

left me on the edge, looking over. you said i was wild but i just felt tired. it's hard to care, just like it's hard to remember, sometimes. and you can't help but drag me into the hall when he is standing right there. everyone can hear you talking. i'm turning inside out. i'm sinking into the floor. i know he's listening and he's following a lot more than you or i. there's holes in the carpet but that's not why we're here. i was getting ready to throw a bunch of garbage, about to say that he might care, about the holes in my outfit enough to thread my life together. needles are flying around the room. welcome to a museum i can't explain. there's no guides today. today. i refuse to speak. my impression's pretty weak. sometimes the past seems way too present.