

This is a Tender Ache

by Han Kondabalu

Sociopath or complete indigo-blue empath, the continuum whips back so acutely that maybe zero null set is the truth. Void or super saturated, dont really much matter. Sit back n enjoy the show in a puffy puffed-up chair, let yr cowboy hat beckon its hook on a lilting rift...light one last smoke, lie, cheat n steal. Then do it some more. You guessed right. Ya took the holster from its right-stationed piece that brought meaning to its leather//holy equalizer with two (2) bullets. One for my familiar (sacred), one for me (profane). Moonshine burning holy water down a closing gap, burns one then two...then it's all, like, hide n go seek again n shit, lights out---no body fuckn home.

