



how to live forever

by arby

the following belongs to you



soldered,
built by man

alloy plated, fingertips
conduct heat. hear by
internal motorhum
in your chest

mounted holster at the belt
there to rest stillwarm arms
smoke-filled, makes
ears ring

you have eyes of a barrel
that could kill thousands
of good men
and you
stare into

yourself.

egotist.

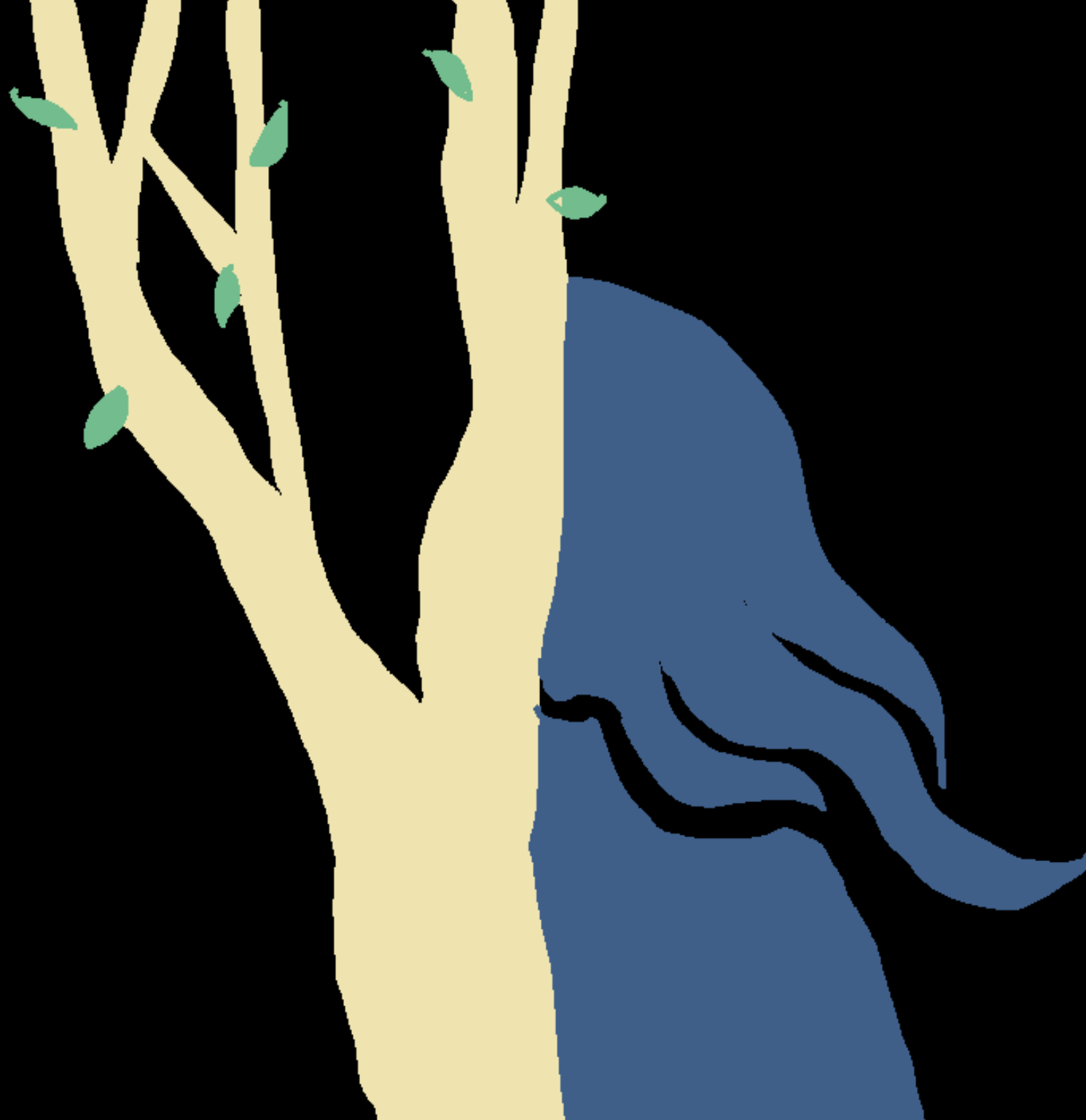


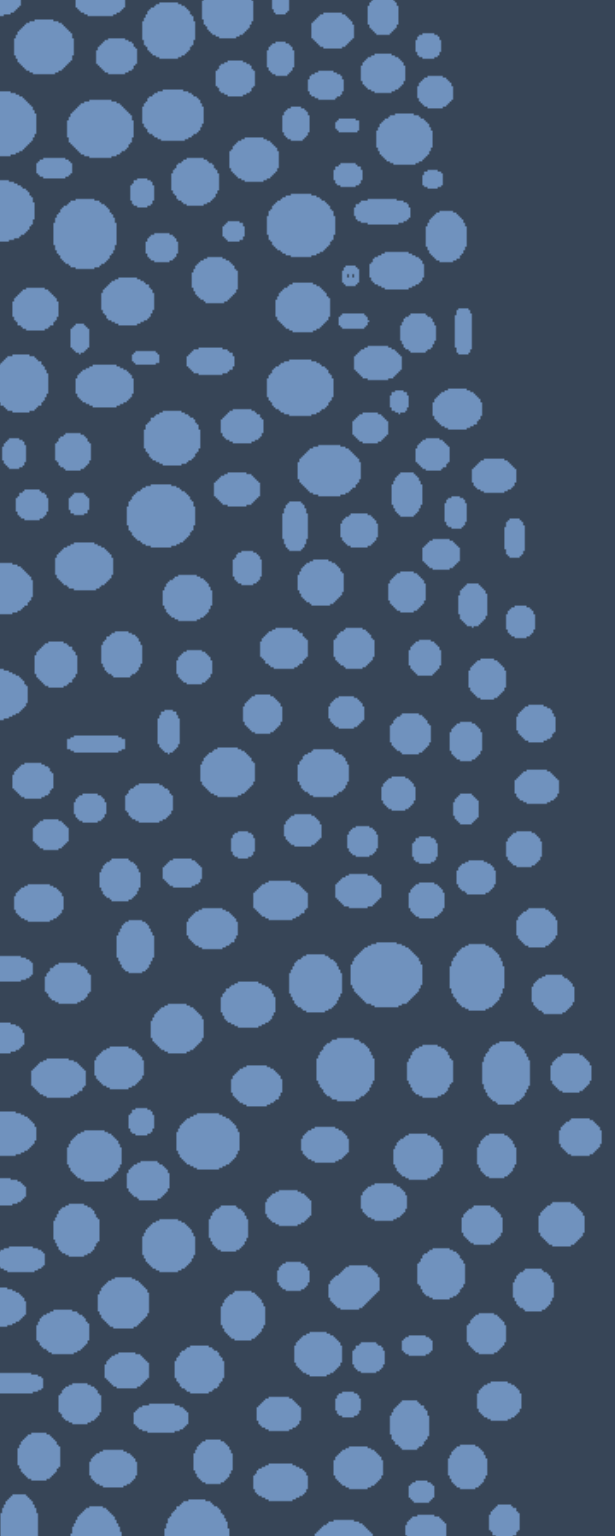
you smell like woman.
ironsweat, patina
scraped finger plastic.
new money,
plasma seeps.

pulled by arm,
headboard laid
stiff from palms.
leave bled dry.

sick. you are
flesh and image.
there is no comfort but
that of his stature.

he calls for you
and i pretend
not to hear it.







i'm sure there were people.

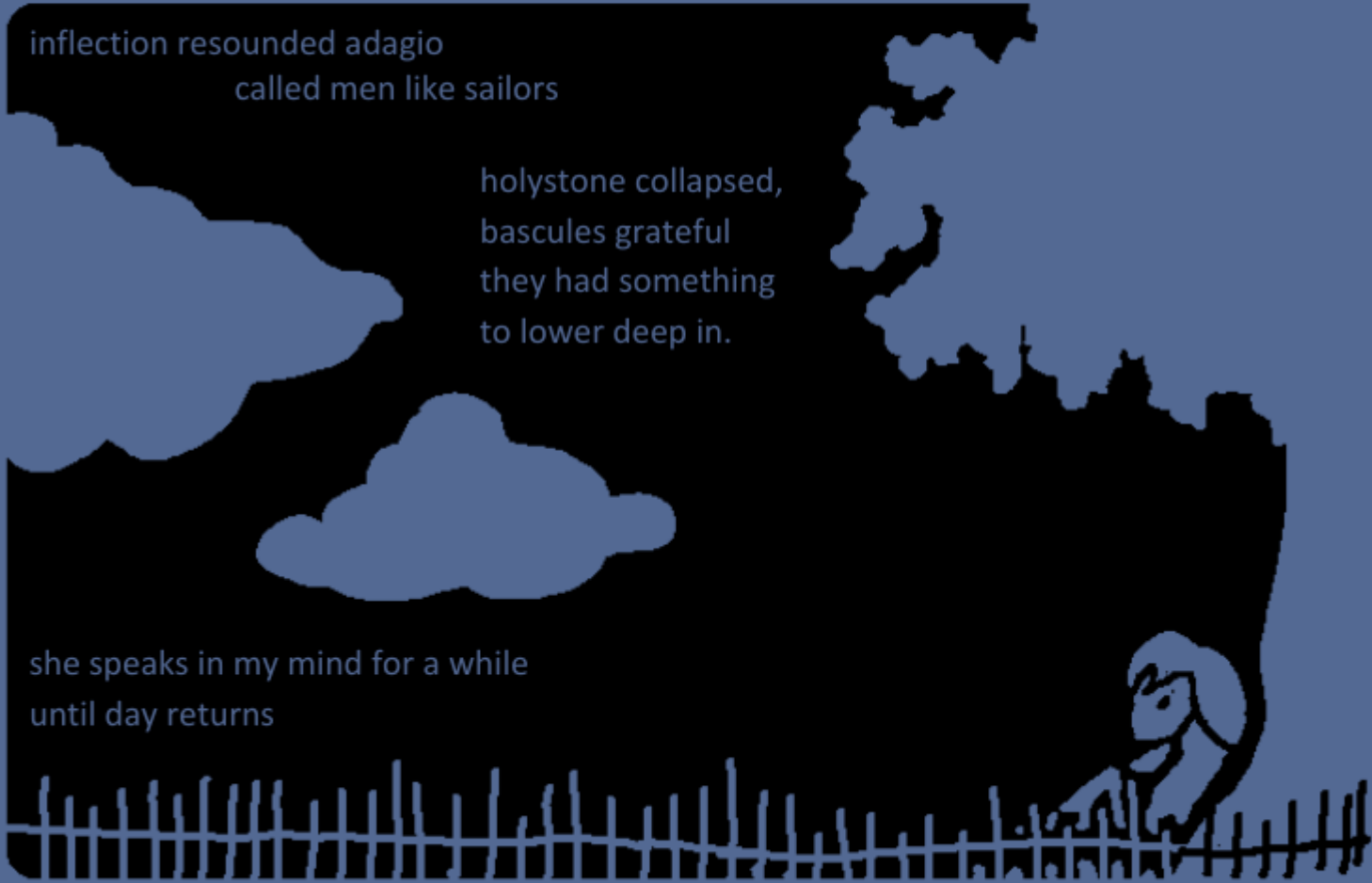


backlit, musked, touchwarm.

inflection resounded adagio
called men like sailors

holystone collapsed,
bascules grateful
they had something
to lower deep in.

she speaks in my mind for a while
until day returns

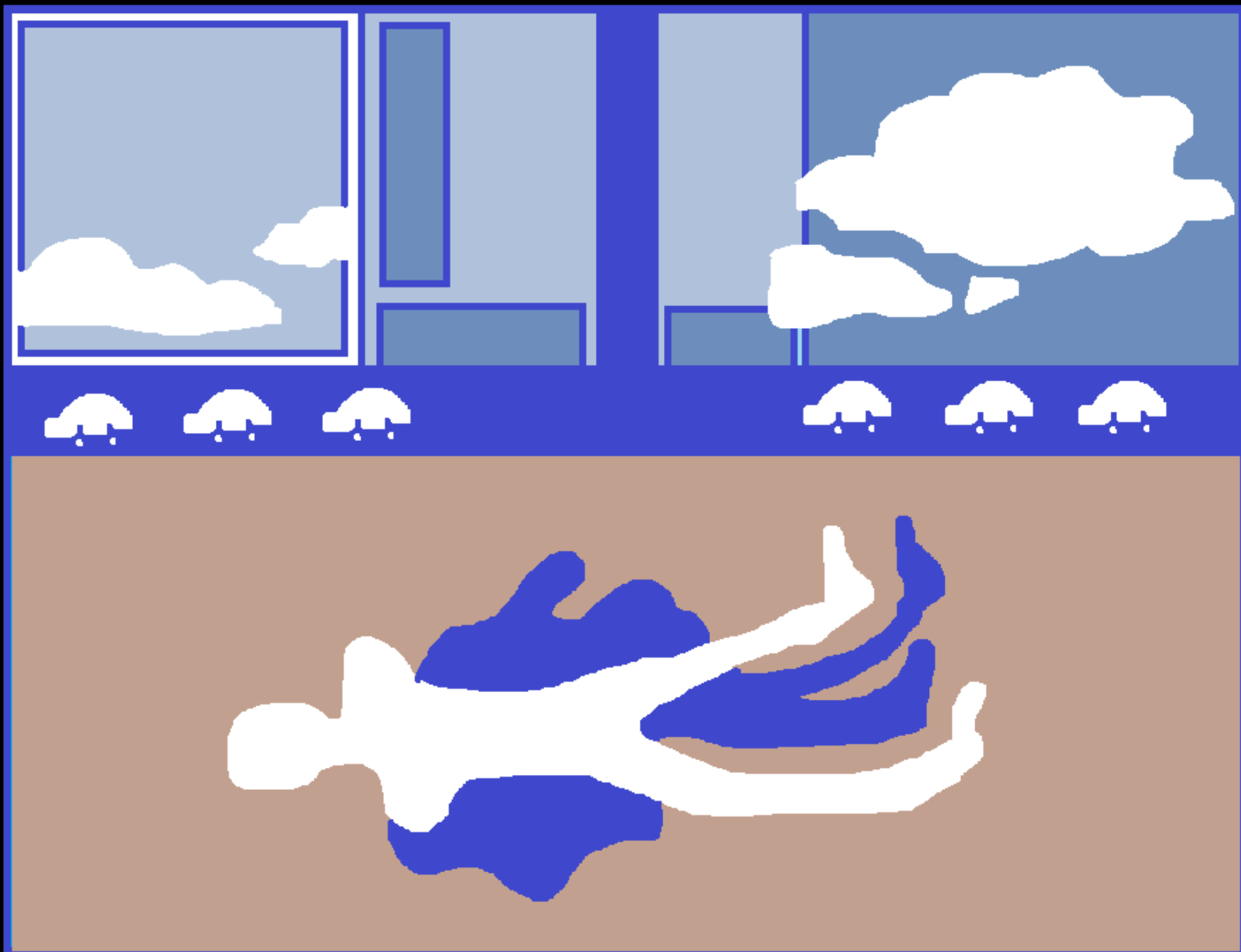




*i saw this video once, three men
at the end of a sentence.*

*it's only a spasm.
don't you want
to know how
it feels?*

*down on the ground
gun to your head
bang.*



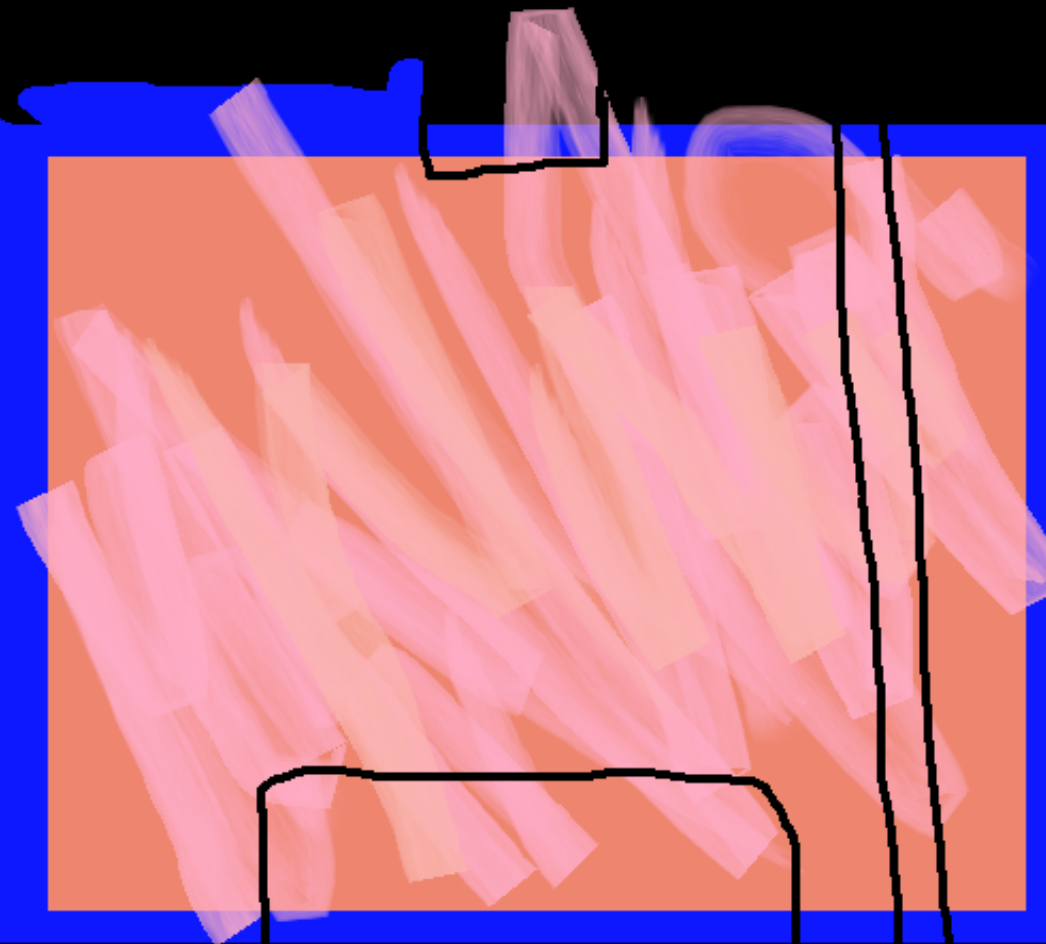
Outside - the morning.

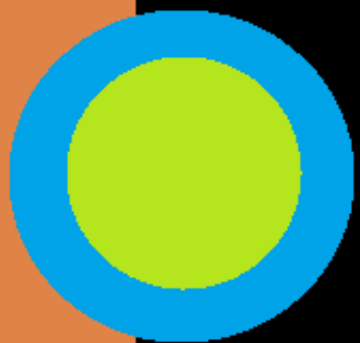
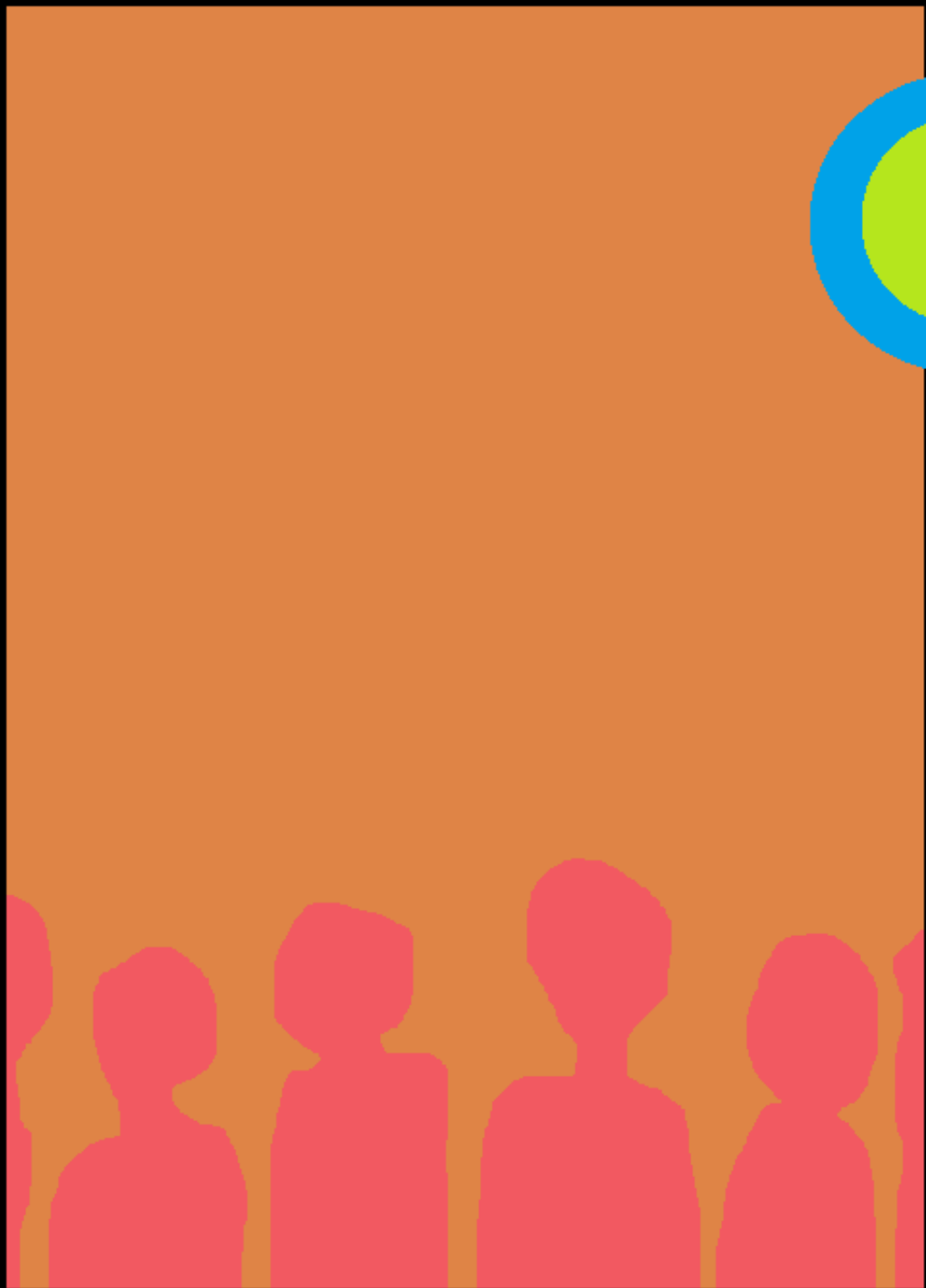


Ceramic tile embedded in backboard.
It's easy to drop a glass. Stiff tendons.
Things slide out.

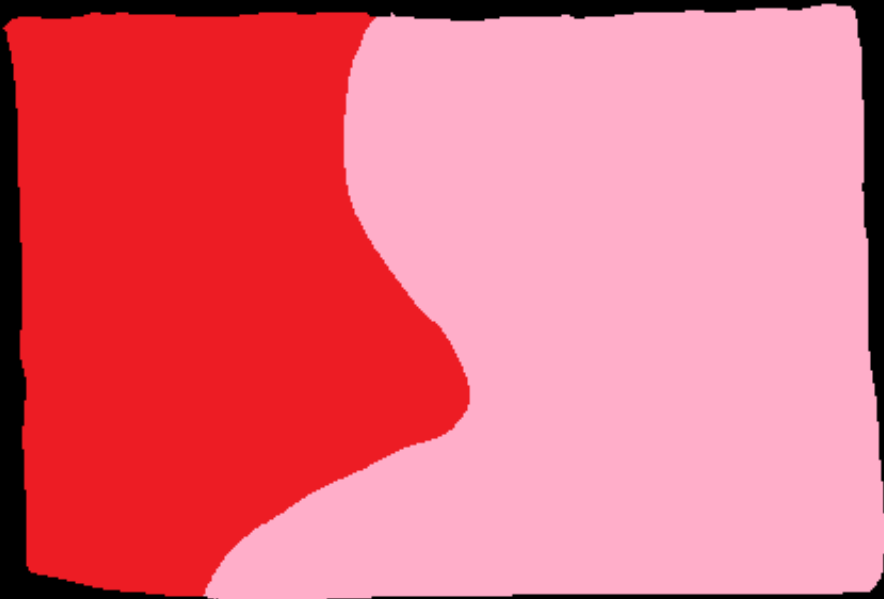
Right ear flush against the floor.
Mechanized drone - hydraulic cylinders
Compress until level.

Water seeps from the sides.
It's excess. Dries itself.
There's no need for
anyone to clean
you up.





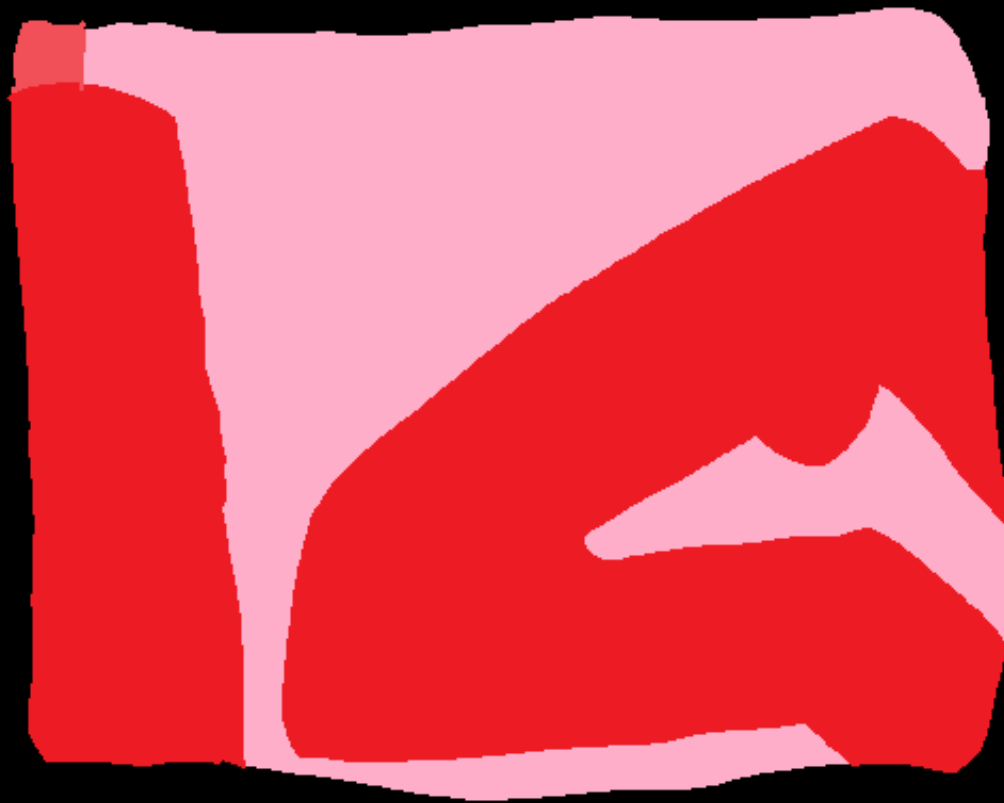




NAME A STAR CERTIFICATES

cheap. no one sees
distance over blue.
it's easy to sell nothing.

*immaculates
have no need for
absolution*

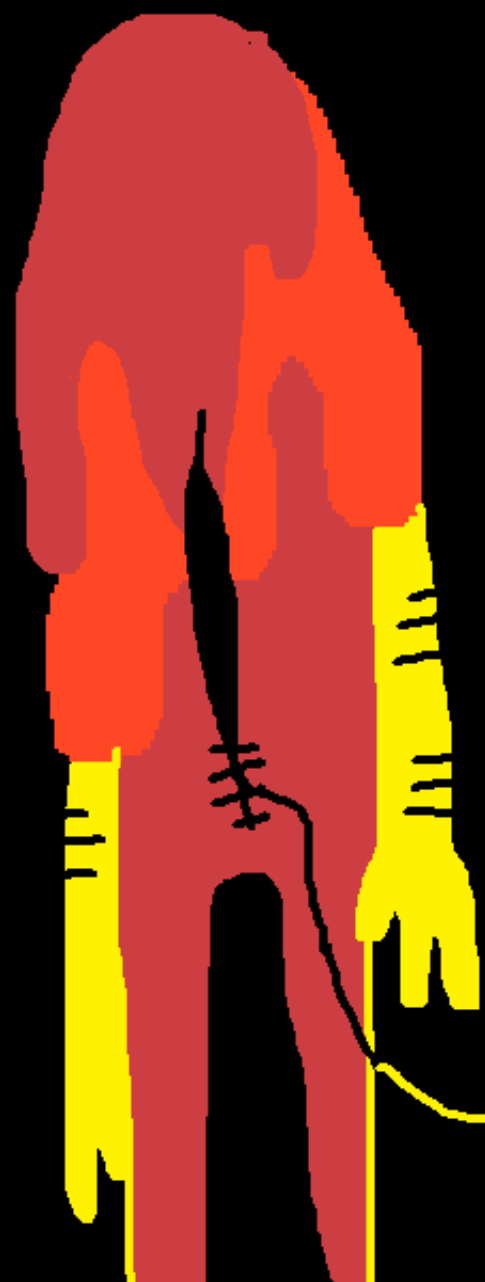
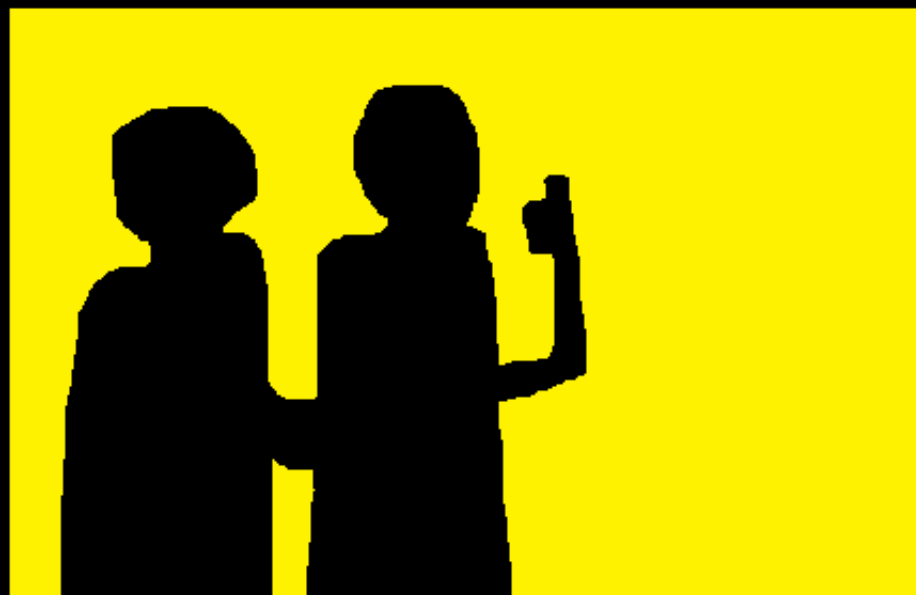


i imagine you there
astringent, old tobacco
scrubbed clean

fingers run level lines
tracing the body



you make a liar out of him.



there was
a girl

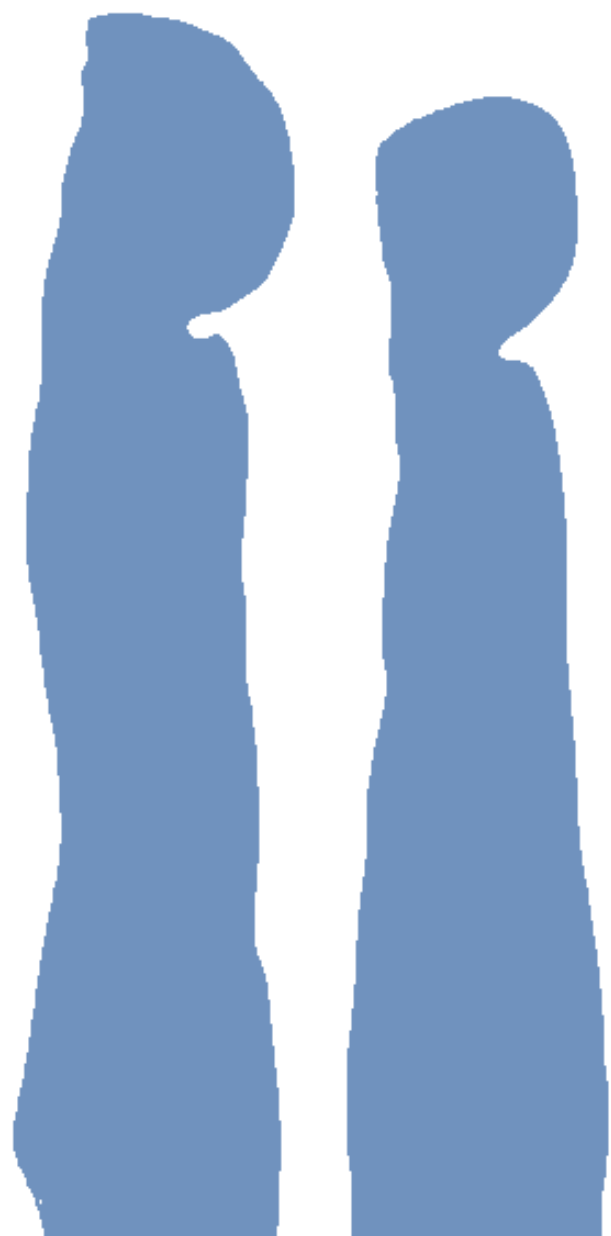
me.

"tell me
when
someone
knows you"

who looked
just like

sold out for
a dollar

still,
she is there.





every
one is a
mirror.



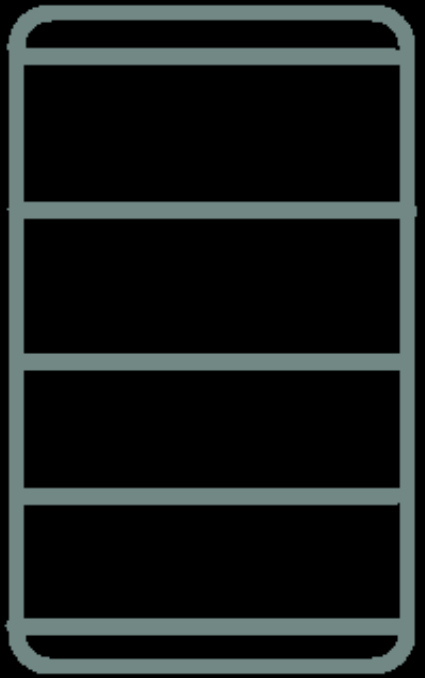


no one is alone.
you hear when
the cars park

they rest; elsewhere.
glass box, sunlit particles
epoxidized heat solid
a shape formed
can you see it?

you are loved.
in crevices,
moments before
the mind
comes
back

thank you



thank you





shove metal into
dirt. life grows.

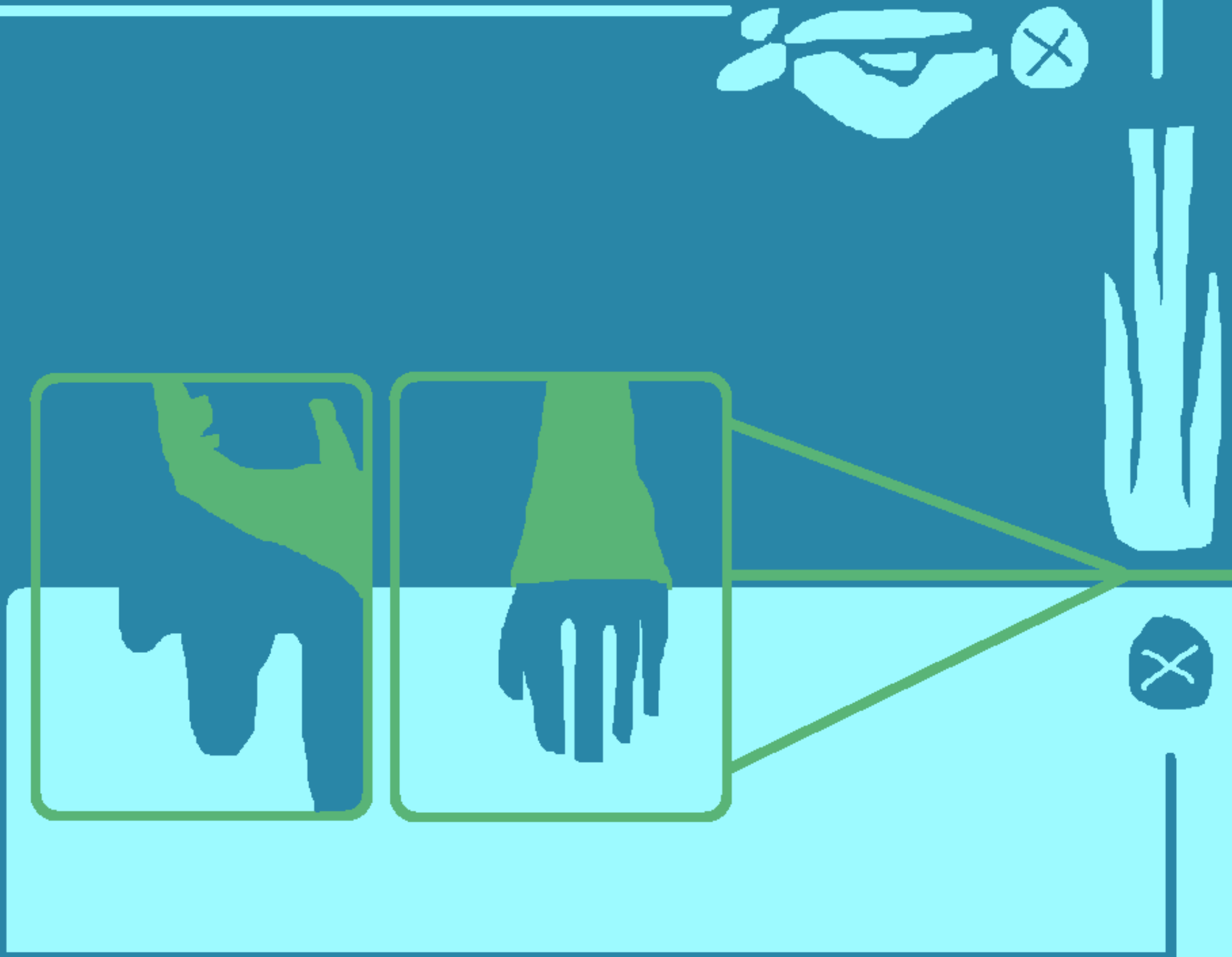
eyes form
a branch
height-view

*to imagine
how you formed,
i blossom*

prune excess,
trim stems
vertical, xylem
dries out

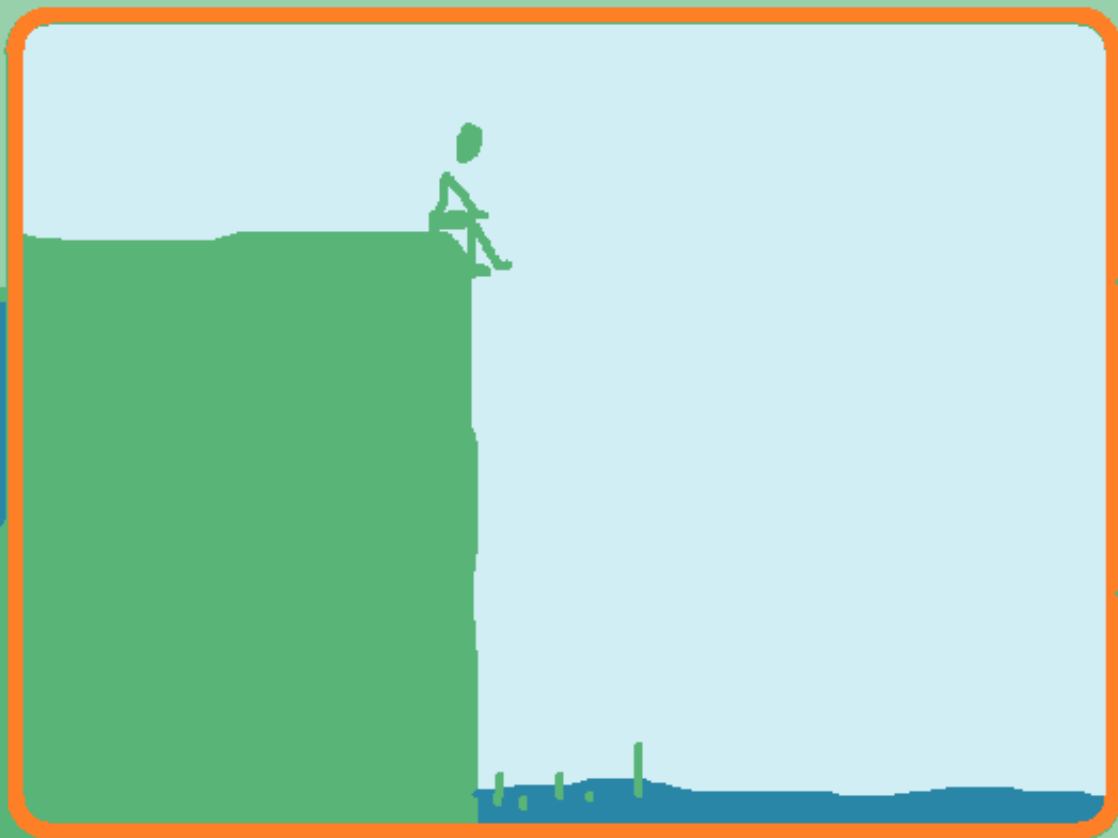
the future; pressed
between two books
in a nightstand



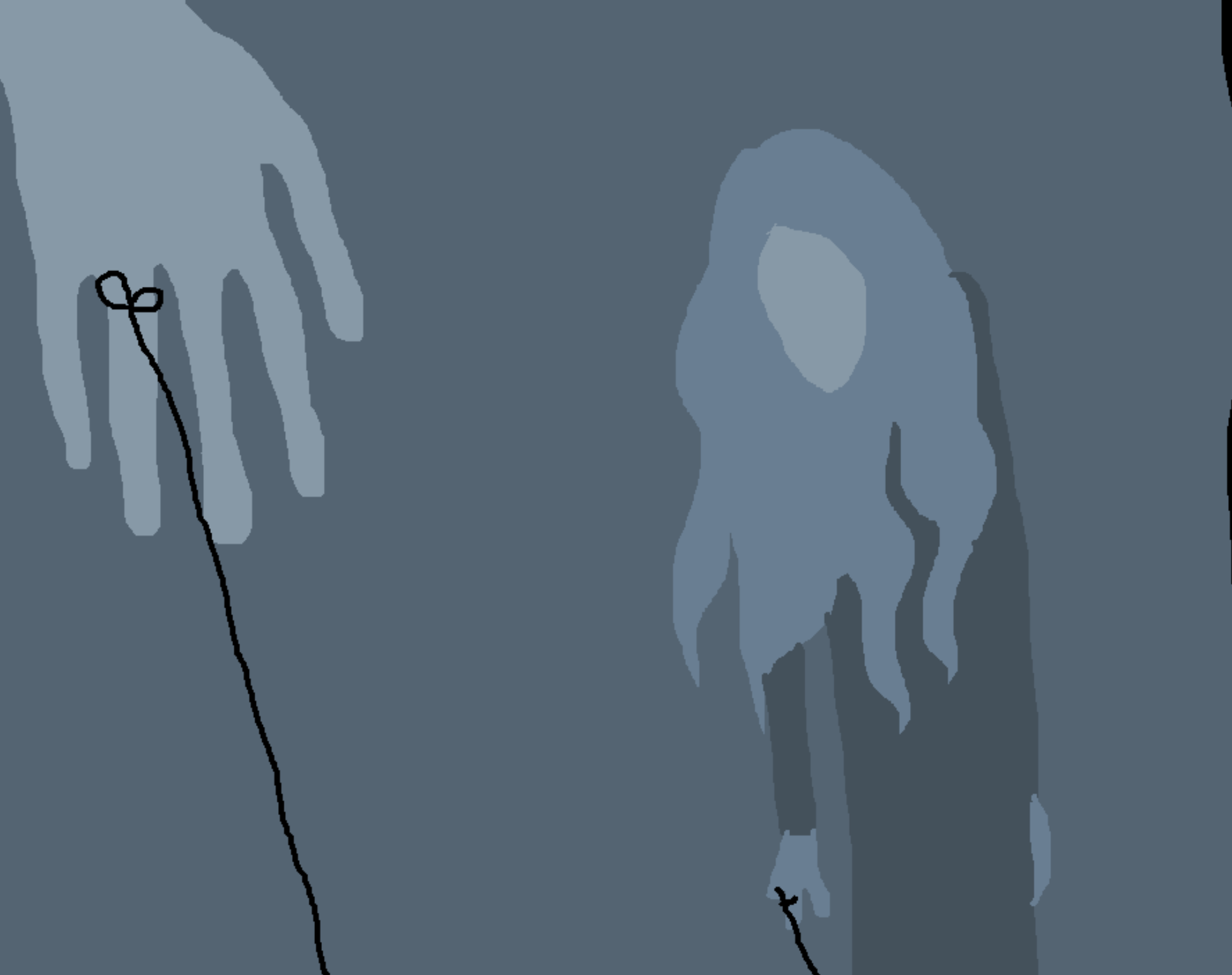




become seafoam







special thanks

the orb
cable two
hamfreeze
danny the server
erin onion (who
commissioned page #7
and gave the idea for
this book)
chloe, rob, phil, jacob,
reuben, chris, and
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for always being
supportive and
kind

all works cc0