

Pious

A Life Once Lost

a clustered mind is not a benefical one
i am being chocked mentally
thought flow through my head
like a verbose raging river
tambling four word phrases
jumping from noun to noun
i yearn to live for a a person
that can make me feel like pious
but instead i am shattered by irreverence
i want someone who allows themselves
to live without margins
to be bereaved
nights turn into days
and i can only remember my dreams
they seem existent
creating the smell of perfume
the fumes turn into a plague
overbearing my senses
with some imaginary woman
who fucks me from hello
when i open my eyes
i see a reflection of myself
lost and motionless