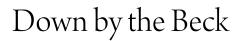


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Down by the Beck Kelsey Belomy

Hush darling (you hate when I call you that) Everything will be fine (it won't) I promise I look at you like a sister My sister Bird with broken wings in a cage in a basement dark corners locked in her own frozen heart I love you but I don't know how to help (you, girl, nearly the same age as me and how old were you when you lost her)

do you miss h(im)er do you wonder what it'd be like if she were still here I do, I think how could anyone do that (alone) make a plan and follow it all the way and does she wish she hadn't screwed up she must have days where she wishes she could've been like that (and when he pulled the trigger did it make a mess and was anyone around did he make a noise or is he a tree in a forest with no witness roots ripping out of the ground disturbing dust and insects but not god and the next person who came across him did they think he just grew like that sideways inside out and when they found him

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did you have to clean him up was there a mess or just an imprint of wings in blood)

you don't know the grief yet, dear (you hate me you hate me) but that'll come soon you're my sister but I have to wonder how old were you when it happened when you fell I don't think I was there I wasn't there All I see now is dust and ants centipedes and beetles inching toward that place where your heart used to be you're here but here has her in it which means not for long

I wonder if you dream in shadowed dust like me of cars by rivers of sisters in cages of lost ones tucked somewhere snug covered by rounded stones