

Anterrabae

"Stay Moist"

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I am your poet who hasn't written anything . And while you ask me why we should see each other, I reply we ought to see each other again before anything can be decided. During our time apart I heard both cries of terror and delight alike but we did not come for each other. We hid ourselves purposely in the brush. And although nobody knew the truth but us, we never strayed more than 48 hours from each other's voice and found our way home via the scent of our own piss. We walk away as our eyes squint in the unrelenting rays of the sun. Truth unspoiled beneath true green, holy and free, settle your weight upon me. We're just another slow motion killing machine.

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