Places I've been

My life.
A dirty truck-stop vagrants shuffling in and out with little regard for the shiny glass doors or anything else everyone embarking on unexciting adventures into the vast openness of the world I sit stifled in a little town with waitresses wearing wide watermelon earrings stools that spin and spin and sin until time has escaped.

My mind.
A cluttered Chicago street hustling and bustling avoiding muggers and models in effort to escape corruption or violation devouring every detail until I can't see anymore blinded by the brilliance of a street performer lilting saxophone laments unheard discernment.

My soul.
A perpetual merry-go-round driven by an unseen psychotic engineer conspicuously torturing me Slow Fast Slow horses and elephants manipulated on little poles spearing them painfully through the middle Fast Slow Fast air thins eyes blur stippled animal faces eerily smirk at me in my turmoil.

My heart.
The Leaning Tower of Piza entered by tourists with glaring cameras and foreign words keen to the hastily made walls sinking foundation observers expectant of the eventual demise of the tower falling like a construction of tarot cards the wonder of the world's most enamored failure.

-Jessica Lollino

Goddamn am I falling. in love, for her, out of mind. Falling... like a drop of blood through a glass of ice water. just friends, but I can't stop myself. Watched Shakespeare and hopefully felt for her healing hand. grasped it and died of desire. Pecked her forehead at 3am to say "I love you" the only way I knew how. Pecked her forehead at 3am to ask her if she'd fall with me.

-Mark Wuellner