

the crawl

SUMMER'S BEEN GNAWING
AT YOU, CHLOROPHYLL
DRUNK, IRRADIATED
SOLAR. LIGHT WRITHES AND
GNASHES, CONCUSSES THE
PAVEMENT; SUN-SPATTERED
PAINT JOBS COLOUR
SURROUNDINGS OBSCENE.
NOW EVERY PEDESTRIAN
PASSES DESULTORY
BULGING, HANGING JULY
HEAVY, VERGING ON THE
PENDULOUS, GLISTENING
AT THE BROW. YOU
SWELTER AS THEY LANGUISH
UNDER OVEREXPOSURE,
BLINK IN SLOW HOT RED.
SEARING BRINGS AWARENESS
TO WHAT'S TACTILE OF THE
FLESH. THOSE REJECTIONS
LEFT A WANTING
HEIGHTENED BY THE
BURN. YOUR HANDS NEVER
FEEL AS EMPTY AS WHEN
THEY'RE BLOCKING OUT THE
GLARE. THIS CLIMATE'S
BECOME ONE REQUIRING

CONSTANT GRABBING—IT'S
TIME NOW TO PARTAKE
OF ALL THAT'S ON OFFER.
DESIRE'S SLAKED THROUGH
IMBIBING BOTH WILLFUL
AND SUSTAINED. YOU EMBODY
HEAT BEST WHEN YOU
BARE YOUR OWN TEETH.
ANTICIPATE GRASPING ALL
THAT YOU REACH FOR. THIS
SEASONS'S PREPARED A
LETHARGIC SELECTION.
YOU'RE OWED EVERYTHING
ORDAINED TO YOU BY THE
SHINE. SAVOUR THE SCRAPE
OF INCISORS ON MARROW

Woah! What a discovery! That you could
be such a man of magic! This
preoccupation's incited many sleight-of-
hand summons! You've conjured a you of
brighter disposition! Less complicated you!
Doesn't gag when raw fish meets your lips!
Patient you! You a better dresser! Thinks an
escape room sounds like an enjoyable way
to spend a clear autumn afternoon!

Novelty generation in rapid succession!
Every occasion an opportunity for quick
innovation! Old selves sit behind the
mirrorbox with all the disappeared rabbits
—to be let out when he's not looking!

For your next trick: Coulrophobic you?!?
Pay no heed to the man behind the curtain
scoffing at killer clown cinema! A perfect
misdirection!! your showmanship
impeccable (!) so when you're all accosted
in the corn maze by a red-nosed undergrad !
in grease paint, it seems perfectly
natural—after prestidigitation!—
why you'd jump just a little too close
to him! Grab his arm too
tightly, a little too close
to the wrist .!

the snow on the
doorstep a promise:
every space you inhabit
will be irrevocably
blemished

each day in
eigengrau twilight—
the cold of the room
is nothing compared to
that of the bed

resenting, resisting
depersonalization
performing grounding
rituals—simple little
spinal taps

achromatic fluid
lines your counter
in mildewed jam jars,
magic marker labels on
warping painter's tape

traces, evidence
of your physical existence
at eight fourteen pm,
at midnight once again,
daybreak

only frigid dredges;
he too learned that
you would never give
enough of yourself
to satisfy

Wipe Down Baseboards And

- ☐ Dust Your Stagnant Bookcase And
- ☐ Scour Black Mold That Scourges The
Backsplash And
Bathe Oil-Stained Sheets In Lye + Vinegar
And
- ☐ Demulsify Your Clouded Philosophical
Fixations And
Find All That You've Been Needing In
Your Newly-Barren Freezer And
- ☐ Organize The Closet And Donate Outgrown
Jeans And Toss Outgrown Patterns Of
Thinking Into Insufferable Blog Posts And
- ☐ Replace The Rusting Pipes And The Egg And
The Limbs, Become Lethargic And Teach
Ungrateful Sneakers The Importance Of Plain
Cardour And Scrub The iPad Sparkling And
Repaint Scuffed And Peeling Walls A Colour
Speaking To Tranquility And Cultivate A
Growth-Oriented Mindset And Unbox The
Daddy Issues And The Podcast Mic And The
Crowdsourced Intergenerational Trauma
Responses And The Ereshon Haul And
- ☐ Mop Up The Varnish That Sealed The Useless
Paintings And Swab The Tape Deck Of Reels
Non-Aspirational And Launder The Emotional
Wealth And
- ☐ Repackage Stale Advice Into Wellness Brand
Collaps And Combat The Clinging Limescale
And Transcend As White Boy SubStack Guru
And Detoxify Your Attention Validation Loops
And Clean
The Slate And Decentralize You And
Go To The Park And Sit
With The Rain