

PIONASATE

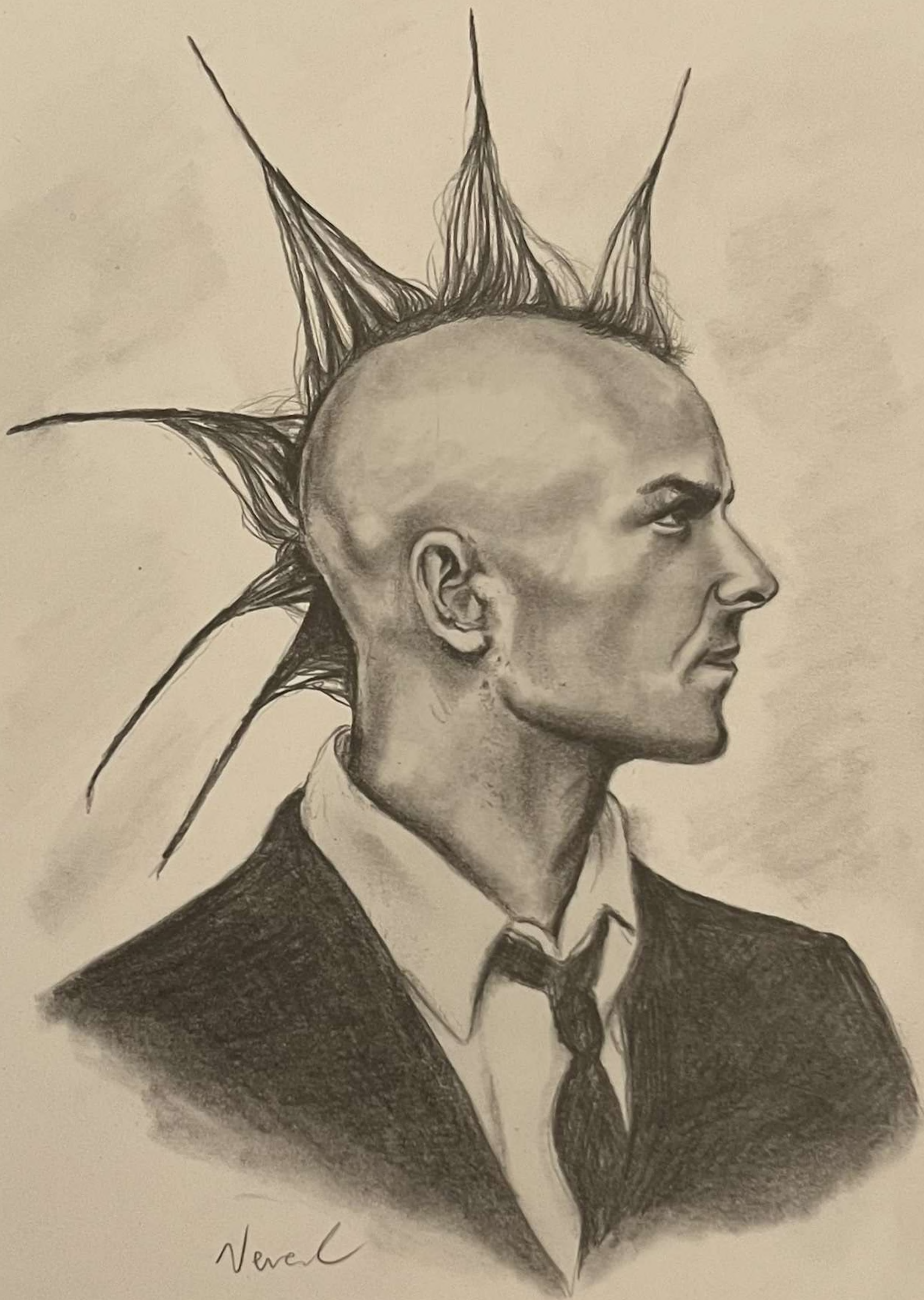
FAN SUBMISSIONS

3.5





papadate



POEMS

A Tally Of Those Dead To Me

I lack the sixth sense others ~~seem~~ to have, the sense that someone is not who they say they are.

Any subconscious ability to sense malicious intent is overshadowed by my intense naivety.

As a result of this inability to recognise unreciprocated loyalty and incoming betrayal, my back is scattered with stab wounds from those I once trusted.

While others keep track of individual offences they have endured, I continue to send messages of low self-respect out into the world, as I beg and plead for my generosity to be reciprocated.

I send pathetic signals to anyone who may hear me, signals that I will turn the other cheek to be slapped in the face yet again.

I envy those with internal tallies of others' wrongdoings - I can't even count my betrayals with my fingers because my hands are too busy trying to heal the next person.

The kindness in my heart is immortal, burning like an everlasting flame. I may be dead to many but I am unable to keep a tally of those who are dead to me because I am cursed with the delusion of believing I am able to ~~raise~~ resurrect a dead connection.

Amber - 22.12.24

POEMS

We should do drugs,
Spoon, and the needle,
Melt it but don't burn it.

Life is easy and people are a ~~burden~~ burden.
Peel your skin off.
Sweave into that tree.

DO IT.

Kill yourself with the needle and the spoon.
Glass is the only thing you'll ever know.









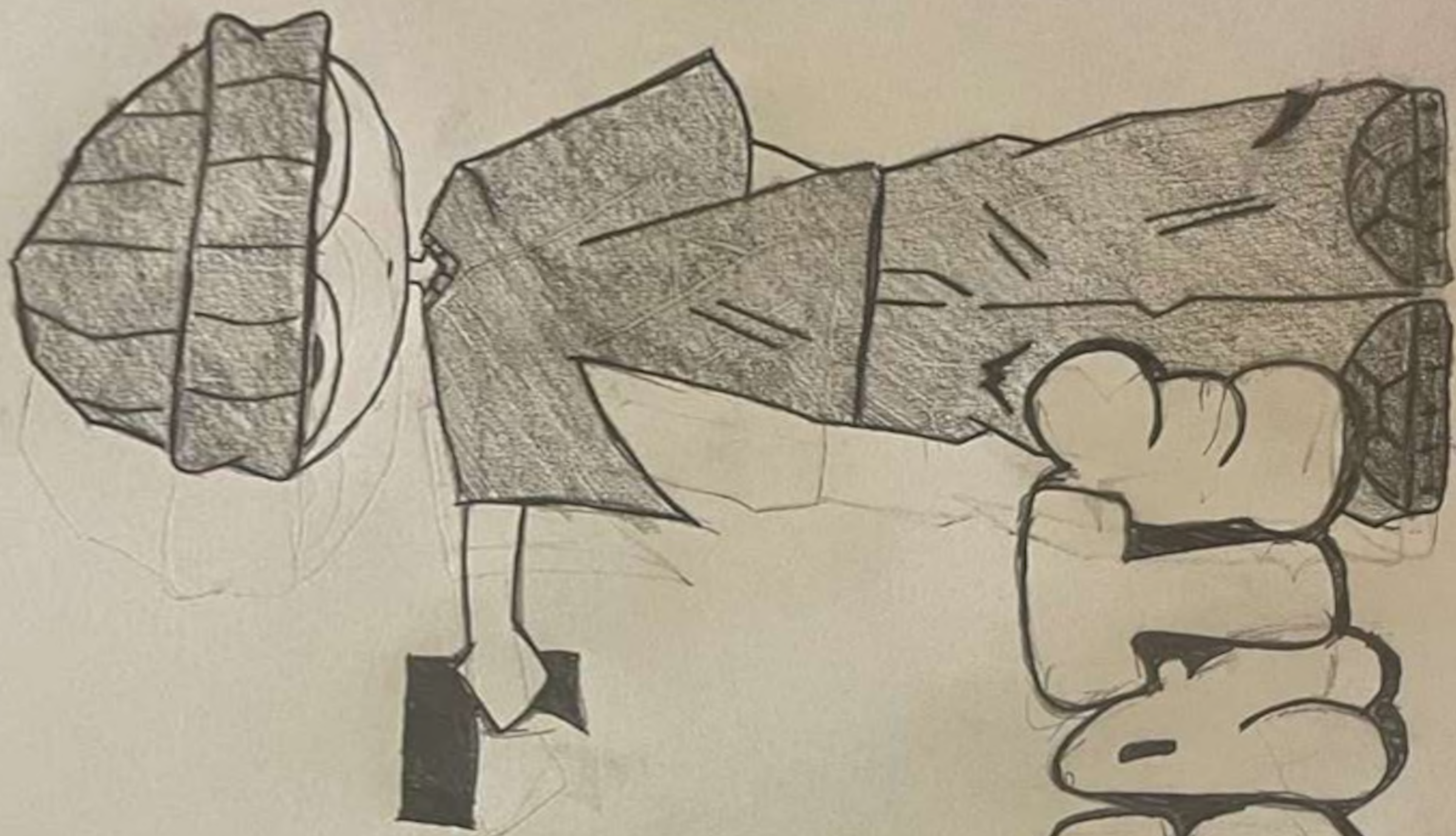
NO SMOKING



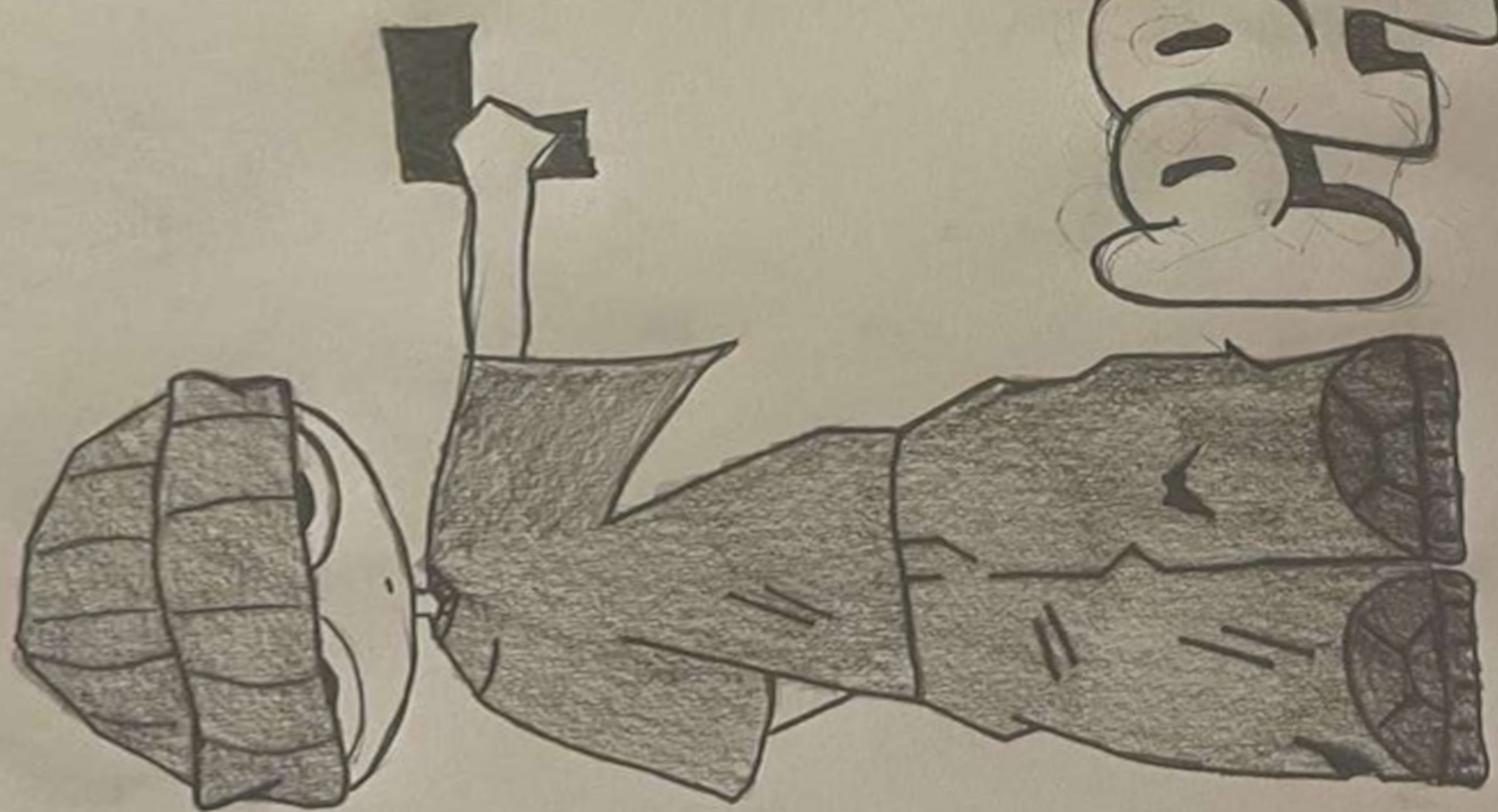
**within 10 metres
of skate park**

PENALTIES MAY APPLY

Tobacco Act 1987



LOOOOOO



11/11/11



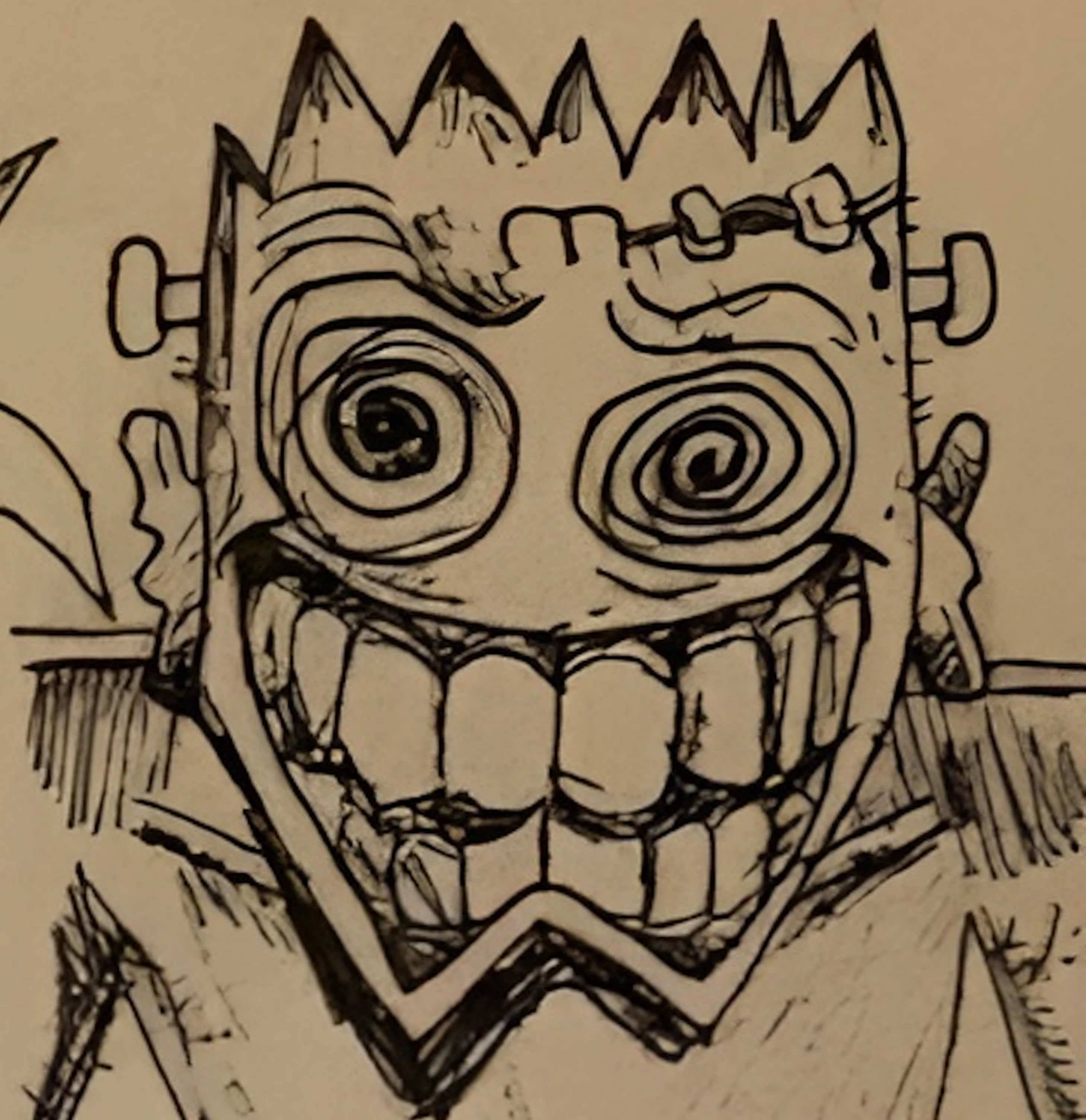
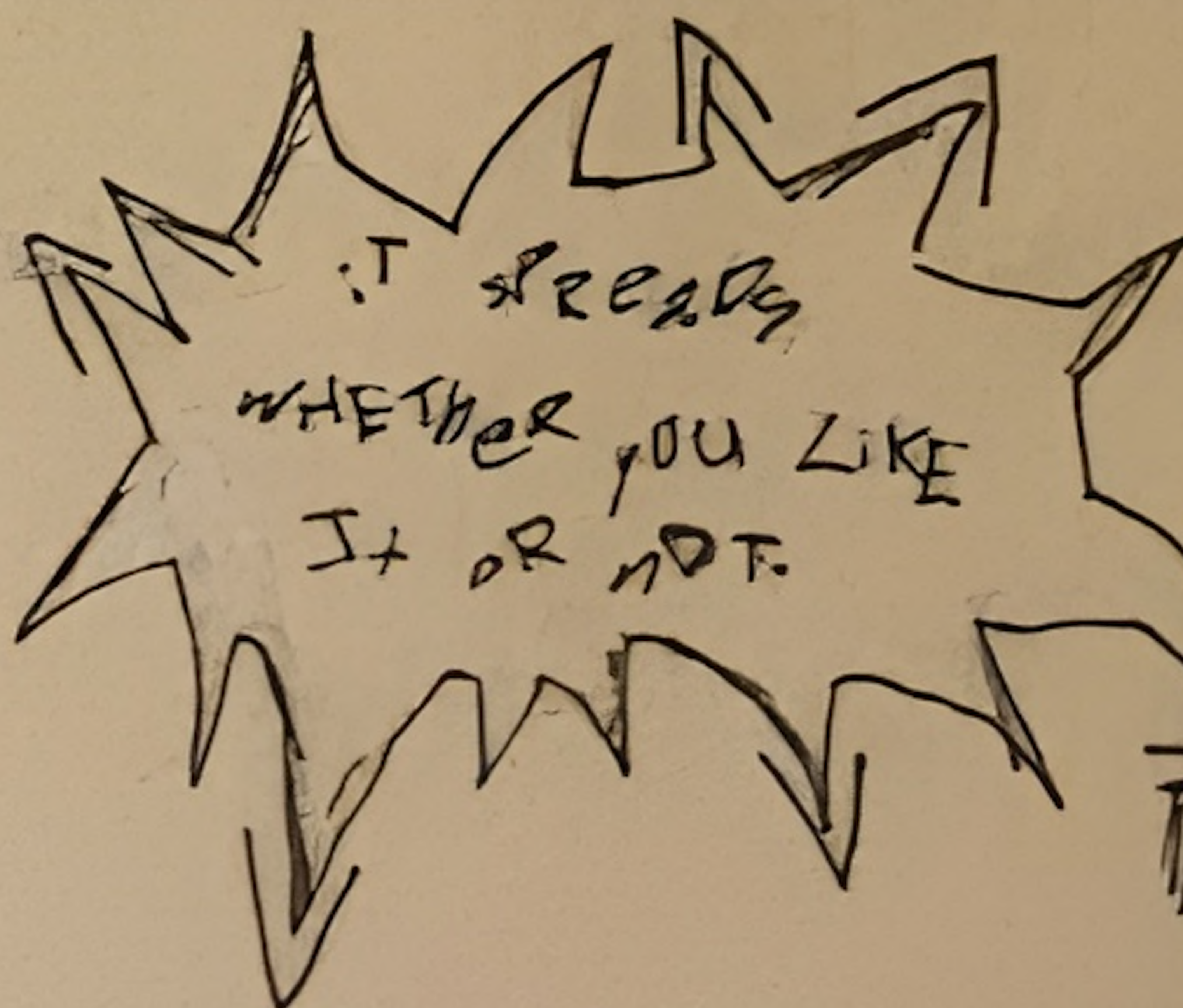
PROPA



R



WASTE









"Rock On"
"Rock On"

