TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS AWAY Kyle Turner

i'm keeping my distance because, it's the only way i can cope with the images carved into the flesh of these memories. i treat each day like, loss was an art form and these scars tell stories still, i have no idea where to place this anger - like, why don't you fucking care about the consequences of knowing? truth is in the heartache of children unseen - not heard. the gears at the bottom have bigger teeth and coral is the color of the night. grow my little, silent soldiers grow and grow and grow and grow and spit fire in the faces of them.