The Four Despairs of Lumpy

by Shawn Misener

older i get lighter i feel like suffering has melted my muscle a skeleton skin bag filled with gas unstable air fights for access to my brain so i smash my head into the oak desk just to callous up the skull children call me lumpy they love to push the gas up and down my limbs like a grotesque popeye life-sized and breathing

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my toes barely graze the dirt and i have taken to heavy clothes

i once thought my suicide would be the easiest

just float away and burn up in the yellow sky