

Publicerad 2023-02-28 15:58 av Knark

the odd scary bird of purgatory

refined pain

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feels all of time in an instant

and sings noise

like all your favorite

songs lined up

like domino bricks

and cut in half

but instead of falling

against eachother

they Hoover

and through the splice

of the cut

you see a light, of

deafening beauty

drowning in itself

like an unlimited oblivion aware

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