

# *A BRUXIST TRIPTYCH*

Dimsey

## **the god comet**

what we've decided on  
it's watching our every move  
using the air remaining we  
stretch our lungs to overcapacity  
collapse forward towards a brighter  
Tomorrow we will be better  
never taking blood in the name of love  
and it's disappointing!  
we knew better  
from the moment we started restrained  
strapped and catted  
I'm alarmed by the decision  
that a comet can dictate  
the juice I take  
this Town is no Good  
death stretched across the pavement  
Sprawled out  
staring back up, presenting itself  
in an unlikely fashion  
Naked as all hell and broken  
the faucet's broken  
the drain is open  
The god comet has finally come for me

what we've decided on  
it's watching our every movement  
Using the air remaining we  
leap forward, and take the Jump  
Together in the god Comet

What we've decided on  
it's watching  
So, hide your sins

Turn the blinds Up  
Light beams to *pins*  
Turn the blinds up  
They can't see in  
Finish Your Work Now  
for the destroyer!

what we've decided  
death on intake.

•

### **dot dot dot**

an inferno erupts from the girl  
burning her friends to a crisp  
she's become listless and poor in spirit  
marmalade drips her mind!  
she'll sick the dogs like a tomboy  
marmalade drips her mind!

the matches beg quietly  
she owes them after all  
fire full of brimstone  
flurries of sad sights  
she had to show them  
explain the night phlegm  
the dark licks of flame  
the ghost inside

dot dot dot

the love  
the love to hate  
running in circles  
smoke tornadoes  
upwards to stretch  
restless from sleep  
resting from death  
flakes of ash  
no sadness in the air  
no smiles around

no fear to fear

an inferno erupts from the girl  
burning his friends to a crisp

••

### **the ceiling bulges**

I see beauty  
when I wake  
from the coils  
of the devil's  
matted black fur  
and I take  
note of today's  
performance. I'd see  
myself off as  
a goodness to  
be had dove  
yet intrigued by  
the promise of  
anguish and new  
battery powered legs  
I cease to  
collect such pettiness  
*in the form*  
of random, mystifying  
elements as such  
as what can  
be found in  
my own work.  
"Feed on my  
own," said the  
mantis in the sky and I wonder if this is  
all your fault.

•••