

Curl, breakage, and the ephemerality of growth.

Tree limbs look so lighthearted, until they fall.
A tree swaying in the wind has a jovial appeal.
The wind pushing its trunk backwards, bending. It looks like the trees are laughing at us.

I'm made of soft flesh but for some reason I cannot bend so far.
Unless I'm laughing.

Ho ho ho baby! It's Christmas time! All the time! On my side.
Dysfunction is our gift.
And for those of you that don't behave:

YOU ARE FURTHER NOTIFIED THAT THE LANDLORD HEREBY ELECTS TO
DECLARE THAT FORFEITURE OF YOUR LEASE UNDER
WHICH YOU HOLD POSSESSION OF THE
PREMISES IF YOU FAIL TO PERFORM OR OTHERWISE COMPLY SUCH NON
COMPLIANCE WILL INSTITUTE LEGAL
PROCEEDING TO RECOVER _____ AND POSSESSION OF SAID
PREMISES.

Lucky me, my pockets got the knots. My walls, my floors, my roof, all got the knots.
Even when you can't find me, you can see through me, you can always find the effigies I
never meant to leave behind.
Check the drain.
I'm just a budding off of gods curly little head.
I hit the ground and continued to grow.
Looping with all the other broken loops.

Let's go back and forth honey bun, ok I'll start-
You laugh too much and that's the fucking problem
My shit is all over the place and that's called SINCERITY.
You still think things happen on accident, these things are Sincerely Broken

Sacrifice is the hallmark of true love.
Everything I lost on the way here is insignificant, now that I know
I'm here.
You've been beaten and your assailants left the blood behind for me to find.
Tell me something I can do to redeem you and don't use the word "revenge".
Let's focus on you.
First, let's clean up this mess.
Ok now back to you.
You're only 7 percent blood anyways.
It's mostly just water.
Those stains will come right out.
Now let's soak those knots.
I washed your clothes, and folded them.
You probably want to bathe alone.

I would give my life for yours.
Sincerely,
I would lay and let them kill me instead.
I will live my life for yours.
I won't lay and kill myself.

"I heard a woman weeping on the train,
I tried to find her in my train car,
Only to discover the weeping came from the train itself.
Something about this particular journey must have
Brought the machine to tears."

Let me comb your hair.
Look at all you had to let go.
Look back at me but you don't have to smile.
I remember when you grabbed my chin and kissed my lips.
I drew it on a sheet of paper. Now my memory has mass and weight. Height and width. Value
and white space.
Now my memory can burn and be used as the kindling to
Keep us warm. My memory can fold now.
My memory can sop up a watery mess.
My memory can be hung.

Framed. Put up on display and sold.
And ultimately I have to thank the trees that were surveilled their entire lives, until they were
eventually mowed down for the sake of industry.
And that newly barren, sap soaked land
Is the cost of not letting go.

