

Attunement

clipping.

A meditation
Turn the lights off

Come on and rock, rock
Back to the edge then up to the tip, it's not, not
Nice, the ropes are tight enough to hold but never burn
That would defeat the purpose, nothing beneath the surface

The surface is just in service of holding the form, cursed
The shape is so inescapable, bet it would burn, bet it would hurt
And there's the rub, the red in the flesh is fine but the fire on skin is not
Is it possible to not get caught up in the thoughts about whether or not to stop before the damage done is irreversible but isn't terminal?
Shit, goddamn it, loosen the grip

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In earnest, you should just let go
Before the damage done is irreversible but isn't terminal
Shit, goddamn it, loosen the grip
But then the body could slip, the plastic body busy being a building built on the basis of never knowing it's nothing
But what if you do, what did you do?
What did she say? She was nice but ain't shit
Made a mean bowl of rice and then dipped
And the drip is literally slipping away from the fingertips
He could cripple a man in a minute if a man could have had a reason to live

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Could cripple a man in a minute if a man could have had a reason to live
He would be wrong, along come a longing
Have you waited long enough, can you just belong to belonging?
She laughed at that, right on
Passed out with the light on, pissed off with the pipe on
Light grip on the armchair like a pile-on
Poundin' out the rhythm in a bygone era
But the bylaws of which must state something of copulation
And can't you just say, "fuck"? Could there be less conversation?
Or numb release in the dungarees, shoot below the knees
There'd be no appeasing anything, based, sacred, beautiful
Just simple deeds done simply, no symphony serving up timpani
No infamy, just a grim repeat to get away from what you need
Turn the lights off when you leave

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Looking over the edge, ain't the drop, why the screwface?
You've been saying you want it to stop, why don't you take
One more step and let God, or what you make
Up in your head, stir the pot, while you lose faith
Shouldn't be so hard to be apart and be a part of ether
Shouldn't need to start or need a part to be a pardon neither
Shouldn't be restarting, all this starving ain't the part to feature
You are not a body, bodies aren't often heartless creatures
Looking over the edge, ain't the wind, why the jumpscare?
You've been saying you hated this skin, why you stuck there?
One more step to the wind and then compare
If it's better to never begin, or if there's sun there
Shouldn't be so hard to be apart and be a part of dust
Shouldn't need to start or need to start believing in the thing you trust
Shouldn't be restarting evenings to receive a piece of crust
You are not a body, you're a metal shell and you can see the rust

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