

Like a Player

The muse is my muse now
Sweet consciousness
Deep pussy image
Don't need you to read her
By the light I can totally taste
Revolving so fast she's still
Like the ground
Dancing summer
Cloud on the deep blue screen of
Death,
I'm not scared anymore.

Joy of Missing Out

I put my fingers
To the little window
And close my eyes
I can text without seeing
Face without touching
Live in a separate stream
Of time
Divided from you
By a shining membrane
That shows me the news
Of shit hitting the fan
And football scores

Somewhere
In that moving cloud
Is a door
I will pass through at death
The moment I'm finally fully
Uploaded into your memory
Don't groan cos I'm
So obsessed with dying
When the door is cracked open
The light
Shines through
The color of tea

I glimpse that moment when
I will be
Forever the one
More absent
Forever the less desiring
And will have paid
The price of flesh
For the total randomness
Of my failures here on earth
Guided but not explained
By the light
Of an unsubstantiated star