

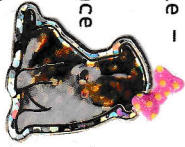
a poetry/zine
by jian ross

fanx 4 readin :3

hyper chalat

vol. 2

holding on to every fibre
collecting dust, repenting trust
tightening lungs
with suffocating affection



it always ends up this way
that i am the soft one
impressions left so easily
not so much pliant as compliant
not so much impacted
as colossally demolished

but soft does not mean good
soft does not mean loved
it's mush pushed around the plate
flesh that can't be tender
cause there's no backbone
to fall off of



i look at a body
fortified and tight
and realize again
that i am the soft one
the underbelly of my temperament
matching my frame



* when i kick the bucket
and they put me in the ground
the worms
they'll eat my brain
the birds
they'll circle me

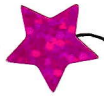


* and no babies will cry
and no bells will be rung
but the dirt might turn
your greyish blue
the skies might scream your name
the mattress sat beside the road
might ache for your impression

* when i kick the bucket
and that bucket's full of you
and the puddle fills the dent
of the mattress that we share
* maybe death is tolerable
cause i didn't want the bucket
until i wanted you
i didn't have a dent
- i don't think i had a mattress

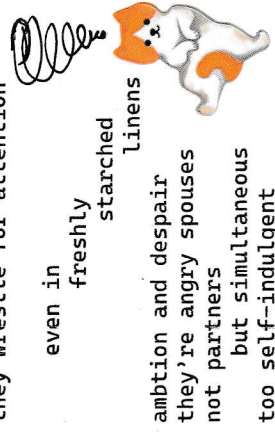


* what use was there in sleeping?
those blankets lined with woe
woven into their abrasion
i ignorantly suffered



pulling at the follicle
zipped into your jacket

to have it all
or to have nothing
they wrestle for attention



even in
freshly
starched
linens
ambition and despair
they're angry spouses
not partners
but simultaneous
too self-indulgent
to notice the drift



don't overcharge the mind!
it's not good for the battery,....

i know
i knew
i knew what i know now

you had your chance
and blew it!

then blew up anyhow

i wish
i wished
to wish it

the wish of lover's death

if i could reenact it
then i would be macbeth