

rumours fly
by Abigail Auger

stalking euphoria sweeps under
a draped velvet trance.

iridescent tales
slither through my mind,
words of enemies, no
whispers.
whispers of enemies, no
friends.
no
both.

haunting life
out of it too,
after it too.

an order of glitches
why won't it stop?
don't want it to.

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