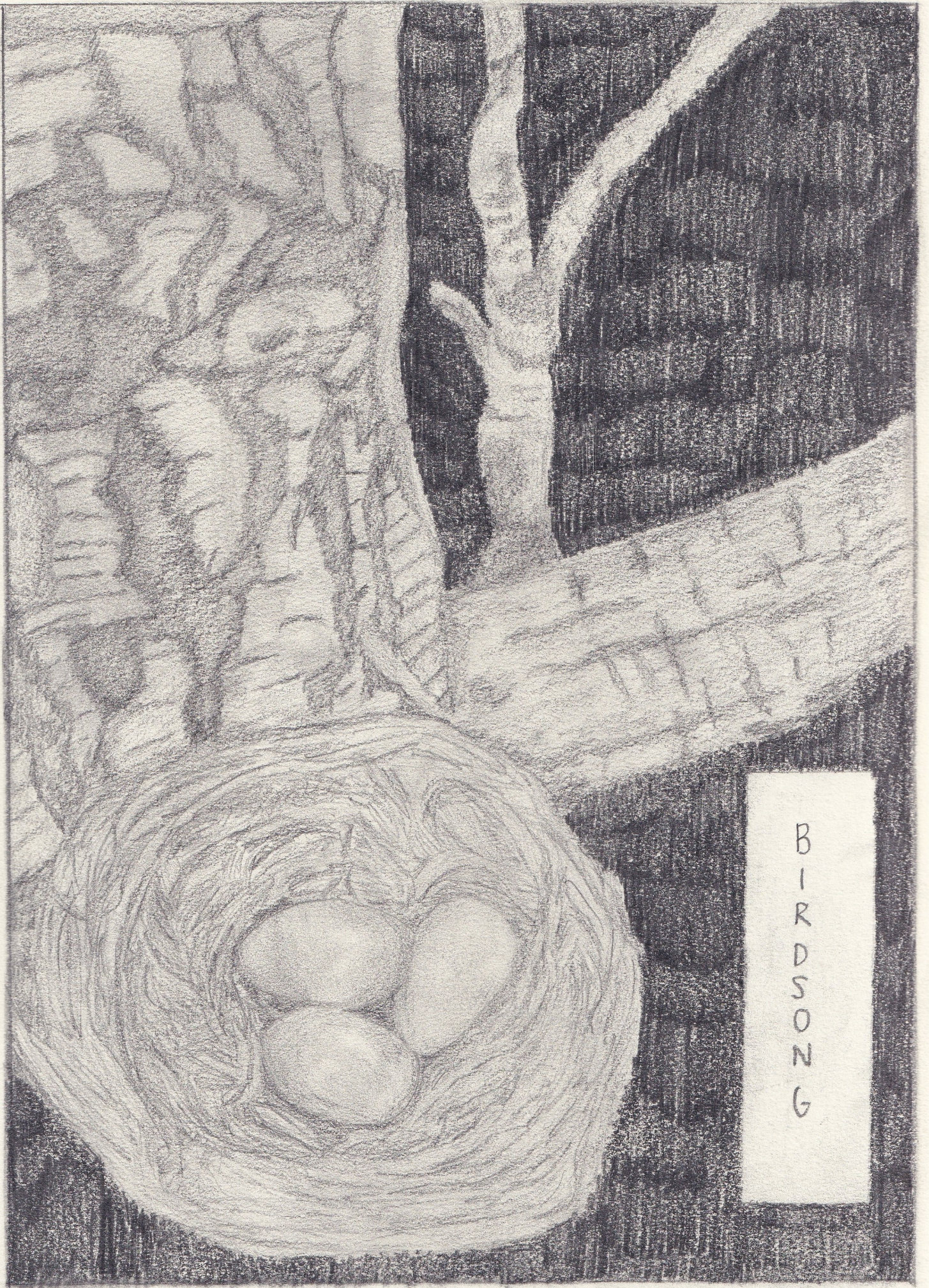
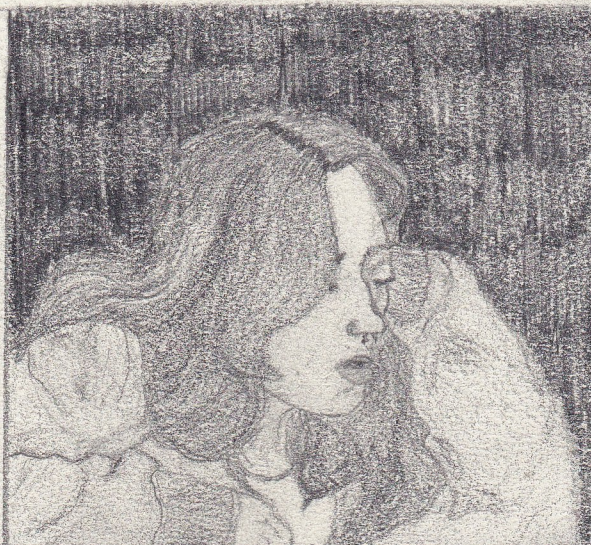


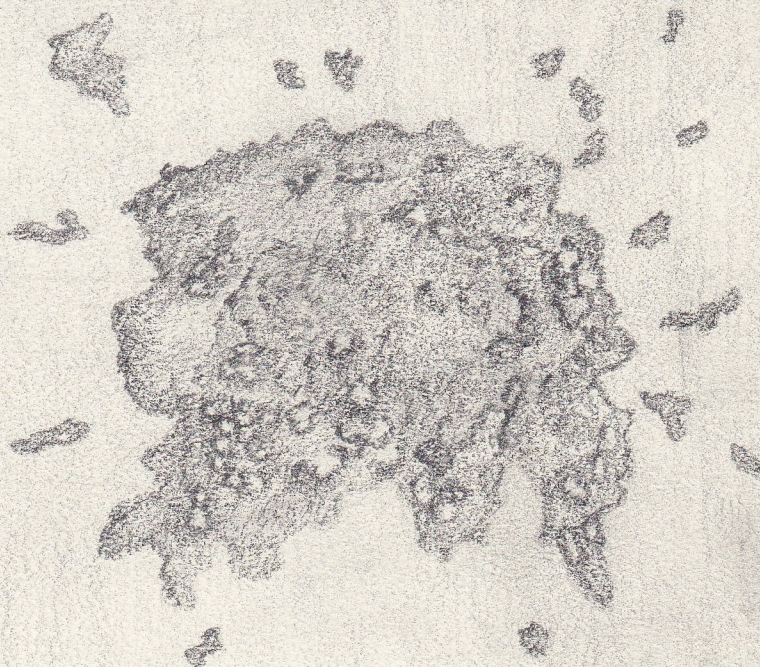
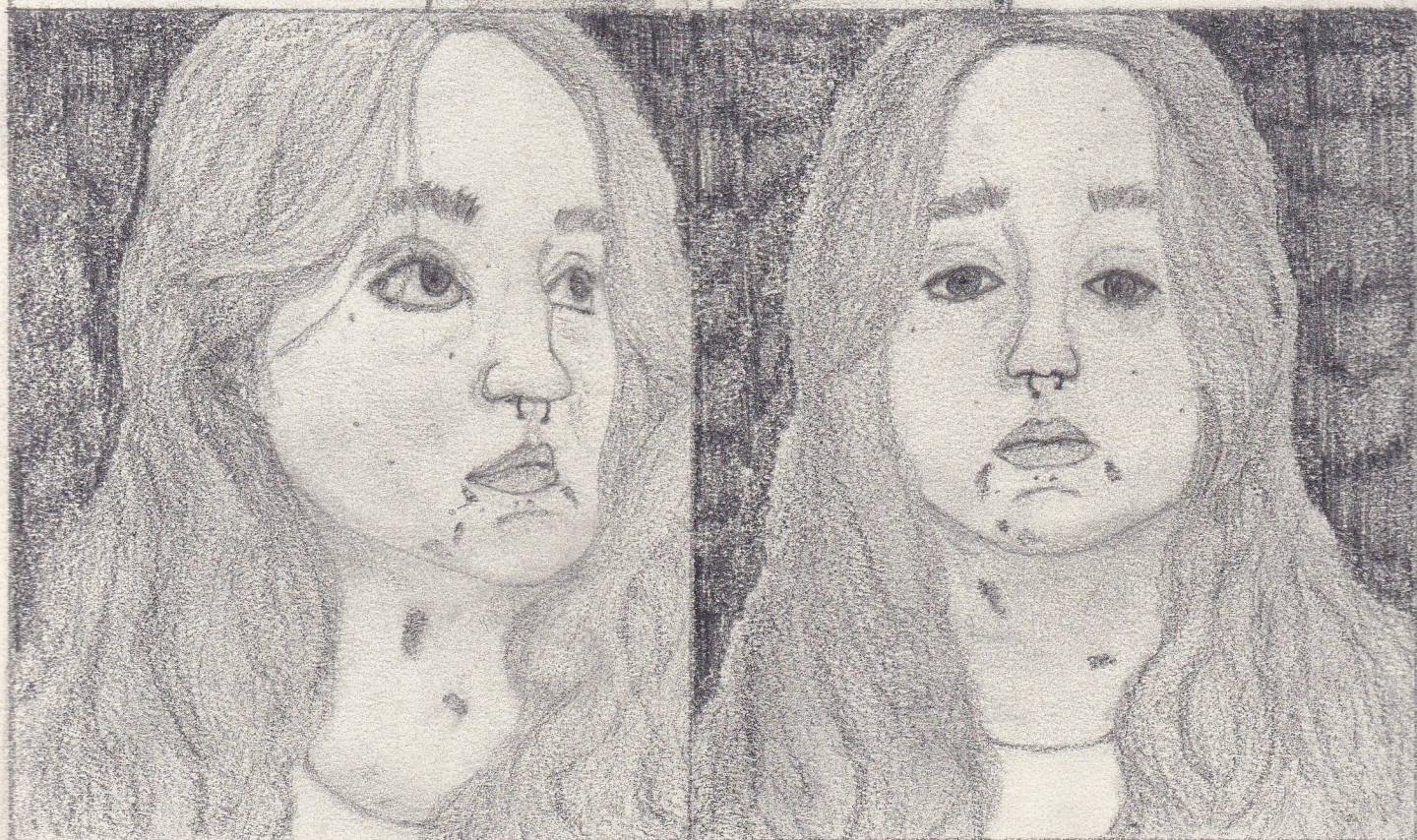


B
I
R
D
S
O
N
G

I PUKE,

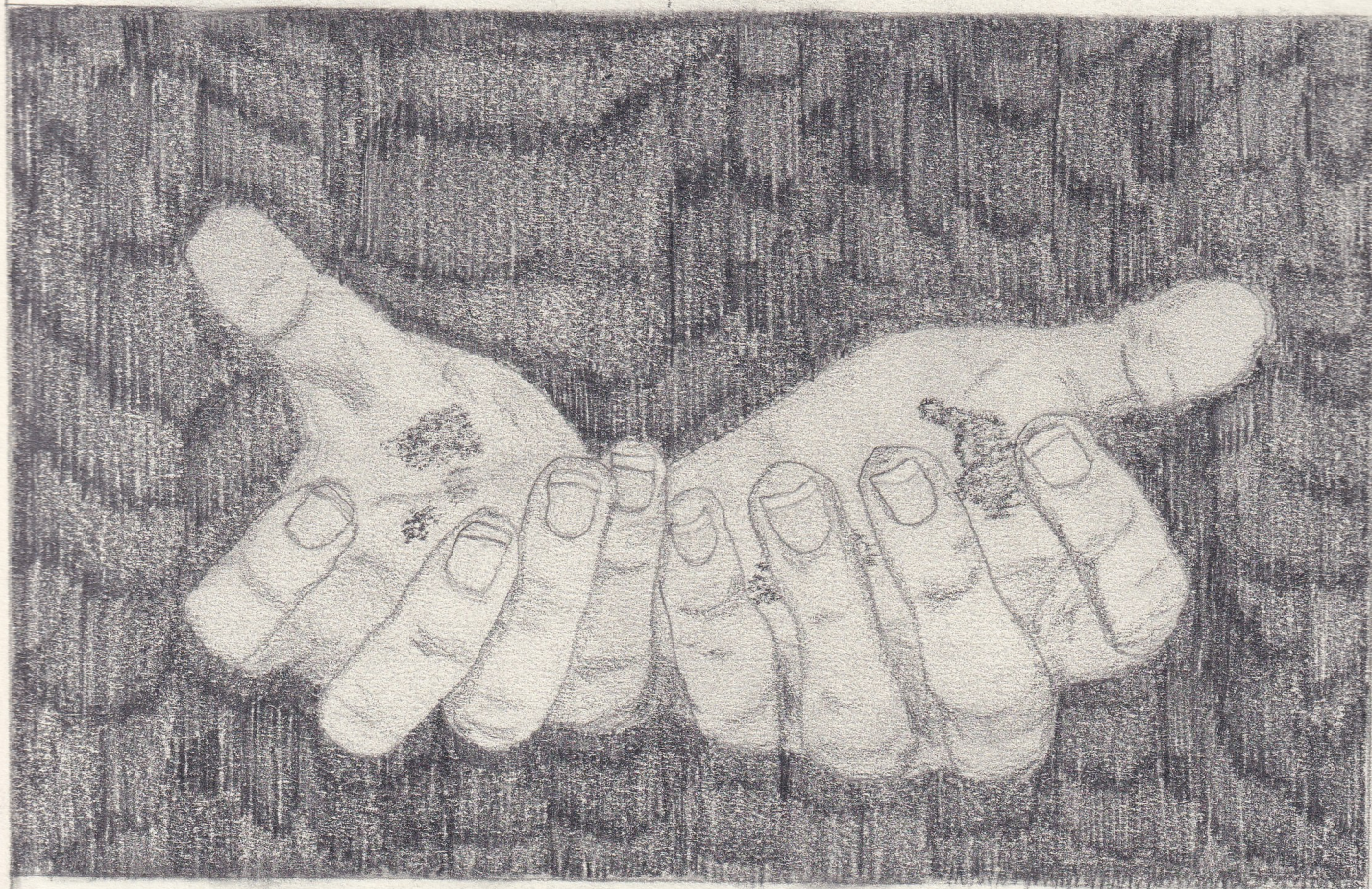


MOLTEN SLUSH
DRIBBLING
DOWN MY
CHEEK,



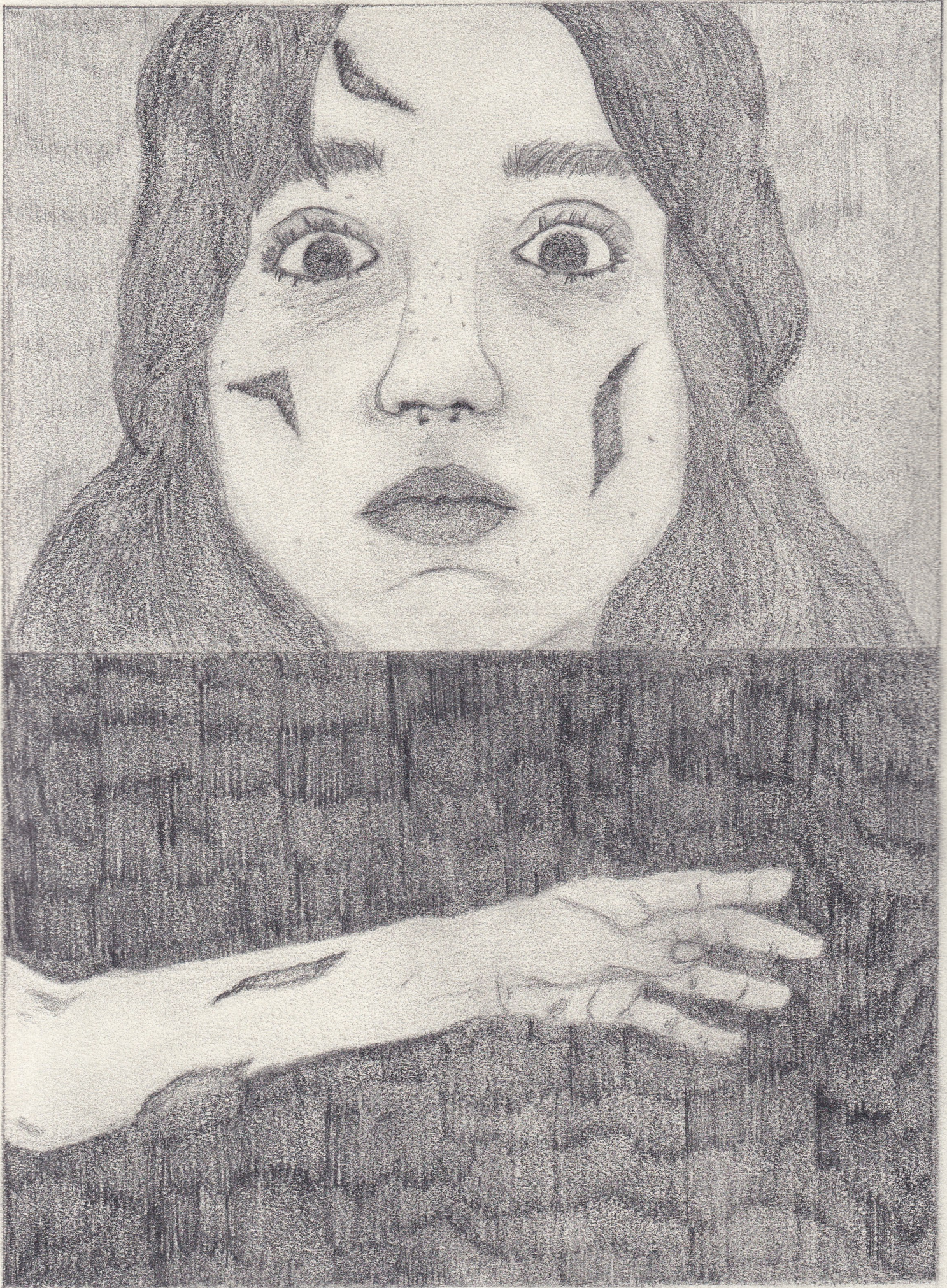
MOUTH
SLACKED AS
MY INTESTINES
HOLLOW OUT.

I HEAR A VOICE,
LAUGHING
AT MY FINGERS.

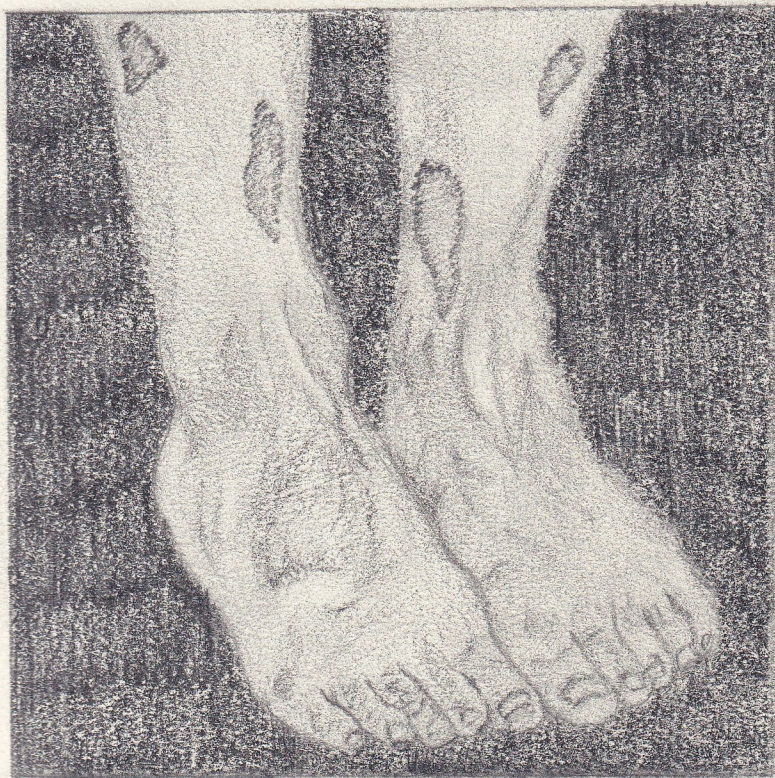


THEY ARE SO WEAK THAT THEY CAN'T STOP MY MOUTH'S OOZE

I PICK AT MY SKIN

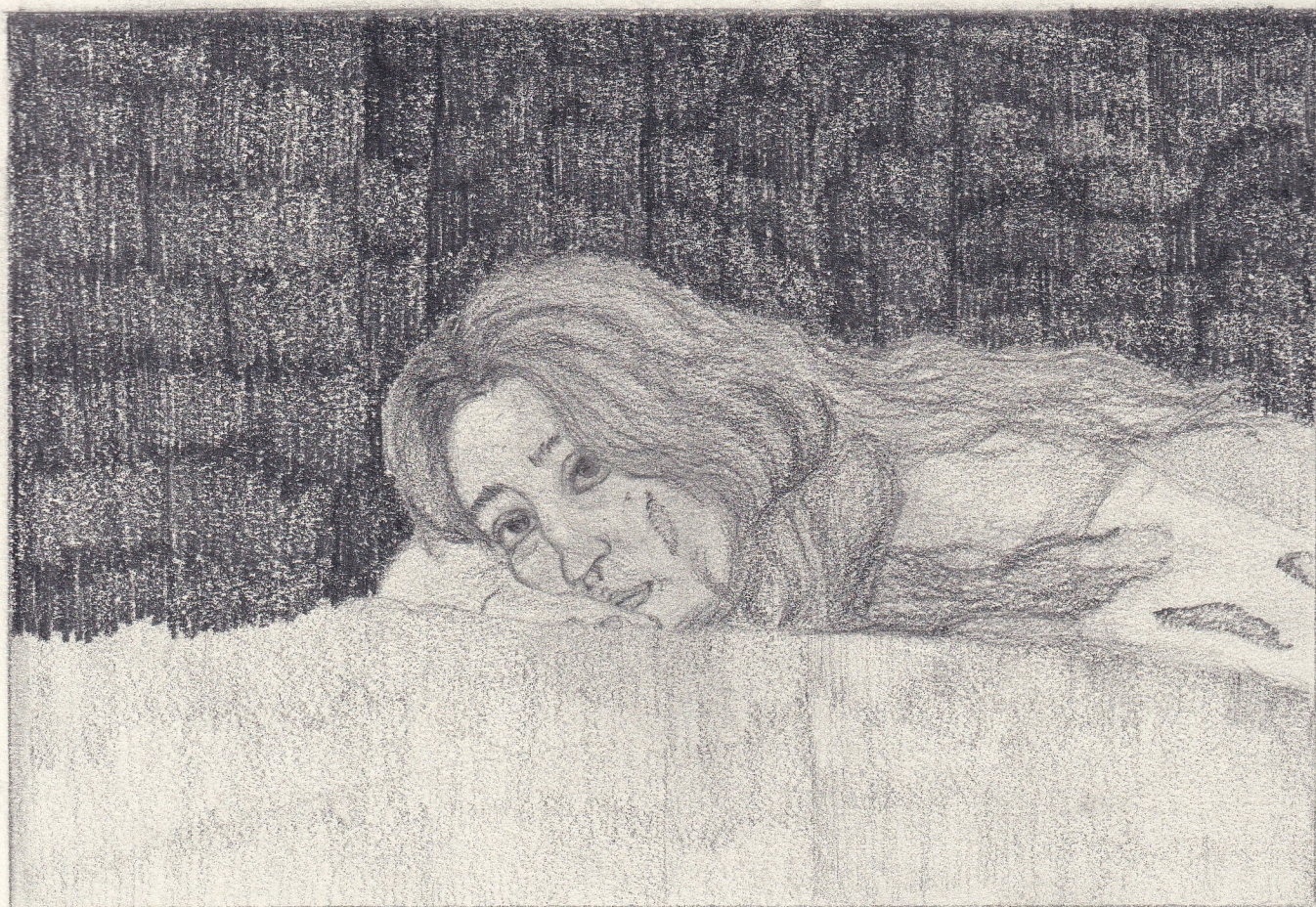


AND DISCARD THE DEAD FLESH.



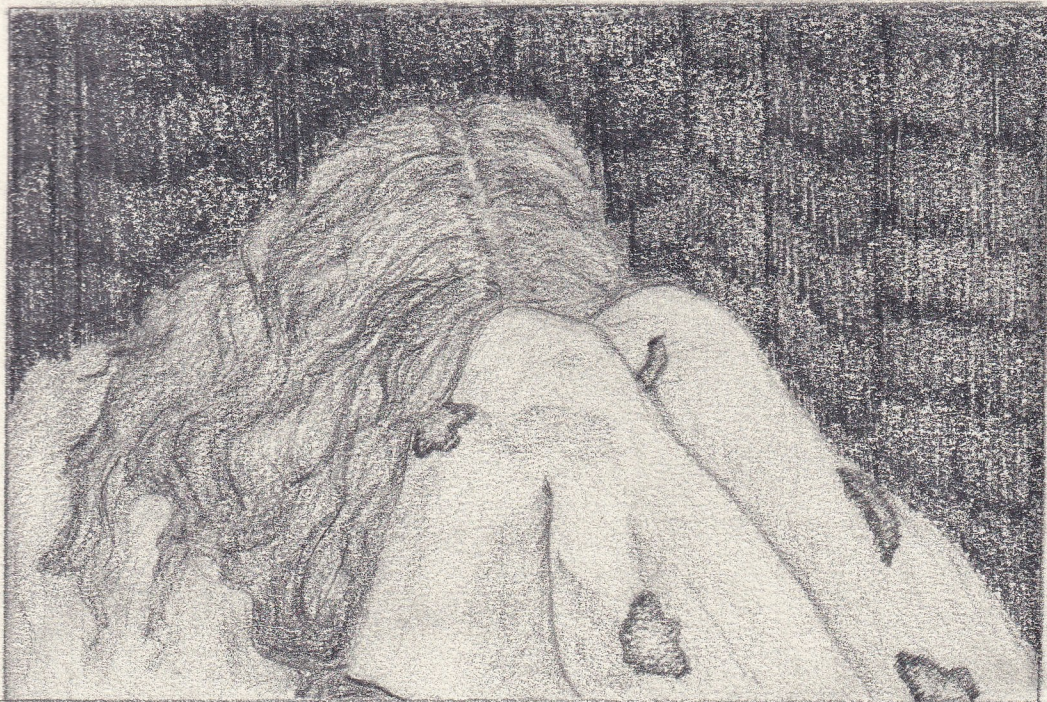
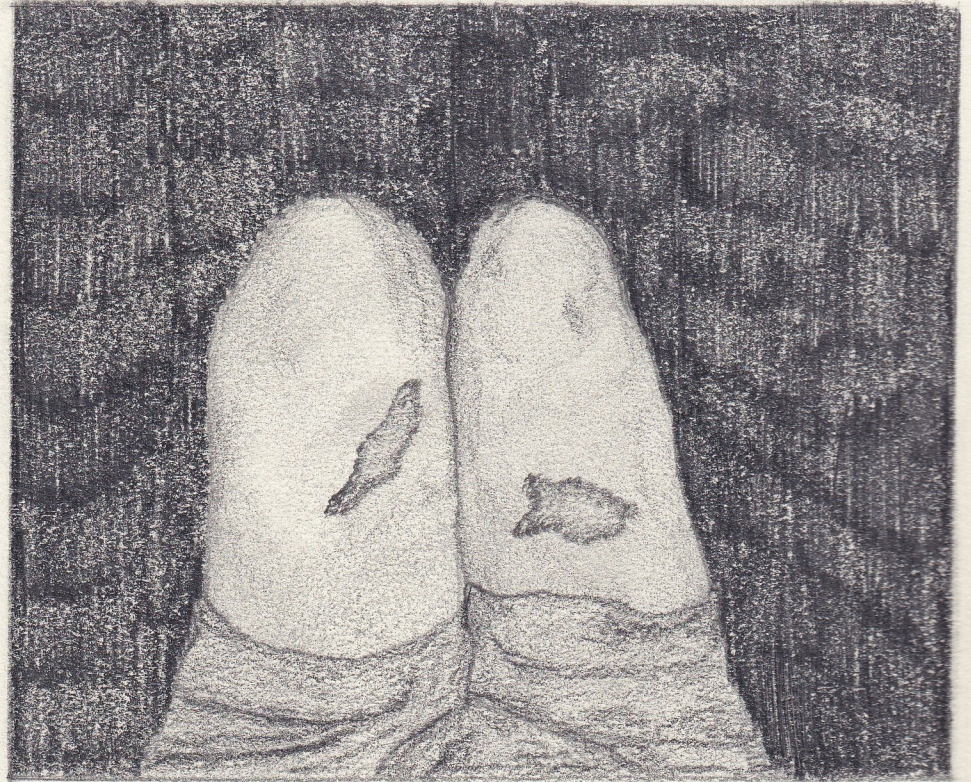
OPEN WOUNDS
FEEL SO BITTER

THAT BODILY WARM
MET WITH THE
PRICKLY AIR



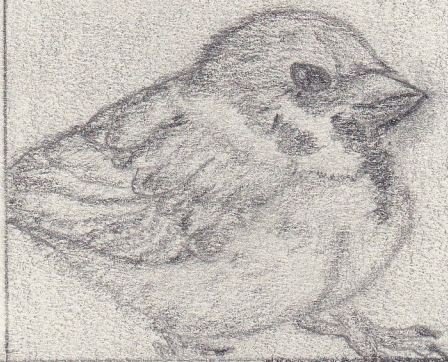
I WOULD STOP
TO CLEAN MYSELF

BUT THERE
ISN'T A POINT.

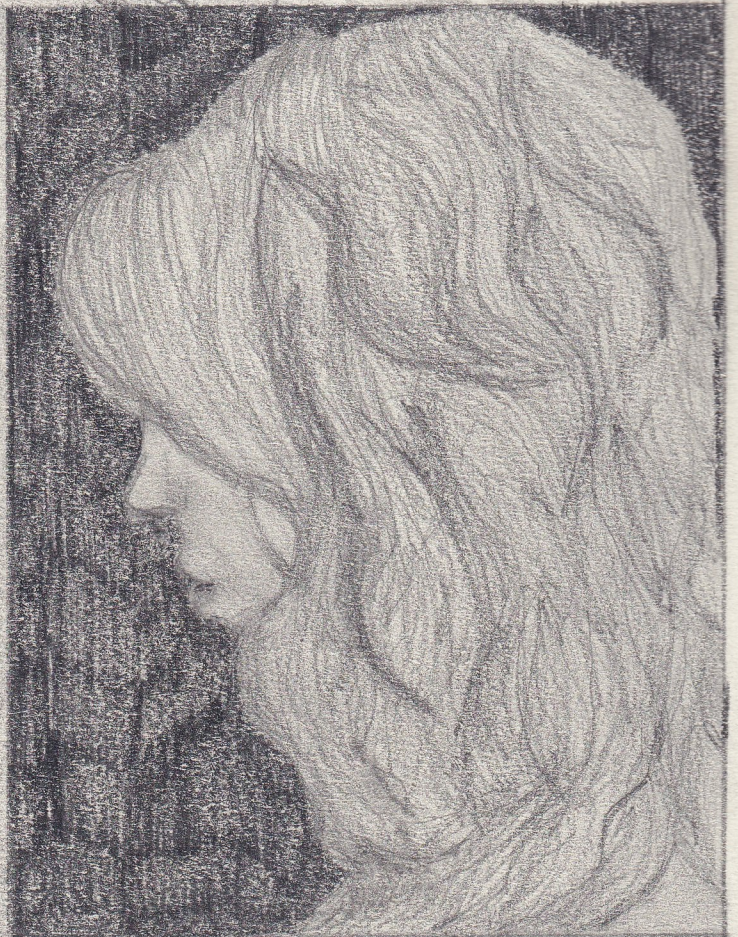
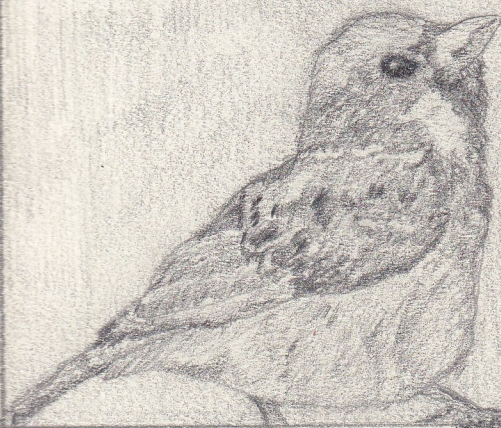


I WALLOW.

MY EAR TILTS
SLIGHTLY TO
THE SOUND OF
A SPARROW.



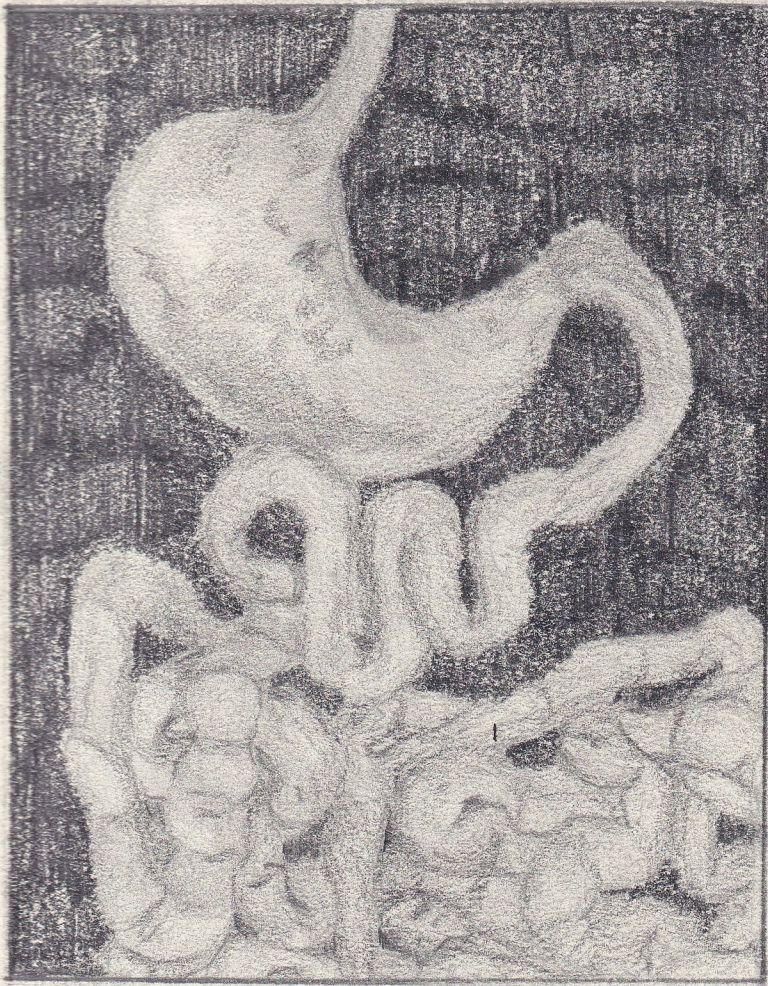
HE IS LOOKING
AT ME LIKE
HIS MOTHER.



I HAVEN'T
FELT THE URGE
TO MAKE LIFE



SINCE THE LAST
TIME I BLED.



I HAVE TOO MUCH
BURIED IN MY
SWAMP OF A
STOMACH



TO CARVE OUT A
SPACE FOR HIS ACHE.