

# Pulldrone

Ethel Cain

One, apathy  
I am what I am and I am nothing  
Two, disruption  
There goes a great shudder through the muscle  
A shimmering of bells through the mist  
Three, curiosity  
One quick moment to crane the neck  
I have always possessed the insatiable need to see what happens  
inside the room  
Four, assimilation  
Lo, wellspring of knowledge  
Of feeling, of sensation  
Beauty, overwhelming  
I will dislocate my jaw to fit it all in  
Five, aggrandization  
The pull, yes, the pull  
Send down your cordage of suffocation and let me in  
Six, delineation  
I want to know what God knows, and I will be with Him  
Sent over the edge, I sigh  
Flush against the veil, I sing  
Seven, perversion  
It is no good bearing false witness  
The sinner's errand  
I am what I am but we are not the same  
It is no good speaking of fairness, the fools errand  
Eight, resentment  
Are these laurels to be proud of?  
Let me tell you how much I've come to hate you since I began to  
live  
Hate, hate  
Nine, separation  
I was an angel, though plummeting  
The stars are as beams shining through the wheel  
I am sure that Hell must be cold  
Ten, degradation  
Nature chews on me  
Eleven, annihilation  
This agony  
Such is the consequence of audience  
I will claw my way back to the Great Dark and we will not speak  
of this place again  
Twelve, desolation  
Therein lies sacred geometry of onanism  
Of ouroboros  
Of punishment  
I am that I was as I no longer am for I am nothing