

Ninety Pound Wuss "Shorthand Operation"

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Short hand operation.
My body lays exposed on the operating table.
One blind eye pulled from the stems.
The other frantically recalls memories like news
broadcasts from an a.m. radio station.
Realizing just what i've become.
I turn to cherish the moment of forgiveness.
My second skin being removed so slowly.
The moments like hours.
The minutes like days.
Grinding through see-saw stardust.
Pixel vision naturally shapeless.
I endure this captivity.
My regret so colorless and futile.
My hands lay severed beside me.
Dull, pale, scratching at the floor.
These thoughts once pondered my own self
destruction.
I remember devouring all that was left of your
wounded heart.
I was never the person you thought i was.
I was never the person i thought i was.
I'm without, i'm nothing now.
The truth has been seen through incision.
Mind intercourse, thought correction.
It always comes back to sin and catastrophe.
Desire welling up inside.
Passions arise.
Rekindled memories.
Affections so bliss.
Forgotten pristine candy.
Red shake and shiver.
Objection dead.
Skin crawling.
Chaotic conversion.
Switchstance.
Whitewash my face to gleam again.

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