

Every Time I Die, Shallow Water Blackout

neuron flash in fifty watts pinpointing to the streetlight limbo.

told me it was chemistry why i behave like this.

why i move in misdirected impulse and speak in scrambled clusters of white noise.

traction is not a term of endearment.

death is an experiment best conducted face down.

vertigo may not include spinning, but it ought to.

i am languid in the puddle, face full of concrete cellophane.

don't say a single word unless you speak with a drowning tongue.

i am not listening. i am not focusing.

my eyes have sunk and set and i am invincible.

i'm water proof. someone said that heaven is just coincidental collision of electrons.

this is not the time for touching me.

i am a conduit changing colors, frantic humming televisions,

conducting city spasms, shorting voltage like a fuse.

the elevating vibrations of hysteria, amplified by the armor of the tarn.

flashing lights paint veins across the sky.

and everyone along the roadside just wants to see a saint.

the serenity of sirens, the allure of the femme fatale.

her defibrillator hands can't stop me now.

i feel quite all right