

how much love can a boy contain in here?
how many contradictions can a girl possess up there?
these questions are too ambiguous, try to narrow down your search.
somethings i know, it's hard.
it's easy to forget where you came from if there's no question
of your return, such selfishnesses trivialise any tenderness as
the coffee commands the torture of my bowels, pronouncing every
word with a rigid insensitivity, plus i struggle with the nightshade
in my blood.
I really shouldn't say it, but i just love what the water does.