

## La Brea Tar Pits (Pseudomonas Putida)

Giant Squid

I awaken from what can hardly be called sleep  
Starving as if I had two stomachs to feed  
An ebb and tide of images in my mind of the two of you keeps my  
gut painfully empty  
The tar boils and churns  
I carve out and deny these infections on my soul and watch as t  
hey spawn a life of their own  
Leaving snail trails of scars over what little of me is still p  
ure  
As they crawl towards where the tar boils and churns  
Aborted parts of my psyche are all found nourishing themselves  
at these pits  
Bubbling forth from the recesses of my mind where all I am slow  
ly falls in  
Abominations of my being incessantly teething

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