

Discussions Is For The Pigs

Folly

I have a block on my brain and a clock in my mouth and I'm tasting each second.

For days I've swallowed the hours.

Striking worth into the air with words like arrows that were stuck into my knees;

To pin me to the chair, to force me to write,

I've got a pencil and a thousand thoughts but my wrists won't move.

Why are my thoughts the flies on a rot aloft each other in persuasive decay?

Their decay is my demise.

I control this square with just enough space to envelop an affliction.

They are all dead to me.

They are all DEAD.

Oh no, it's a comfortable rape!

Unlike any normal respite, this canon-style boredom is a crippling image.

Ready to pop at any moment, red-faced children can't vomit.

Insignificantly hopeful, they are pulling on these coiled limbs ;

They are taught and confined.

In this environment I am my own destruction.

Relying so heavily on every possible sketch...

Procrastination...lost cause...knowing nothing...