

Michael Starr

Hung'ry

Stalkers pay me
To disgust
Their methods

But it doesn't fall
Once far too tree
Forgetting

To sow seeds
For justice
Rife with indignation

And victory
And victory
And victory...

This is Violent

I think this way: That date that data over there by the window

In Dust

Why the way they change their clothes dawns on the machine.

And the machine collapses.

It is 8-bit it is lust

Why so many, though?

Why the stain?

Silly nanoparticulates

I know the pain

I know the weather

Tell me one more joke...

Then he hit his head on the board

Ouch

It Ends

He was there. Naked. In the tree.

And I burned him down.

But that didn't end it. I'm never alone, as Quirrell says.

It doesn't really mattress, though.

Etc. etc. Fuck you, Santa, Pussy, Cat.

Divine, waitress. Cuck suck. Dick.

Mistake was asking for more.

It ends.