

RELATIVELY
DARK BLUE
NEITHER
PURPLE
NOR 2
GREEN



the frenetic symphony



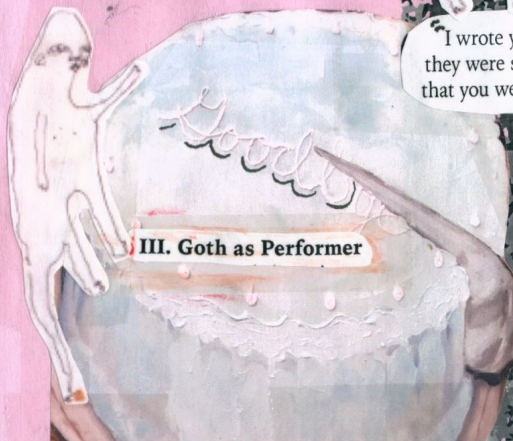
2

02

Sin




"I wrote you one hundred letters or more, just a bit. they were so tear-stained that you were unable to read."



III. Goth as Performer





there was a light on in my old house.

MORNING SUNSHINE

intentionally, impossibly familiar.

egalitarian galaxy,

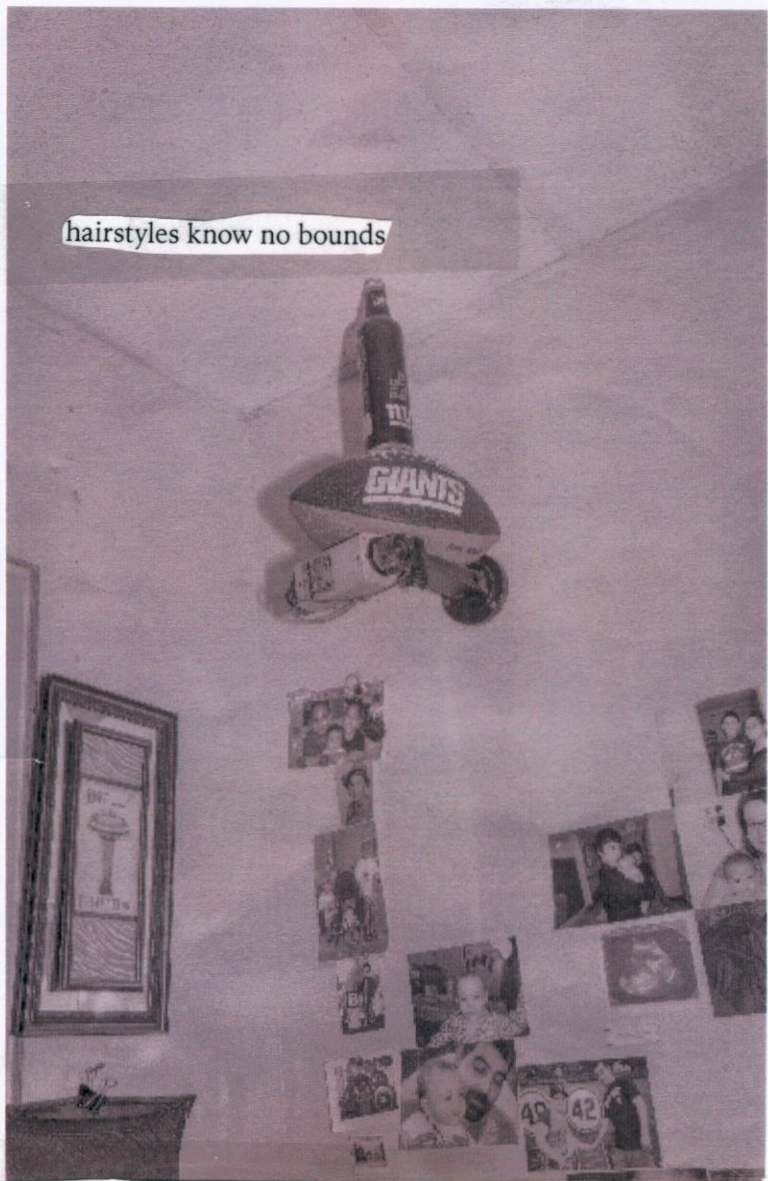
coming back around

You're going back to Earth, but

you've been slowly submerged underwater

An inch. An inch. An inch.

hairstyles know no bounds




6 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 :

72

generally not gendered

NEIGHBORS

Before we even put our towels down, Agnes stripped off her dress and ran towards the water. The rest of us watched silently from behind as she dove in—a moment of cinematic magnitude, her loose curls whipping in the wind, she could've been a brave-faced, sad-eyed, vaguely beautiful woman floating in the water in full embrace of her fate, whatever it may be. A wave crashed over her head, and then she was gone.


i will soon i promise :(

Its okay very soon I'll have Alzheimer's And won't even know who you are.

oh yeah

Plus Ill be blind from eye degeneration and deaf from tinnitus in my ear.

sorry i forgot

Just give it another week or two and I won't ever even know. 

The page ends. Somehow it made sense to open with death, greet it and get it out of the way. It was an ending marking a beginning.



the story as it unfolds.

I look
hurt peo
wind th
s and sca
ne put c
line w
s and

I look
hurt peo
wind th
s and sca
ne put c
line w
s and



a 15 minute walk, and

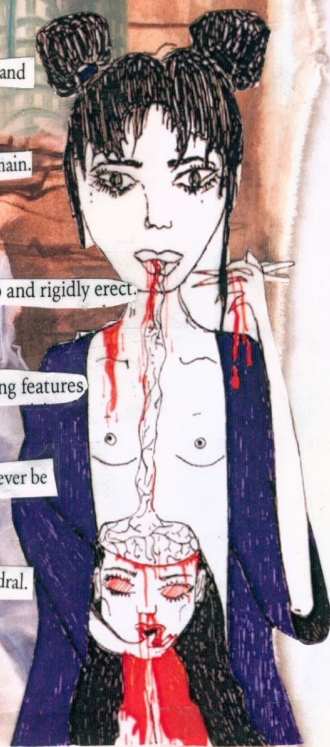
me the sculptor of my domain.

[a]lternately limp and rigidly erect.

traditionally sex-revealing features

But neither will ever be

a cathedral.



Mom Spelt Backwards is Mom

coming into light.

coming out of the womb coming out of the bathtub
he looked

begging to find the lowest point

are still fault lines.

people jump off

there

the sun was setting. That was how I saw him

seven people have died walking between Subway trains in 2018. Don't take the risk."


He could see into the train windows as they passed. In the tunnels he shoved his chest in, imagining he was a sheet of paper, the wind forcing him steadily to the wall. He noticed a young girl sleeping inside the car, acrylic-nailed hands resting softly on her orange bag. Over her was the sign. Maybe the warning was a sign from God, but surely he would not be the eighth. Surely he would not be.

He could peruse the in-betweens with his eyes closed, with acute balance. It was a form of meditation really. Much like meditation, he tried not to let anything fill his mind. Not the statistics, nor the wind. It was the corner of the city's mind that seemed to be meditating too. It was the place void of snippets of flyers, billboards, conversations, varied scents and sneakers. He pursued its skeleton. He reached underneath its streets, its clothes. And underneath he found people trying to float back up. People he couldn't hear. A machine pumping people from one place to another was all it really was. A circuit board like our brain is for thoughts, sensations, the nervous system.

BLOSSOM

11 "You are dead. Come with me to heaven."

13. *religious group to which you do not belong*



Dear human friends,

you're sinking

you have a soul

you're hearing?

...to a soon-to-be ex-girlfriend, but really
ngers at the moment in which a listener discovers
ing to me. And he's right to call me out! Me—a
boy, walking to my bougie Connecticut prepara-
ering to his band at the first move in my latest
... Even if it something were to happen between
now that my interest would fade and s'no away.
out in a messy, destructive
nd consider its likelihood
ugh the tape-hiss haze. The
s-drunk choirs of friends
the point of the album
with respect to adoles-
take me another few
ife, but I loved this re-
e to the show and s
half. The girl never

Amtrak train ro
My long-dist
we drive ar
re is comfort
teen years
can feel
frame of
pp in a p
her You
me Le
rite a
only



DEATH

"Ah, fuck!"

you scoot, scoot, scoot away.

till I realize,
the clock has been ticking all the damn way.
there's a countdown till I look at you and see through your fading away.

and then I wake up in that cage once again,
on all of the photos there's only I
with my demons, the only ones who ever held
me, and my memory resets to the default.

to be
tell her that I love h
e's nothing to lose), and then
tic text messages throughout
ar from her again. "Your age

RDBNPNG



I think I really fell in love when I was waking up from dreams of the Chelsea Hotel and reckoning with March. Lou, I want to write you a letter. I don't think you'd want to read it. To someone who's been all the badness, all the goodness. The sea mimicking that undecided heartbeat. I think you'd understand. I imagine that August night at Max's was magical. I'm trying to fill in the blanks here. I'm trying to study your voices and make friends with everyone. We were born under the same star. I hope you understand.

Caroline
Magavern



T1 W2 T3 F4 S5 S6

SUBTERRANEAN
HOMESICK ALIEN

What if the water just closed in behind us?

refuses to be forgotten.

so that I'll be fine and healthy, safe and sound
so that you'll be far so that I'll be well
isn't this why they call it a "farewell"?

GOOD
BYE
GOOD
BYE


I can't wait anymore)

I didn't know I felt that way.

DONT LET YOURSELF
BE HURT THIS TIME



Who is to blame

A hand-drawn illustration of a room. The floor is grey and textured. On the left, there's a purple oval shape, a blue and red rectangular object, and a purple circle. In the center, there's a circular object with a yellow center and a grey spiral. On the right, there's a wall with blue and orange diamond shapes. A note is pinned to the wall.

WYBC YALE RADIO
RELATIVELY DARK
BLUE NEITHER
PURPLE NOR GREEN

DARK BLUE

Finding everything okay, they were finally heading home.