

The Devil Wears Prada, Don't Dink And Drance

I would like to burn this down.

I would like to see it melt in yellow and observe a cloud of blackness rise.

Watch it rise as it is wrath himself.

Watch it rise.

Crows will flee the scene as if to remind me how long it's been since I have seen a dove.

Melt in yellow as I do.

Exhaustion and mother of tribulation.

Wound by wound.

I torture myself.

Wound by wound, I will perservere.

Whiteness, present yourself, as I know you are the sky and anchor of my being.

What we've known is like cigarettes.

Formaldehyde fingers.