

(there at the bottom)

So bad, I shake and nearly weep
There is no need for me — I'm not human
Hurtful pain, this life this place this face... tired of being
Every mundane day reminds me of the eternal bleakness that the universe vomits
on us — dirt and pain rule the world — hatred rules supreme

Agony lives on my tongue
Fuck is the food of my world
Hatred sits and spins its own flavor of cruelty
Fuck it all cuz death mourns not

Am I several? How else could I die so many deaths?
Is there no limit to the amount of pain, of excruciation?
Of infinite torture and unrepentant vilification?
Why is everything killing me?
Why does Death herself ignore me? Bitch.
I dare you, whore — come to my table and suck my wine skins dry
Alas, she visits not, though I wait patiently
She merely coddles the poor wretched wealth of the fanciful fools living on the
slow decay of their toxic loins

Fuck is the flavour of destined crabs
Coming to pinch the fat babies from their purloined cribs
Suck dry the motherless tits of the rented nurse
We are all becoming!

Nature pities not / naught
She is SO blood-riddled with the placenta trade that falls at her thirsty feet

Kissing tomorrow in the precipice arms of death
Sitting, touching the Ocean Floor, there at the bottom

THE QUICK EDGE

James RandallFly

Scraping the Quick Edge, inviting the Final Danger
Right there, touching the tricky swivel, during the lick

A taunt, a testing of some end — THERE and only there
Do I find the Grand Gesture:
The beautiful launching
The Perfect Start, an ultimate understanding
Right There!

So Low that looking skyward I see the soles of Satan's feet
It is here that I finally see right up easily into infinity
The most beautiful lips in the world!
Sweet, sexy and eternal
Perpetual perfection
Love, Lust, and Erection

You can murder, rape, sit, and hate
But it won't nudge Mr Truth
You can murder, rape, scream, and hate
And you do

Fuck it, it won't change fate
You can suffer me to eat your meal
But it!
You can suffer me to swallow what you feel
Fuck it, coz'n it won't chase or berate

And the fuck that i eat is enough to make a sad dog vomit
And the hell that i take is enough to make me wonder why

You can twist, turn, skew and burn!
But you can't alter the truth!
You can't adjust the truth!

You can: struggle, try to fortify
You can: fight and chop me down into a piece of meat
You can: take away my every sentiment, my every dead friend, my, my, my every
fucking thing

THE QUICK EDGE

James RandallFly

You can: take away my walls, my halls and my corridors and the floors and the goddamn balustrades that support the dreams that once sailed freely inside the expanse that WAS MY MIND!

You can: chisel, stab, and attempt to mutilate
You can try to berate! berate!
You can: saw my arms and my fingers and starve my gut
You can: take it all, EVERYTHING!
I think you already have
I think I'm dead and it's ok, i'm not mad
Because, fuck it, I'm already dead!
And you can't kill me again

You can't: kill me if I'm already dead!
I'm already Dead!!
My only saving grace is that: I'm already DEAD!!!
You can't kill me
I'm already dead

You can / You can't
Kantian Twist

FUCKER —
I've seen the truth
It's very bright
You can kick me all day and night (and you do) okay, alright

FUCKER —
You can and you do
Ridicule my beliefs, my learnings, my knowledge, my skills, MY DREAMS
It seems i'm born to die
I'm already dead