

Valery Milk's Paper Nothing

26/12/19 (4)



I;m gonna straight throw up, folks, I'm so jazzed .

77 23 40 61



I'm Will Graham-Valery Milk, and this is my design.

ruralgoth.wordpress.com

@rural.goth

ruralgoth

Ugly Rooms to Spend Your Time In

For B.G.



Room made just for you



Room to set the scene in a tired hypothetical



Room that has seen you disrobe



Room that makes you realize he comes from a wealthy family



Room to bask in the glow of love



Room you do not like to go into



Room in which you cannot stay



Did you really love him, or did he just have dark hair?



Room for spilling grape juice



Room that has only known you through pictures



Room where you lie on the floor as the sun sets and your mind is empty



Room for two



Room for Ray Romano



Room you never reach because you couldn't get out of bed this morning



Room for when you've relapsed



You've relapsed



You've relapsed



You want to disappear



Unclench your jaw



Room to think other thoughts



Room where everyone loves you



Room in which you dream of telekinesis
every night



Room in which you read a man's palm
and he shivers



Room where order is evidence of a break-in



Room where you're the fuck-up cousin, a stereotype of your own sexuality. You almost feel ashamed



Thanks for not smoking weed before you realized you had work in an hour



Room for when you thank god every day and pray to get into a car accident on the way to work



Room for which the soundtrack is the Walk on the Beach ringtone



Room for when your life is a sitcom and your ratings are plummeting



Room where the left and right walls carry on infinitely and you too are boundless and you trace their smooth planes with your fingers



Room in which you don't approach objects - they approach you



Room for stumbling around blindly in the dark



Room that you have sullied with your mania



Room where the walls eat the floor



Room for exclusively spider-related hallucinations



Room for when you want to escape your feverish body



If you had had siblings, you wouldn't have made it out of your teenage years



Should you fake your death?



You couldn't bear it



Room for receiving visions and having seizures



Room to grow



Room where you weep over canopés



Room where she called you charismatic
in the midst of an argument



Room where you mistake the untold
number of beads you spilled on the rug
for insects



Room in which you triumph when you
take what intimidates you and hold it in
your arms



Default room conjured by your spatial imagination



Room where everyone finally gets what they want (a threesome)



Room where, wow, you haven't felt this fulfilled since...



Room you revisit in your mind constantly



Room in which there are no words



Room for reconciliation



Room at the centre of your heart



Room to convalesce in after good times



Room where he cleaned your blood off
the couch



Room with a brightness that threatens
to kill you