

lacerate palms by saffron

this does not feel right

says the writer after the fifth revision

a good attempt, but off the mark. like the others.

you'll drink yourself to death to death to death to de

it says now.

the writer reads again the broken mirror and tries again to piece it whole

but they must have misplaced their gold so the shatter marks may mirror their heart instead. no

adornments. idle mindedly imagine if glass may let them adorn their hands with

this does not feel quite right either

some way through the sentence the metaphor seems to have gotten up and changed out its travelling salesman's suit for a pallbearer's, though the sombre perhaps isn't that different in the end

the writer reads it from the top. and it is not quite right not quite wrong and the writer wonders at what could be if they could make both parts quite right and all other parts and all other parts quite right on top of those

if i grabbed ahold of a star and pulled, do you think it would burn?