

realer you

nothing in me to rip out. as for the basics,  
I've been theorising a threshold of coldness  
that, right before anaesthetising limb tips,  
creates a realer you. echoing with the idea  
that extremes are often joined, here  
numbness & vividness. still in test phase  
but no stats needed just some goodwill &  
barely any convincing –doesn't it add up?  
the latest poems are rather bad & suicidal.  
the good ones are also suicidal, but kept  
from the public as I tell myself, wouldn't it  
be sexier discovering them on paper?  
so then I have nothing to share, which  
reduces me to very little, which would be  
okay if it were, but how can it be? I've  
been so small already. it can't go on.  
so I force things out of me that aren't good  
nor bad which is far worse than just bad  
so to have something to share, which is  
to me the most important thing, above  
all recognition. here I am being honest  
with the Reader. alright. I fantasise about  
being kissed. one good time. not volcano,  
not life changing, rather like anybody  
would kiss anybody –need just that.  
my friends would call it the bare minimum.  
I would kill it —well I meant to write *call* but  
spelled *kill* instead... what a Freudian slip.  
how more honest can it get, leaving that in?  
here's the futile takeaway: I want to be  
understood without an effort & I want to allow  
myself one stupid line for the poor yet honest  
merit of sharing.