All the colors blur.

I saw the end of the world.  
Buildings and people drawn in chalk on the sidewalk.

I drank sweet sewer waters  
that flow beneath city streets;  
vomiting the contents of steel and iron bowels,  
belching copper pipes.

I watched through blood colored spectacles  
as fiddler crabgrass snipped its way through cracks in the concrete.  
I sucked meat from their exoskeleton;  
dancing to their songs.

I crept alleyway labyrinths  
followed a thread through worm-sub-holes-way,  
expecting marble monsters,  
finding granite masked angels.

I slept inside a giant, curled up within his veins;  
blue, white, and red blood cells rushing past.  
I woke to splashes of disease creepingcoughingchugging along,  
drips of cancerous steel and rubber clogging his arteries.

I heard cuprum headed whistles flash like lightning,  
red and blue lights blowing like trumpets from the heavens.  
Nepoleonic azure blooded Gods stare down, grinning  
prayers falling like waterloo; like cannon shells through brick-flesh-mortar-bone.
I laughed, clapping with corpse finger palms.
Immortal soundtracks of fake smiles outdated jokes
knockknockknocking on doors that lead to rooms with only three walls.
ecstatic tremors twelve feet beneath the soundstage.

Words practiced into the folds of my pillow.

She told me she kissed death.
Beneath the hedera covered feet of redwood giants;
the familiar smell of burnt leaves and stale cigarettes
wading through the mud filled swamp.
I held my hand over her mouth.
and listened.

She told me she kissed death.
His teeth pressed deeply into the soft skin above her lip,
his black eyes flickering into hers,
Asking questions she hadn't thought of.

I slept next to her that night. And dreamed.
That I had pressed myself against her.
That I had held her close and whispered answers into her.

She told me she kissed death.
His words formed in open air like frost on a window;
“I can never love you.”

My words squirm, pressing themselves into the fold of my tongue.