

## el self-destructo

back in the day  
he lived  
like he didn't care  
if he lived.

he tried his best to erase himself  
to waste himself  
to throw himself away  
he spun the chamber  
pulled the trigger  
and waited for the bullet  
but it never came  
or maybe  
he just kept missing.

he dove head first off buildings and bridges  
crashed full speed into razorblade factories  
ran into fires  
and launched himself into  
every black hole he could find.

he committed suicide by strip club  
night after night  
sometimes for months on end  
but he always woke up every morning  
back in the so-called real world  
where he offered himself up as a meal  
for countless so-called real women  
some of them nibbled  
some of them gobbled  
some of them stripped him  
all the way to the bone.

somehow he survived all of it  
everything that got  
burned off  
cut off  
or eaten off  
grew back in some form or fashion  
if not in its original state.

on the inside he felt  
gnarled scarred and twisted  
but on the outside  
he still looked like himself.

he came to believe  
that nothing could kill him

until one day he realized  
he was only a ghost.

now he walks through walls  
instead of smashing into them  
and spends his time  
seeing what used to be  
haunting the imperfect world of memory  
wondering where everybody went  
and waiting to go home.