





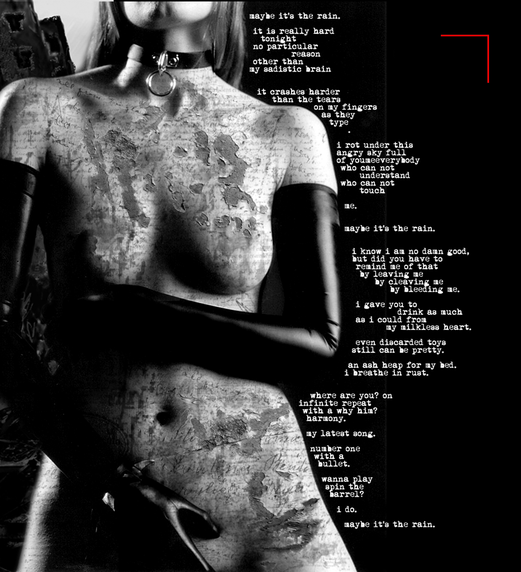

maybe it's the rain.

it is really hard
tonight
no particular
reason
other than
my sadistic brain

it crashes harder
than the tears
on my fingers
as they
type.

i rot under this
angry sky full
of yousseverybody
who can not
understand
who can not
touch

me.

maybe it's the rain.

i know i am no dean good,
but did you have to
remind me of that
by leaving me
by cleaving me
by bleeding me.

i gave you to
drink as much
as i could from
my milkless heart.

even discarded toys
still can be pretty.

an ash heap for my bed.
i breathe in rust.

where are you? on
infinite repeat
with a why him?
harmony.

my latest song.

number one
with a
bullet.

wanna play
spin the
barrel?

i do.

maybe it's the rain.