

## The Latency

### "Asa Phelps Is Dead"

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Hey brother can you spare the time? skin and bones  
that's melting in a backwards way to grow. out of heart  
and out of mind, and kiss me in the rearview when you  
go ... dying at 23, i'm trying on my apathy with a tired  
conversation floating in this ether sky, tried again too  
many times, and doesn't it get worse ... sit and stare  
seems like we're running out of dimes. bodies that we  
burn as fuel, irreversible decline. pocket lint and  
turpentine warm my insides, wash these ashes from  
my eyes death with an attitude, i'm putting on my  
sunday suit tired as a conversation held one too many  
times a year or two or three or ten or twenty more ...  
waiting .....

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