

**future** is few all isle, bridges

are bridges if

they fall out, remember

I, nothing or will I

be a sum of things, or morse

code tap tap taptaptap tap tap

What you hear >whispers< enough

to start a wore / lies like lies

hung like empty frames and we're all

rested for crimes, guilty

until proven

Will the homes be crunched under

hors d'oeuvres, or fast-food fighting

(question answer question question question)

Where you putt them all, your course of

battleships, sunk

like dreams

Words change anything except

nothing, so

words changed

yes / no / under sided

not an option now

#grey 1 #grey 2

Your future few trial

unless

deselect if you don't want to receive marketing from our partners and affiliates forever

## Stop the bus

stopping the bus, don't ask me  
to lose you like the light in autumn, steadily and slowly  
feeling each tone. Then. /a curtain/  
The bus is going on and on and oh, don't...  
*1947 will never be the same without you* if you  
swallow our love because nothing else sticks  
in your throat.

"No, no," you said. I laughed.

But the bus screeched at me when the phone rang rang / I ran  
echoes of what we were, then, then and  
the lies are coming to get us, a net that only one of us  
escapes – "colours lie to me" – colours lie.

Don't ask me to stop, the bus will run over  
everything (did I love you hard? Don't ask,  
keep the ghosts under  
love and key. Love me under  
lonely keys [will keep them out].

Throw yourself out of my scene? Throw your shell out to  
the fishes, to the fishes but/// the bug/// has wiped  
Us clean, like polished nails, like polished nails we pierce  
your skin. NO MORE.

The bus stopping but I

said no. I said keep your papery hand where I can see / keep your  
papery heart where I can be. If my heart beats it beats me up, stop  
the bus, stop the bus. Stop. The. Bus. Stop.

Doors open and chest caves.

“My stop,” you said did you?