“We don’t need our permission” (2018) – (CENSORED VERSION)

with only a provisional shake of a fist, I have found apathy serves my filth-fueled fantasies—
  but don’t ask me why
  it is not the desert I wish to walk
  or the forest that sleeps like ancient enemies—
sweetbitter spit leaks from quivering lips like satin grease to spread its anxiety across waiting cravings—
  better to be honest
  than start off on false feet
  filling soulless boots with lying maniac ravings—
violent delusions swarming limbs jeopardizing genitals suffocating chest gagging neck wailing face—
  soaring cloudlessness
  beneath a dead ceiling of opal sky
  gaping gashes dry of blood-violated, clotted space—
none of my words contain a shred of decency or the savage fabric of a selfless lustful regard for life—
  mistake and misdeed
  a desolate, infected need
  gouge with their gray waste killing color slaughter knives—

“so black, blue” he says; laughter like blood splatter ejaculates across the wall, disgracing divine shapes—
  let’s wallow inside of you
  every moment a selfish ceremony
  a pathetic, weeping formality (idiot, close the friggin’ drapes)—
stilted golden ageless demons berate each other, claiming clarity vomits enthralled gruesome actualities—
  but they don’t see me
  creeping beneath and in between
  creaking boards and rotting floor chambers of their hearts’ iniquities—
because as I start, I split apart, becoming abhorrent two, the frailty who robs your face of its youth—
  I’ve missed seeing you
  beauty bent retrograde and broken
  boredom is a blind cliché; you are worse, you are the death of every truth—
my sick manifesto dreams of unbound garments of wind-brushed grass and feral skins of the untamed—
  but the extinct do not want
  us snared by perpetual grief;
  the sane use ears to hear a song the insane died to create unrestrained—
these desecrations of the earth, reflections in the mirror, perversions of our fragile minds and hearts—
  this is who we are
  and this is who we are
  but this is who we are.