

setting the stars on fire



top: paparazzi bar, çeşme, turkey
bottom: asheville, north carolina

my mind,
like fire,
is consumed with a desire
to flatter existence.

orphan facts yearn for a story
as an army of ants keep fighting
for a glorious nothing.

when dogs serenade the dawn,
howling gets lost in translation.
but that's not a canine problem.

don't try teaching a gold fish
how to sing
—she will hate you for it.

be a worthy hero now
and kneel

admit defeat.