

Everyone Loves You

Preamble



(Let me Explain)



Preamble (Let me Explain)

Astrid Busby

I dream of myself dying as a deer

Bleeding as a small clay object

Cracking in the supple flesh

This never ends

Could you feel that?

I asked you to connect the dots

These were true stories





But how many different ways can I say the same thing

That plucked from a cornfield I still long for the dirt

That I hope I am forgotten so don't bury me

(Kick me into the ground in a kilt and sweatshirt)



That we reject the habits proximity inspires  
Packing our bags even when we want to stay  
Not out of superiority but susceptibility  
Despairing as the draw occurs anyway





And I've been worried without words for longer than

I can remember

That the fear of being too much often makes me not enough

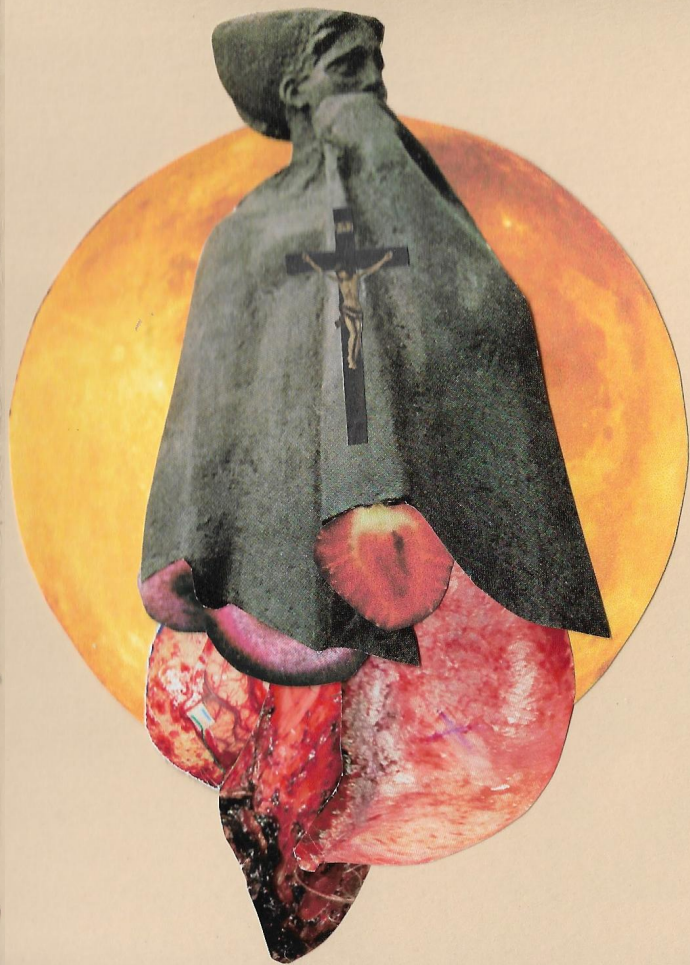
(And vice versa and so on and so forth forever)

That we self-flagellate with work and call it surviving

Tired of dancing and indiscriminately fucking

Too jaded for 21 and terrified of nothing

Except maybe driving



My cousins reached for these open secrets

Painfully over-explained confessions and

I didn't really stop them

So now another one







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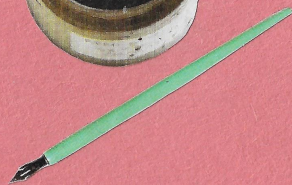
Everyone Loves You

Part 1



Age of Everything

Astrid Busby



Age of Everything

Astrid Busby



Hundreds of handprints like sores or kisses

I want to sleep under the rawness of them

Hazy scarlet stars

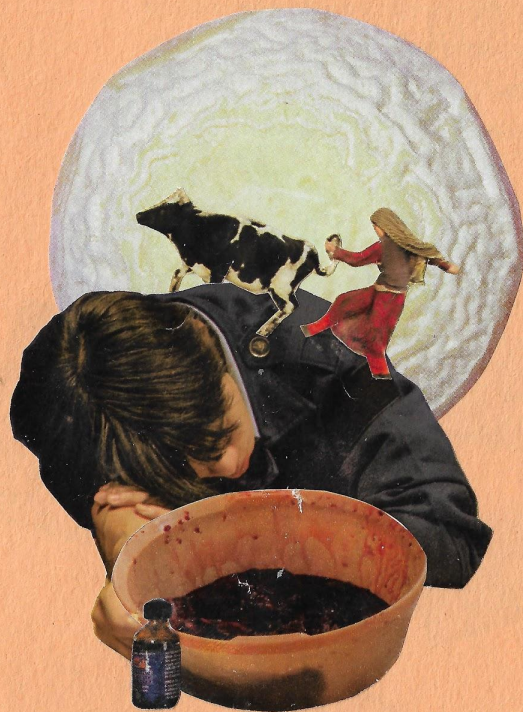
Sickly sweet I would sweat out the terror

Of a woman crying laughing furious

At least three times a day

(Unmedicated)

OK





And if our hands met as in a mirror could you  
Sever this electric connection I beg of you  
Or at least the bond to this bond I've been  
Conned by modern comfort I want to disappear  
But from obscurity to where?





To the edge of the neighbourhood to get eggs

Hear yourself outside of your body as

In a recording but in real time and

Weep

Pick up

Please





Hairpin disposition I'm

Back lying in a town of dying light

Disparate signals over interrupted phone lines

Distant feral dogs barking I'm

Desperate to hear even silence if it's yours

Blessed instead I cradle your voice on my shoulder

Of course it's enough I swear it is of course





We can analyze

Quantify classify summarize

Distill you to a bullet point

If it makes you feel better

❌ fact let's take inventory:

- Chronic pain

(Drag)

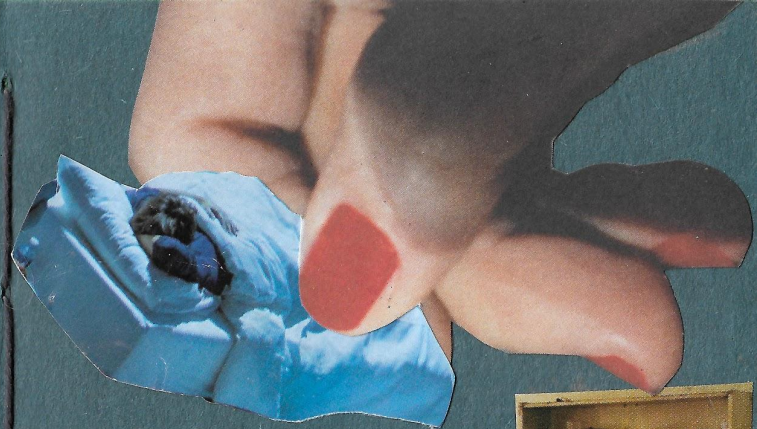
- I've got hands

(Dexterous)

And suddenly you come into your own body with  
none of the intimacy

Turns out there's someone who knows just how you  
like it

(Unconditionally)





Responding to the call of bovine hooves

This is the age of everything

Imposing on you a life unlived

In exchange for a broader view





In one year's time I promise not even  
Automatic doors will open up to us  
Loved ones will long for us no longer  
And in keeping with the trend I  
Will not speak your name again but  
I'll confront your figure in dreams after all the  
Sound forever rests heavy in muscle memory





I'll spell it neat in capital letters

Conjure rhythmic scripture from a dot matrix printer

Make of these bleached trees a breakable abode at

Least something to hold when the power cuts out





I carry on but here is the conclusion  
We're living in a Venn diagram drifting apart  
You trace the curve with your finger  
Underestimate yourself in the  
Equation every time and  
I still think you hung the moon





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Everyone Loves You

Part 2



I Was Thinking of the Library

Astrid Busby



I Was Thinking of the Library

Astrid Busby



I've built a wooden monument to guilt in my mind  
Like a lighthouse and I've already given away the end  
You are the golden apparition walking home at night  
The blackened pearl rising against the spotlight





I picture you seated in a crowd

The masses an afterthought

Your beauty outstanding

Standing room only

For the rest of us

For you leave places made

Worthy of pilgrimage in your wake





And you've long freed yourself of beads or

Guilt or grief or anything else

That reads like love





Lest my heart should startle to

Make me take off but still

There is a gap between us



Periodically I subvert my philosophy

Strike up a solitude

Synthesize hang-ups in a place without judgement

Where everybody knows anyway and nobody cares





Until hunger erupts lava-like to make me say

Study me again I won't avert my gaze I

Look where I want almost out of spite

I've learned to do it without shame I



Am a human woman who knows what she wants and who

Isn't afraid to look into the sun

Burn me up







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08/09/19

Everyone Loves You

Part 3



How to Drive (Hedonism-Weary)



How to Drive (Hedonism-Weary)

Astrid Busby



Everyone loves you

Show me a bridge on a hill so high the

Earth nips at telephone wires and

Your 10/03/98 will read holy

Ask to see your halo in headlights ask

If I mind then ask me another question

Passing an abandoned trailer of chairs to haunt

You throw your cup sideways





Here is a door propped on a doorway  
A divot where they did the breathing for you  
My hands between your hands  
Tangled in a birdhouse



DOORWAY  
DOORWAY  
DOORWAY



A mistiness creeps in through the pines  
A lavender ghost rolling on now but it's dust  
And it comes from the factory  
And it gives us cancer probably  
But what else is new  
Would you raise a family here?



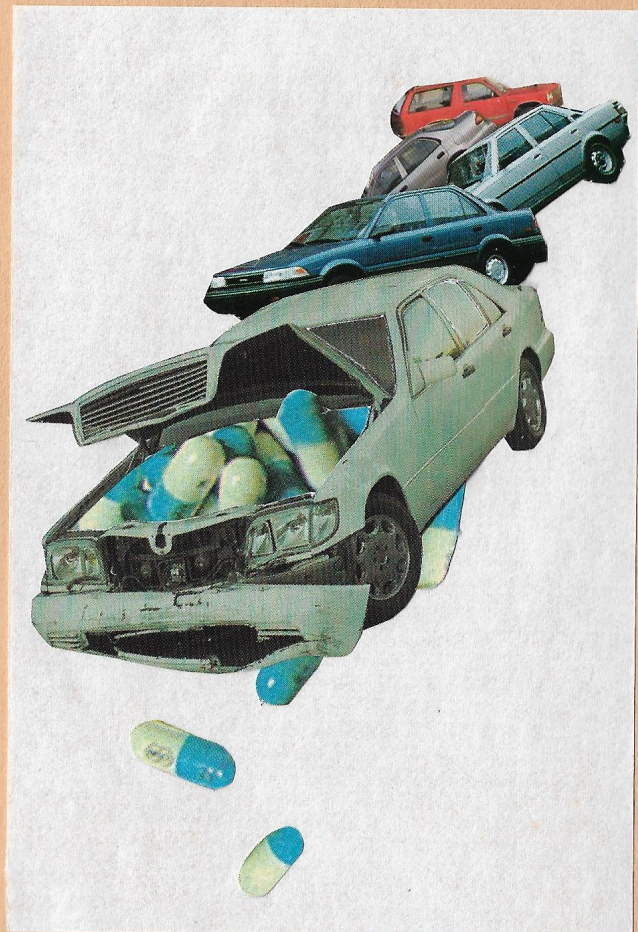


Childhood memory is expendable  
We willfully forget and get concussed  
Re-emerging in emergency rooms  
A Renaissance in white  
For these are our new bodies and minds  
And we've already grown tired of substances  
Weary even of hedonism





Surprise! Coming back was not a mistake but  
It makes us feel ill and if we stay too long  
We'll hang ourselves by our own roots  
Overdose to spite ourselves or  
Crash our cars getting out of town  
Are we fucking drowning here or what?





Shirtless in the diamond

Let us compare calves and hands

Heights

Philosophies and slang

Let us get limbic

Dismissing of distance

As we struggle to fit inside a circle

Arms meet legs wrapped around and I say

Let me re-introduce myself:





Here is a workplace injury

Here is a handful of loose wires

Here is a portrait of us taking a picture in a mirror

See me through a camera we're too

Young to know how to use

A head on your shoulder

A hush over the fields







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24/06/19

MI-TENTEX GRANSON



Everyone Loves You

Afterword



(And the (Rest) In Peace)



Afterword (And the (Rest) In Peace)

Astrid Busby





16/07/19 12:52 AM

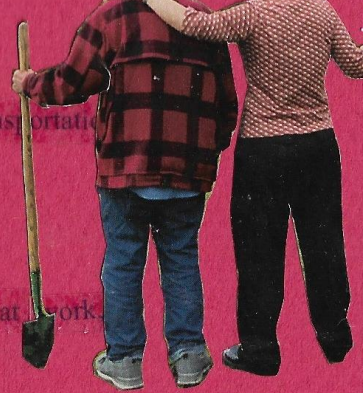
Here is where I put an end to imagery.

I'm lying awake thinking about every stupid thing  
any man has ever said to me.



Strangers on public transportation

customers at work.



wealthy businessmen in London airports.

friends and partners alike -



from the ignorant to the

unnecessary

to the insensitive.

I am laughing at you.





"You look nice when you're not wearing glasses."

"It's just pretty much a fact that all girls who wear chokers love giving head."

"You're in the wrong career path and let me tell you why (...)  
You just have to commit to art fully, and people will come."



Classic.

Yikes.

Spoken like someone who was not raised by artists struggling to make ends meet.

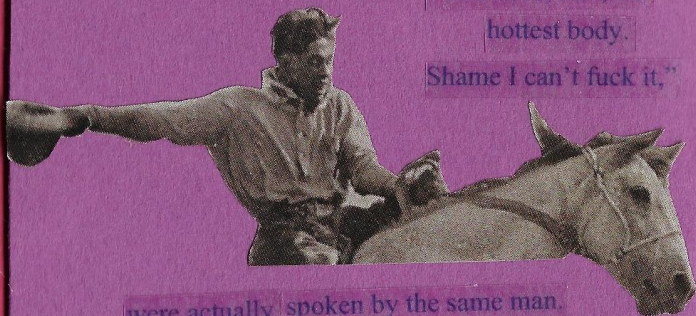




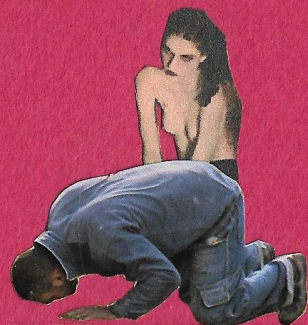
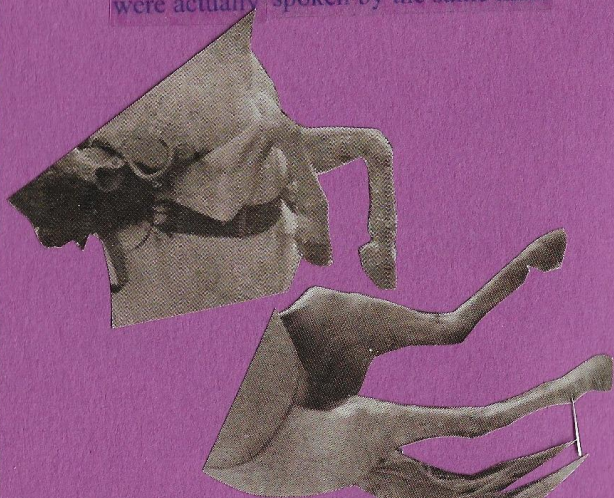
"Are you sure  
you don't  
just like girls?"

and

"You have, like, the  
hottest body.  
Shame I can't fuck it."



were actually spoken by the same man.



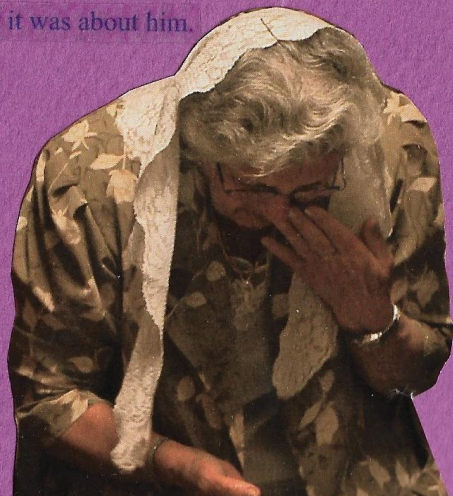
Why do I do this to myself?



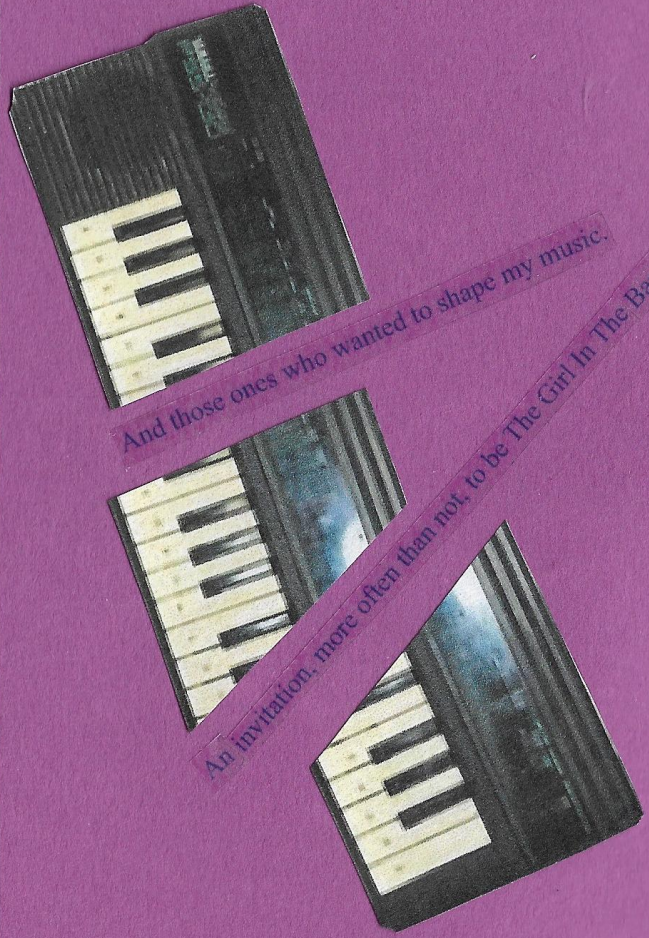
Months later, even after we weren't seeing each other, I had still laughed and pressed that book of poems into his hands like a parting kiss, told him the third one was about him when it was really about me.



It outlined my hurt and inner turmoil surrounding him and I had agonized briefly over whether to include it or not for his sake. I told him he didn't have to read it but he did and what he told me after was mostly that he liked the fact it was about him.





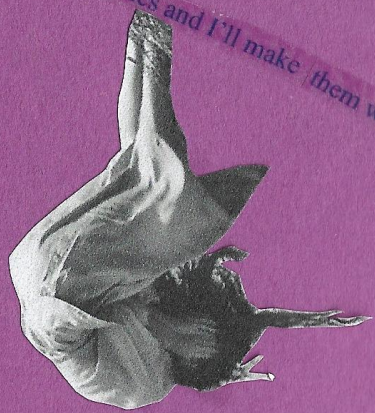


And those ones who wanted to shape my music.

An invitation, more often than not, to be The Girl In The Band.

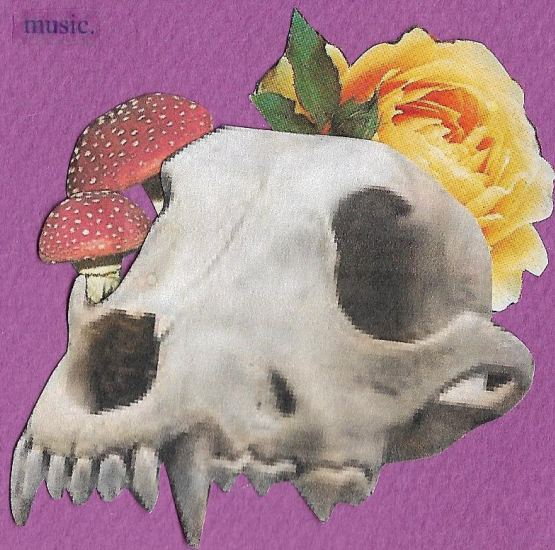


"You write your pretty little melodies and I'll make them weird"





(Bitch, frankly, you have no idea!! The original composition is the heavy lifting and the editing is an extension of that extremely personal process through which I am actively learning to not jump at the sound of my own voice. My shit might be far from groundbreaking and definitely not good, but where I cannot love myself otherwise, I have come to love the clumsiness of my hands, the imperfect renditions of my own carefully and incorrectly-penned sheet music.



But tell me more about how you've never written a song in your life.)





"You must be at least 18, right?"

Sir, I'm just trying to finish my shift here.

Then there are the things I cannot bring myself to  
write down.



I am so tired.



I can feel this version of me clawing her way to the

surface of my skin sometimes, babbling up and

threatening to overtake the room at the slightest

provocation.



Increasingly, I ask myself what would  
be so bad about letting her drive for a while.



xA

In bed.





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