

Cannae

"White Walls Reap Black Figures"

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A letter written home on stationary, the address
marked with the author's
blood. I know his leaving was never premeditated, but
eighteen years on
auto-pilot...will drive someone's impulse. decapitated
dolls. Arson on action
figures. So told, not acceptable acts. They figured if
hope was twisted
within a straitjacket, it would be the perfect solution to
prevent so called
mishaps. The worls seemed so colorless. White walls
masquerade the surface of
punishment (and rehabilitation) I can't grip the burden
of shadows. I hope
you die! The corners of blended pasts, uninformed to
their futures. The final
solution is to let me deal. Let's see you grip the burden
of shadows. Let's
see you grip the burden of shadows. The burden of
shadows.

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