

Brandy Crise
Opening

fall.

and sheer terror, screaming, haunting discord

and dissonance chime.

your heartbeat,

a drumline.

precipitation,

perspiration.

cold sweats, soaking, smoking, swirling inside your head,

tearing, ripping ivy winds to strangle sound from whisper breath.

with clawing at your spine, you release a kind

of madness of mind, of absolute void,

and rise from bed.

this time, my darling.

you are dying.

can you feel your chemical high?

WAKE UP.