

Space Between These Lines Not Dedicated
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Love Letter November15

Books

gone

Shelter

gone

I've been

screaming

out of key

all day

for you to

cover

the promise

hole

in the wall w/

a horizontal

picture or

something

that looks

like joy

I've been waiting

Ah this

sunrise

again on

a failed

paradigm

this stare

too far

into space

for too long

to remember

the name of

this city

Here is

a hammer

Here is

a bulb

A number

of things can

happen like

building in

light

killing in

darkness

or touching

each other

during

our magic

hour

I trade
news links
through
militarized
playspace
to keep
witnessing
fresh
to stay out
of the back
catalogue
while
looking to
not be
abandoned
Take a sip
of war
commodity
from my
bottle when
you get here
I know you
get thirsty
You might

taste traces
of blood but
this is what
I have
to offer
The sound
you might
hear is
quiet running
counter to
anticipations
seizing on
conservation
as if shorter
showers matter
Pardon
my reach
to be
respirited
filching a cup
of memory
as memory
Are you there
This company's
the worst

The trapdoor
spiders' prey
lines up
in the web
in perfect
single file
I hate them
& I'm not
talking about
the spiders
Feed on
a symbol if
it's helpful
This phone
has hit
the wall
It still
works as
a transmitter
Call me
Where does
the exile
end & the
life begin