

## Send More Paramedics

### "The Wealthy Dead"

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Looking at myself, looking at you. You are, are you.  
Familiarity or necessity. Confusion is a misty grayness,  
something like the darkness. Solid to the seam. Positive  
things lie in the shadow of rain. Forever trapped behind  
glass and reflections. You are smearing the image. You  
must go far away. And you must be far away. I've never  
been this close to the stars, and still it's not enough to  
help forget what was. What was once. I pushed you so  
hard tonight, but I wanted to breathe you in so hard  
tonight. Why do I do this to myself, you and us. I hate  
this is so much.

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