

sara

Written by sara
Monday, 12 August 2019 21:19 -

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I see my death in the boots of janja kicking on my kidnies and ribs.. Stomping my neck and face.. Beating me up with their sticks till i run out of breath

I see my death in a clot of blood clogging the main artery in my heart.. Causing it to shut down as i fall face down to the ground with no one around to help..

I see my death in a bottle of liquour..besides a cocktail of sedating pills.. I take them all together at once.. And go into a deep long sleep

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And i yearn for comfort

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Im slowly forgetting the fantasy of the black girl with an afro riding her bicycle everywhere..

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Living for art and whiskey and poetry and women.. Living freely.. I dont see it as often.. Only my end is what i see

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