

Anterrabae

"Ready Set Explode"

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I observed the little things: the swaying of scarves, the king of hearts' clever suicide attempt, a slowly decaying corpse sprinkled with shotgun shells and that "alive" look gleaming in it's eyes. The distinction between truth and tale exists in the most crucial of times and explodes like a wine cork getting shot into the night, disappearing under stars and blood while exaggerated through war stories and battle wounds. In retrospect, we dwell on childhood memories while a rain of white lies and battle cries create the stage. The last name is embarrassment preceded closely by reliable. The mind seems to outrun the body and the closeness between me and you is ironically the same as the distant from New York to Duxbury. Shake it up.

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