

# my body is a place

holy meateage

ivory palace

whispered attic

moonscraped forest

fiery cemetery

greyed suburbia

screaming cityscapes

i've seen them all in seven-  
year blood mirror shards

tease with sprawling maps on the  
stickered dashboard

can you find me between my  
crisscrossed finger highways, killjoy  
stop sign irises, wisteria wrung woes

*no? try again.*

my fortress has been breached

scale my ivy gripped stone  
walls

cup your hands in my poisoned  
wells

pillage my peasants

(discovery is about give  
and take)

my body is a place

i'd like to visit someday