

*near zero*

it is rather an awful spring with casual exceptions.

the cat sleeps curled into my armpit. I cover my scars with one hand, welcome his claws into my ribs, write with the other –the non-dominant, so slowly

nowhere near comfort. strawberry juice just like blood stained her sparkling tablecloth

if I lose any more weight

I will become the first precisely finished product to turn back infinitesimal

near zero.

people usually like my hands. select something else for a change?

theorised this threshold of sorrow that when reached makes stinking impossible

four last Google searches:

- byproduct
- pipistrellus
- blue solid
- prone bone

car speakers Nancy Ajraming. from the backseat, stuttering from the wine, she says *I so badly tried to put God in the middle of it when God has nothing to do with it. it being me.*