

When I say white paint not death what I really mean is don't fear the blankness, for the void filling is where the fun really begins. If you fuck up, cover it in gold, hot pants pink...

[light abruptly turns hot pink, then slowly deepens to red as she continues to read]

the kind of stuff that really burns your retinas just right.

Chaos is *scrumptious*. And when things are everywhere and everywhere there's things, I pretend I'm tucked inside a collage with scissors gripped in hand and sticky tape just in reach. Blankness is just fullness playing pretend.

When I say fuck up what I really mean is that throat closure tightness I'll feel whenever someone asks me what I really mean.

When I say throat closure what I really mean is the tongue and brain and heart all want center stage and they want it *now*.

When I say tongue and brain what I really mean is silence sweet silence is nothing without a roaring fan and a white noise machine humming next to me and the gauzy white moon on my bedroom ceiling while I sleep away the day before.

She'd like to take Saturday for a walk out back and ask it where it's been these last infinite-seeming years.

She looked forward to Saturday like a great horned owl hack picking its meal more carcass than meat.

I'll eat almost anything he cooed, as Sunday cracked the dawn in scratched kitchen pans and dragging feet.

But really, she looked forward to Saturday because it meant both the sun and moon could finally rest their heads. He told me a story of a creature that once walked the earth so massive, that when it finally fell apart

somehow, its shrapnel of bones created what we now call mountains.
His dragon made of zeroes and ones distracted him for a little while,
letting my bruises breathe. Abuses come half baked, but oh what
sounds my hollow bones will make.

What I really wanted to say is that I'm petrified of a silent dark, but I have
the glow of every color now, that keep me company while you sleep
alone on a dead dog's couch wondering where and how and who
went all the very, very wrong.

What I really wanted to say is that sometimes I'm afraid that my ego will be
the death of me, but I wasn't born on a Friday night for nothin'.