

The Silent Type

"Ink And Blood"

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Is it true if I wake up that this story I construct will eventually come undone and reveal its empty tongue, like all along, this ink and blood could just wear off? I'm a book wrote in reverse and with several pages torn. As you read, the plot gets worse, and the characters unlearn every virtue, all concern for the lovers that they've hurt, for all pain has been returned. So I'm keeping my eyes shut. No more pages will get cut. The few chapters not yet done will come. Don't rush these words along. The words will come.

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