

What Poor Lighting Will Do To A Soul

by Elijah Kampsen

I sit across a crowded city bus,
my pencil scribbling this lead-based lust.
These days are short, my nights are long,
my thoughts of you have never been so wrong.

Such dreams whitewash my subconscious sub conscience.

The light is much too bright to see.

I throw off the covers and slide to the hardwood floor,

“What is it you want from me?”

I want the most pure of ideas to run over me, and

I want this train of thought to derail violently.