

The Funeral

Haley Budd

Broke off my
axis Polar shifted manic
Picking off
my cuticles
in order to make myself
great again.

Wasted again,
I limbo in
and out watching red
fluorescents
mock me until
my stomach flourishes

scents of bubblegum
and sulfur
Tainted again,
I wake up and tell myself
Nothing
is real until you make it