

Day's End

Ending the day with a toke
and a stroll in my head.

Crossing synapses.

I like assonance
similes, metaphors.

I look through a dirty window.

It's hard not to think of this killer
that nothing can keep out if it wants in
as a personification of interest.

I live in the moment
in a heightened state.

The ordinary becomes
extra. Images.
Heavy shit!

My invisible memento mori
is staring me in the face.

Tempus Fuck it.