

Everlasting Tapeworm

Norma Jean

The countless times we fall to ruin. These myriad days are so relentless.

It isn't everyone's frailty to stop functioning and stop breathing.

Sway with the waves, with the waves change, and we'll find our way back to the shore when it's over.

The never content sensation of a tapeworm drug looking for its angry fix.

Will mutual fear bring us peace? Is ruining your day ruining your life?

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What happened to my noisy planet? When did the sun go nova?

In dim light I can tell by the hollow look in your eyes.

Using technology to live on this slow night.

I'm starting to realize I'll die long before.

The sun will do all of its interesting end-of-the-world things.

Crunch the numbers till we become sick.

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