

## Afterimage

Leave all the lights on and the front door wide open  
Keep your eyes peeled for the flickering red you see  
    watching you through the gaps of the neighbour's fence  
    and in the shadowy spaces between the leaves  
    Nightfall unsettles you now

Take another hit of whatever you have on hand  
Snort cough medicine through a concrete straw  
    anything is better than dragging nails on a chalk board  
    or listening to those children screaming inside the walls  
    Baby laughter unsettles you now

Close your eyes when the colours get too loud  
from the neon-sparking wires covered in your blood  
    The writhing dark is crushing and has motives of its own  
    but you can last here longer than the technicolour haloes  
    Daylight unsettles you now

Check under your toenails and the coloured bathroom tiles  
for any signs of your reflection it's been missing  
    from mirrors and the irises of strangers since you only  
    see strangers           if you even look at all  
    Most things unsettle you now

## **Burning pt.1**

Cover me in wax and thistle thorns  
Check my palms and thorax  
My stigmata is invisible  
But it ceremoniously bleeds  
When I sin, or I think of you

Roll me down the stairs  
Like those covert joints  
We used to smoke when we  
were alone. When I burn now its nothing  
but lows. The highs went up in flames  
along with you

Entombed in wax and sedentary  
from the candles I've been lighting  
The burn marks are shallow so I dig into them deeper  
But my cuts don't fester because  
There are wasps in the wounds

And even though I'm so far removed  
from my beliefs and don't believe in hell.  
Every time I smell smoke that's  
where I picture you  
Still burning, waiting for me

## **Burning pt.2**

I told you about Sunday School through ash clouds  
And braided hair, through tv static and hushed whispers  
that were louder than our normal voice

I told you about scapegoats.  
They used to pack a goat with their sins  
And slit the others throat, its only friend dead  
And banished to the desert

I used to think it would be the most vengeful goat  
The heat, and guilt that's not its own  
I would think Satan was no angel, just a goat with too much baggage  
And that's why the devil has  
horns, and loved the heat  
But instead  
His bones stain the desert, still packed with sins that aren't his own  
Why couldn't they just kill both, and saved him the struggle