

Kelly Abe

"The Beautiful Murder Of Myself"

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Okay, calm down - now let's start breathing;
The season just changed in your head Kel, you're
freezing;
The reason for pain and for shame and for training
Your brain in those ways was to study for leaving.

Leaving these years in a stain?
Wrapping your unbroken soul in a cast with a cane in
your hand for support which you call education?;
Blotting the clot that erupted, with patience;
If you lose your mind now you'll have more time to take
it.
Don't fake it - you'll leave your heart lonely and vacant.

Once again, Kelly Abe, you've infected my mind;
Our spontaneous combustion will come in due time;
But make no mistake - I don't fix what's not broken;
I breathe air to your lungs when your passion is
choking;
And that cane - it's me - and the soul it's you
And that brain is me - and that goal is you;
And when the time's right, I'll take out the knife,
And rip out my own heart to give kelly abe life.
But till then drink the pain; starve yourself - you need
hunger;
Cause that is the cancer that's festering under
My logic and reason- I hold it the closest;
Each day is a meal for my birthing psychosis.

But I'm breaking my bones waiting for your insanity!
I'd kill you to kill this infectious calamity!
Smear blood on my chest over "poet" for vanity;
And tattoo the date of your death somewhat lavishly
Over the date of our birth on our stomach;
Plumetting down hell's canal like a puppet;
Muttering sounds of remorse serves my comfort;
When you hit ground zero I'll bask in consumption;
The scent of strength; the vision of power;
The feeling of happiness drowning my past;
The taste of the absence of time - make the hour-glass
mine - life is bliss - I would cry if I found her.

Well, thank god I have you, cause death is my dream;
And I'll never meet life, though it hides in my sleeve;
And I'll never think twice, but I'll always think three;
And over-indulge in this sytem's decree.
But look what I've done to you - you're fucking
unstoppable;
The buring sensation of tormented logical
Processes, theories and queries were conjugal:
Thank kelly kamen for writing your chronicle.
Thank kelly kamen for holding you back;
Like a caged fuckin beast that's been starved in a trap;
Like a bolt of resentment that swelled in your belly;
The birth of a renaissance machiavelli.
I'm outside the cage - what's up bitch, throw down!
I'd die by your hands just to throw you the crown.
I'd cry in a blissful utopian pain;
To only know us by the name Kelly Abe.

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