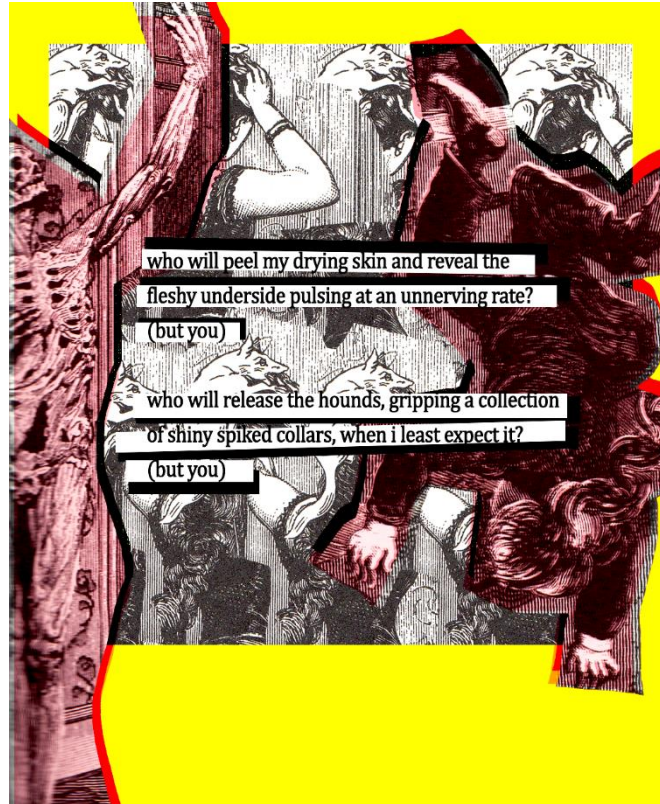


i get exceedingly bored with poetry about beautiful boys!  
 when you are so much more than the aesthetic appreciation of your face, you are malicious and evil  
 and disgusting and rat-like and  
 you hold a sadness within you like sticky toffee, wax melts bound together in the burning backseat of your mother's car.  
 how exciting to know you for what you are



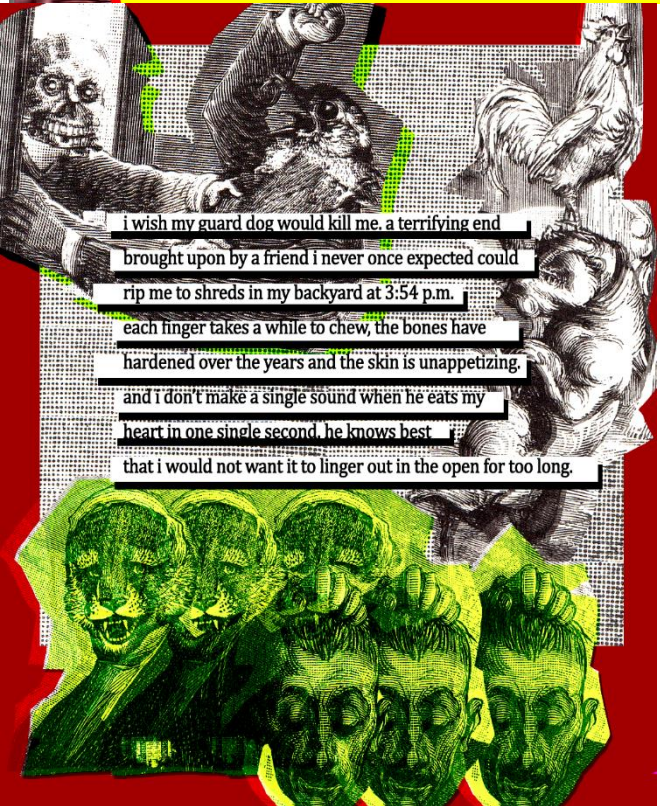
who will peel my drying skin and reveal the fleshy underside pulsing at an unnerving rate?  
 (but you)  
 who will release the hounds, gripping a collection of shiny spiked collars, when i least expect it?  
 (but you)



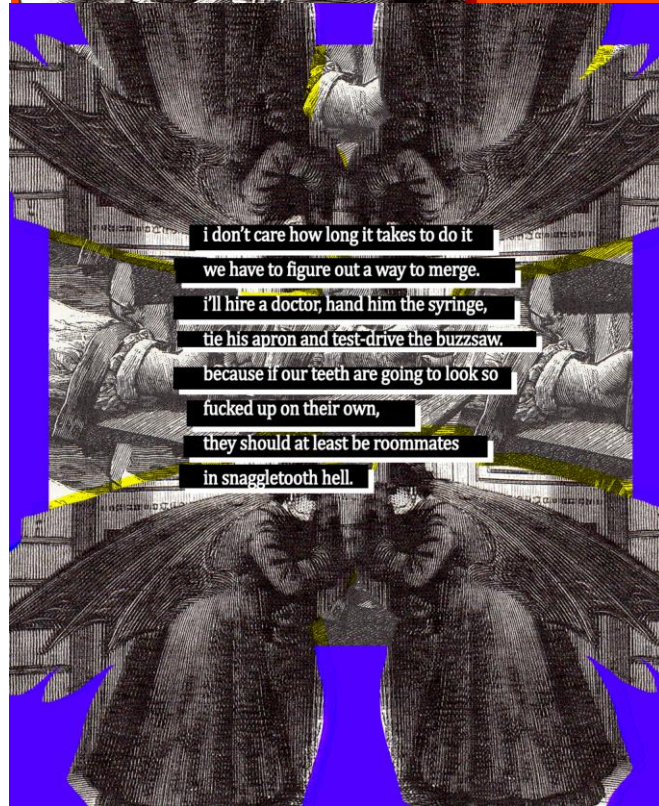
i lift the sword and carry it on my back because sometimes it feels like it is the only way to resolve some of these conflicts.  
 the armor, the king-gifts, the titles, they are beautiful decorations, but haunting the court at night like a rabid dog, i always manage to bite the hand that feeds me do not fret, nonetheless -  
 i remain too chivalrous to stain your fur coat with blood.



we gnaw at the gates of heaven with our garrotted teeth full of rage, uselessly.  
 and yet i will always find myself smiling at the idea of ripping god's trachea out with you at my side



i wish my guard dog would kill me, a terrifying end brought upon by a friend i never once expected could rip me to shreds in my backyard at 3:54 p.m.  
 each finger takes a while to chew, the bones have hardened over the years and the skin is unappetizing.  
 and i don't make a single sound when he eats my heart in one single second, he knows best  
 that i would not want it to linger out in the open for too long.



i don't care how long it takes to do it we have to figure out a way to merge.  
 i'll hire a doctor, hand him the syringe, tie his apron and test-drive the buzzsaw.  
 because if our teeth are going to look so fucked up on their own, they should at least be roommates in snaggletooth hell.