

T
h e
E u p h o r i a /
D e s p a i r
B i n a r y

*
A s t r i d B u s b y

● 1-2. Blue Death

● 3-4. Trampoline Talk/Different Homes

5-6. Department of Intimacy

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• 7-8. Earthen Remains

● 9-10. Dream/Peach (Delirium)

● 11-12. Needleworker/Nyctinasty

● 13-14. Unintended Dependence (Closure)

● 15-16. This Got Weird (3 Female Friendships)

● 17-18. Constellation of Thought

● 19-20. Comeback Queen (In Formication)

You are invited to shape this item into a reflection of whatever reality suits you best through whatever internal and/or external means move you.

Methods for your consideration:

- addition
- selection
- (/re)interpretation
- replacement
- reduction
- burning

etc.

I live forgiven with family now wandering
Post-war neighbourhoods designed to be placid
Dead trees and empty streets not too far from the highway
No sidewalks but we've got new cars and strip malls
Warmed from the sun-beaten broken concrete up
And if you go into the city
The bright lights will still you but the
Headlights will swerve rest assured
You are a creature of immense grace and power
Meat woven with worms
Delicately deliquescing
I am endeared
Inducing delirium I am deliberate
Happy to be here

Basement dweller it's all upsetting texts
Conjuring finality dispelling hexes and
The conceited comfort of not belonging
Grocery shopping a strawberry throbbing
Beneath my fingernails black like hematite
All exposed bone hair teeth and tick bites
All my fate is a shot in the dark
Flooding thought into chaos
Smearing blood on bark
Rings of salt and mushrooms
Sleeping on moss-covered tombs
A(/)trophy in your living room
Allergic to the cold skin macular immaculate
Lashes on your pillowcase I was like you
I reached up to graze the moon I was dragged
Soft stunned and pink from the womb
Nothing but a spore you took into your lungs

28/10/2018 10:07:50 PM

*(...) Sadness exists of course in the quiet moments and wild disquiet
with the recognition of past events and behaviours repeating.*

*It's not a regress not a relapse I cross my fingers I
Clutch tiny effigies I do deteriorate indeed
I stumble around the house like a sleepwalker
Just keeping busy these
Dizzying fans I've got terrible ideas
Wonderful friends I've got
Solitude for miles and miles
I could jump the fence
If I wanted to
Wherever I go I know no one I am alone
I am
Spotted
Solid
And golden
Poised like the rifle you're holding
I've been given time to grow
I was made for the journey home
Slackened bound and trailed through snow
To die a blue death in your greenhouse
Stained adipose-deep with woad*

From the beige of your dining room
Up to your ears a deep envious blue
Cut by the sly wink of a delicate crescent
Without malice the moon mirrored you and
From outside danced the footfall of a masculine presence

On drunken nights we seem to share dreams
Dipped from the weight at the edge of your mattress
You felt his arms wrap around you and squeeze
So tight you thought you were dying
Vision marbling you lay motionless somehow
And the pale blue wall became dressed in your life
Basking in the mandarin swell of your eyes

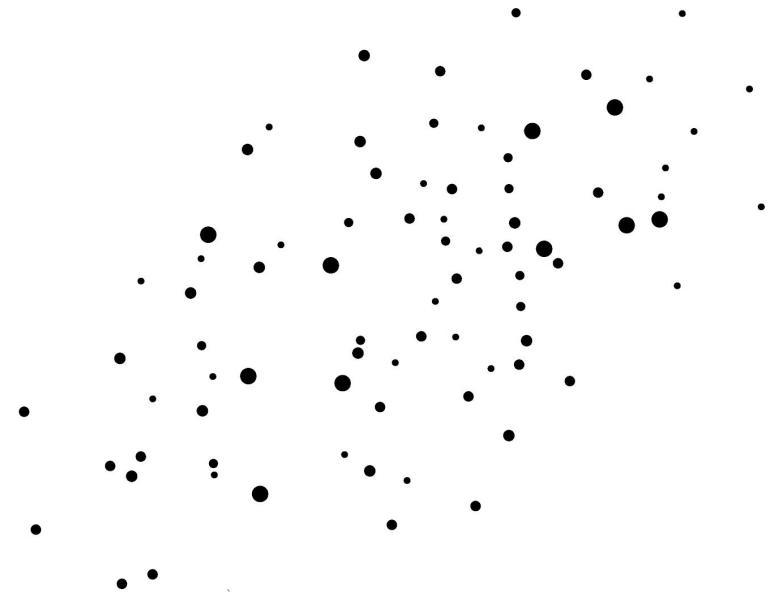
01/12/18 6:46:09 PM : I bought the pink ones because they reminded me of you (unsent)

She's cute. We get along, but we're not too close and in different classes. I want to be closer, but I don't know how. I don't know why. She's real pretty. I'm trying not to stare and failing miserably to the point where she notices, gets annoyed, and thinks I'm weird now (rightfully so). Cut to several years, a different girl, and what seems like an entire life later. I'm looking up at the ceiling - a sudden vision of sunflowers shimmering gold, then gone again. I'm not in love, I'm not in love with her, a lump in my throat, arm over eyes. Of course, if you have to repeat something like that to yourself it means you are.

And then the grand wake
Tears pearling now unable to speak
Spots swirling and dissipating over palms
Call your sister contain your own grief
Levitate if you can
Nothing is darker than where two objects meet

02/12/18 4:04:36 PM : The Celtic knot of your hair (undone)

A caterpillar in rigor mortis, its body a frozen arch fixed upon a long fine strand of grass. This makes me feel strange and alien, a cold sort of feeling. Later, I'm looking down at the carefully mummified remains of an Egyptian boy, the same age as me, except living a few thousand years earlier. I remember wanting to be weightless, I wasn't sure why.



30/11/18 10:50:13 PM : "I love you. I won't live with you" (unsaid)

Riding the subway home after work, the scent of my friend's clothing hit me at every stop. I was a high school senior again for 27 minutes. I couldn't figure out who it was coming from, but had the fleeting thought that surely they'd be just as profound and kind a person. Funny - we were good friends in school and bad at being together later, but that's mainly on me. He called me "literally the prettiest girl [he'd] ever seen," not that it matters, or was true, but it was sweet. Green hills were rolling outside the bus when I got that text.

Darkness is familiarity - it's neutrals I can't stand.



Going without coming unable to relax
You still drive me home and I appreciate that
This sober living's thrilling (it's fine) there's
You getting high in the garden
A figure I try not to recognize
My eyes distorted and hardened

Your next to
face mine

I stiffen on your deathbed

I sprout another unbloomed flower in your nebulous wreath
Jaded I'm just another gem in your milky way
Oh to be sprawling underneath
Unobservant of grief
I like that
You don't care too much about me
Kill the glow of your phone I don't want to be seen
And what of belief?
Contemplate the crucifix personally I
Despise the image of a woman on her knees
I know what you think of me
When did this great shift occur?
Being an understudy is suddenly easier we're
Bad in love not bad people really
Allies not partners you're very good to me

We sleep without dreams
In yesterday's jeans
Lying in white
So this is defeat

It's not my pain to elaborate
On and on but here we go I guess
Please forgive my absent mind
If I should think of you a little less

I think of you constantly in fact

Glittering fine and contrite I shivered in the splinters
The clash had rung out a reverberating bell
For everyone to hear and everything to enter
Mine was a jagged voice and I hoped you couldn't tell

But my need for reassurance was piercing

I was not a vessel shaped(/laid) by(/in) your hand
But I filled up on you, spilled
And had to make myself stand
At once I spun myself a new clay encasing
Painted white over red trapping stars in the glazing
And I lay inside for months shocked speechless and sunless
It kept out the suffering but also the abundance
Following through I fled far away and functioned
And bathed among rosehips in cloudy tepid numbness

At least four of these things I did not intend

The overflow from within comes of course as no surprise
My work is as usual self-motivated and ill-advised
I find myself now rousing bloodless from this bout
This possession cracks thunderous from the inside out
I will make offerings through the window
Give flight to and shatter all I have built
Child-like, this is how we process events
This is how we move beyond guilt

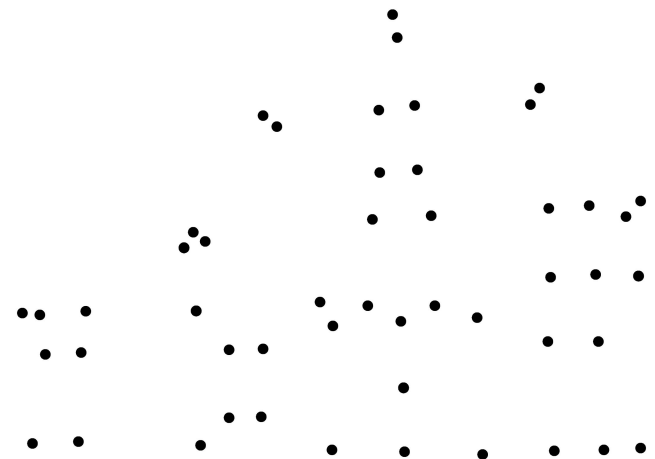
I won't sidestep the ruin I'll run into the wreck this time
Run right into the road
I'll be fine I'll be fine I'll be

Stepping from the ledge
Soprano scream outstretched
Catching on animal ears only to sever
Branch by branch I seem to fall forever

Comfort sleeps in your arms I am
Bone-filled and sharp don't
Deliver me from harm I am
Ready to feel this

Alone in the afterglow of the aftermath

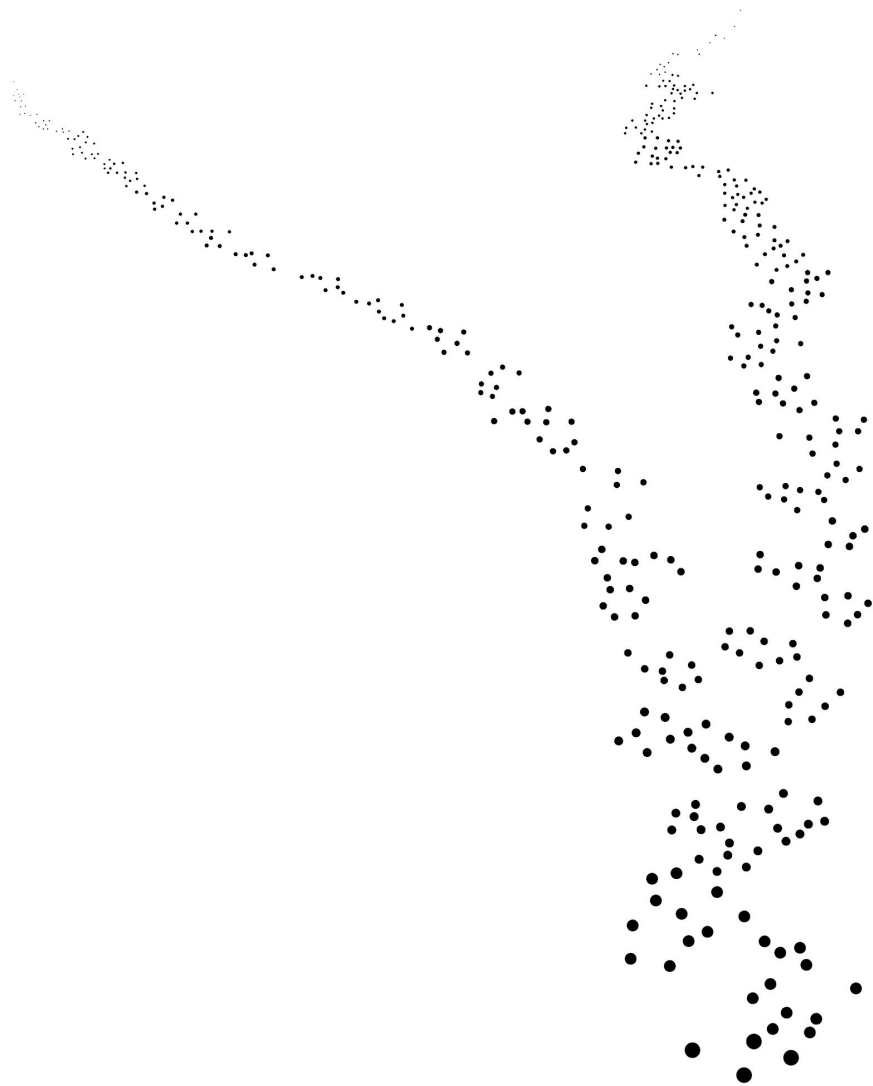
And now the brush fire:



Faster now
As it should have been

As I should have been

In peace among the grass seeds



You were a peach(/dream)
Full(/wool) and(/-en) deep(/heap)
All your mouth touched felt(/fell) well(/wet)
Right(/slight) and(/hands) good(/could) make no mistake
I a-dore(/bhor) this scene
Blood rushes again at the memory

If you're of the Earth(/hearse) I just want to be rooted in the soil
Instead at the time you read(/fed/left/bled) my(/high) mind(/pride/side/tides) and
so
Dexterously hung me in the sky
Honoured(/hungered) and un-grateful(/stable) (or maybe just lonely)
I sighed sending stars(/mars) careening
What's the point of achieving otherworldly
(I know I'm so plain)
Vast ethereal higher glory
If I can't be felt?

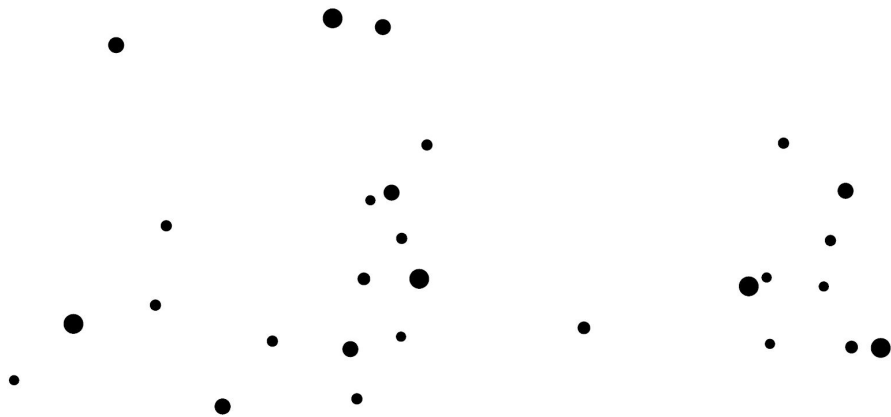
Hold me
How you wound me
Nobody does (/anything for me) these (/days) like you
~~I~~ am heartbroken and ~~I~~ am still here
We are We are
Ashamed, shaken, and alike
No more arrows in the quiver
We were We were
Unwitting catalyts in each other's misery
Devastating weapons in unconscious artilleries
~~Dis~~regard what the imagery implies I am blind
I can't criticize it's very hard
For you to do wrong in my eyes
I paste you into my surroundings
Run through the hypotheticals
Examine the findings:
You won't want anything to do with me ever again

You left long before I was asleep.

I let numbness guide a brush over the wound
It still wept but I couldn't bring myself to drink
In vain I pressed the iron against my anemic skin
Domestic hiss or at least forgetfulness the
Paint was still drying when new knowledge
Came to wreck my egocentric solar system
Marbles rolling in airport halls I was concussed
Ears ringing I was reeling from the light
Eyes unaccustomed to this new deconstruction
What follows (and precedes) is a mosaic of events:
Heat stroke I struck out and hit nothing
Clung to nobody and packed mostly clothing
Guilt had spun its silver web in all the places I
Couldn't reach but before I tried I found myself
Ascending untethered for the foreseeable future
Down feathers pierced through all that was soft
Tangled in my hair and I wore them well I thought
I will carry this no matter where I disappear because
You've really left an impression
Somehow your lines found their way into my suitcase
My heavy-handed fondness
Stitched plum bruising endearments into the cream lining
How sweet
The guillotine drop of a blackout velvet curtain

This dabble into the waking world has my
Crudely-mended bones weary I'm so
Done with the sun and all it has to offer
I've been productive make no mistake like
Never in my days and to think
I fingered every new freckle excitedly
For the first time in my life I'm
Offended at the sight of fields a-flower
Most of them now close when faced with the moon
(Who at first still hung there clueless
As the colour drained and valleys turned blue)
There was death again then in a red leather skirt and
I began treading back into obscurity twofold
Arms above my head I surrender I apologize I
Regret being in the dark and needing and feeling I
Find myself in a suburban pool
Sink into the thought of a rhythmic sea
Drown myself just to keep cool
But these are warm thoughts:

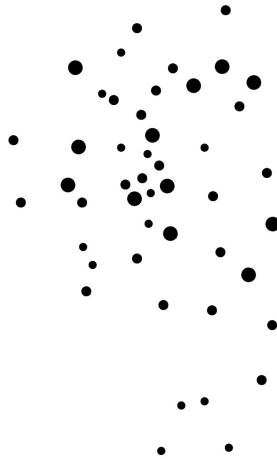
My favourite part is how you run the ink
A wavering phantom
A vaporous river unwinding
A good place to vanish



Screens and their dominant impersonality betray my dominant non-personality.

I grew up online in the middle of a field
I plead your participation
Have you seen what I've reaped?
I've been alone for a decade
Stab me and I'll refuse to bleed
Involuntarily interred I was incensed
Salting the earth beneath your feet

What's your damage?
I am a razorblade concealed in a lip gloss mouth
I am a swarm of hornets in a fine silken bag
Reborn a red star my radiance is radiation
What's your poison?
This blood runs mercurial and suddenly
Bewitching satellite dishing this dizzying whimsy
All these wind chimes make a mystic of me
Sparkling saturated words to wake(/make) the(/me) dead(/weep)
Hand in mine warm like another heart to my chest
Heavy like a lock to anchor our bodies to the bed
It's hotter underwater I crack up I'll break down I'll dissolve
I'll never bother you again
For what it's worth
Hand to hand over freckled mouth
Swearing on the record of your faded fancies
Petals pressed between the pages
Thrashing enraptured in blackened earth
Under skulls like lanterns lost within a sky on fire
Illuminated later by cars making wrong turns
Hats off they spill as they round the bend
And this is where the ordeal ends
Wildflowers will blossom and
Swallow us whole
(I should hope so)
So we can begin again



I.

I'll trade you one joy for
Every ten sorrows
You name the price we pay at this
Rate of emotional exchange
Crying on the bed with friends
Adolescent heartbreak
When you left I lived in what remained
Our foundation on the sheets
A memory in the depression of the comforter
I shook it out and couldn't sleep
My fear of domineering will keep these things at bay:
Needing - god forbid *wanting* - anything
Asking you to stay

I am hollow within there is
Nothing but skin it is
Hard to be stable when the
Faintest whisper blows me away

II.

Force of nature (natural disaster)
You are the wildness of the wind
Whispering smoke the warmth of a fire
Wishbones broken some small token
To show you my affection
When words don't suffice
Snap my wrists if you'd like
No no I want to I want you to
Kill me before I can die
Give me something over which to agonize
And force the earth to quake
Bury me in your renaissance way
You're the only one who understands
Hold controlled chaos in small soft hands

III.

You, by the grace of hawks
Stellar strong breaking broad you
Wouldn't believe the music sparking in my mind
As the grooves of your fingertips slid into mine
It takes mistakes it takes trust it takes time
It leaves everything I assure you I
Am deeply (/f)awed I am
Nothing
Standing in your glow
Just so you know
A silver speck in purple dusk
Dust in the light of your landscape
A fleck of copper in clear water
A natural world taking shape with
You at the summit of every mountain
Against the sky painted by a lake

How time flies spent in the reflection of your eyes

I worry endlessly

(This is terrifying)

I love you
(This is important)

You terrify me
(I love that)

You are important

(Momentously so)

I recall you endlessly

(This is bliss)

This is endless terror
(This is true)

You are endless
(Like the ocean)

I'd build monuments to you
(In a moment)

Forever in fear

(And love)

And tears

(In truth)
Absolutely

My hands will always want to reach for yours





So what happens next?

Destitute in furs the women in my
Family are rich in beauty and disease
Degenerating in memory
The future is fright
Dogs are dying
What is to be lost?

Cancer runs through tissue like wildfire
Like a body through the woods
Like your brother from the army and
He might be a fuck-up but at least he's kind
This is how we solve problems back home
(And post then take down the video online)
We laugh but hope this homecoming he's
Outrunning the rain footsteps drumming
Fingertips buzzing but work keeps it light
Tenderizes the mind we are gentles in drain pipes
Tasks unassigned in the hive I can't stand to be alive
When we're all this intertwined
What can be left behind?

On division one million see his white light erupt
Here he is to be loved he is here to disrupt
See a figure lunging between trees just over the hill
And just in time we've got rats to kill
Blouses to drop crops to summon
Wilted against skin in heavy heat you
Can melt or be toughened and
There will be no need to shave your hair
Liquor fills a shot glass as blowflies fill the air

It's spring again and I am smitten
We live like parasites in this living breathing house
What can be forgiven?