

Bloom (return To Dust)

Code Orange Kids

There is a certain way we move these chains
like a watch in a box that doesn't tell time but
instead just gives it
it all starts to bleed into miles that separate
or phone calls that aren't on pace
like the chemicals my grandfather gave me
disarrayed and misconstructured
the wrong blend
but my only vice is the will to give in
to the only feeling that has ever felt worth it
excuse-less//trying to figure out what's worth keeping
when I don't hate anyone else half as much as myself.
It numbs in the never ending quiet that burns my
eyelids
learning to learn between the lines of
"I want you to be free"
I want to return to the water.
To drink in the sex//sleaze//mud//greed
Put a gun in the mouth of the sky and just (breathe)
or to where I can bathe in my own conscience.
Sometimes I wake up in the ER with a needle in my arm
or in the back of a mangled car
in the silence before the light comes
but it always ends the same with a flood coursing
through my veins
trying to find words to lay out the things I could
never say
the way the world picks at my brain. How I can't watch
you leave.
Blood is blood
but as everything comes and everyone goes,
"love is love,
return to dust."