

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., Acid D

If I lie here, perfectly still, I can feel myself sinking into the mattress & the sounds from the room
The walls surrounding me grow higher - pressing throbbing folding in on themselves.
As I watch, blue veins coil themselves around.
I lie inside an arch of scarlet moat(?) that pulses a little every time : move.
The sickness rises & I wait for it to pass.