

False Is True

Uh-huh, uh-huh. Ah-uh-oh-uh. Huh. *(Inhale: ~)*

The recoiling from mirrors... ~ Dream is freedom, but flying is better. In the bed of my sleeplessness, the Moon is an opiate. ~ “Hyphen coaster with a stray crow”, is false true? ~ Freezing the nights, scribbling the days: just for fun, I would sing “Bla-bla” for nights. ~ For days... ~

I did not approve any rape without consultation. “Days and Nights.” ~ My silver hairstyle ~ matching my two leather wrist ~ gauntlet with nickel-plated spikes—a warrior with moonlight highlights! “Nights or days.” *Hiss.* Ah-ah! “Nights or days.” *Hiss.* Ah-ah! “Nights or days”, is: “Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!” ~

Is the boundary as distinct as that between false and true? ~ For it is somewhere along that line that I experience my constant insomnia ~—albeit mostly in the shadows. *Uh-huh, uh-mhm.* The shadows of the Moon. Between fiend and dropping word! *Uh-huh...*

My heart is an inkwell, and my page of choice—my obsession as a song writer—is nothing else than the Moon. The dark side of the Moon. My soul nestles in the curve of the moon. Here is the lower part of my spine, at the lumbar level. Here is my nest.

My only loved one. ~ And here I would “C~w-c~w, cow! C~w-c~w, caw! C~w-c~w, caw!”; here, I will sing for entire nights. *Oohh-eaah!* Icing the nights, blurring the days... Moonbeams are the nesting places of crows. I’m one of them. ~ A crow. I always wear black. *Oohh-eaah-aaah!* Scrawling over the days, I... “C~w-c~w, caw!”

~ Freezing, scribbling. The bright part doesn’t interest me; it matters little to me. In fact, it doesn’t at all. ~ Icing sky is my only thing. The dark side doesn’t interest me either; it matters little to me. In fact, not at all. Not at all. Not at all, ah-all... since the false is true!

“Nights or days.” *Ah-ah!* That’s an attack. Desire, array, and anathema. ~ I did not approve any rape without consultation. Strikingly that rape, the one of the night by the day. ... *That day*, my soul was found drop-dead. The false is true: a stray crow. crossing through the Moon.

His go-to room; my own mirror. As a set of scrambled reference points, I would “Caw-c~w, c~w, c~w! Caw-c~w, c~w, c~w! Caw-c~w, c~w, c~w! Caw,” for days.

As for the nights, moreover, I sang my song too. So... ~ I would sing: since “the true is false!” As... for the nights, to boot. ~ Two boots!

My silver spiked laced up combat boots with buckle, *ah-ah!* ~ I also would sing my song. So. I would say, since ~ “false is true!”

“Nights or days.” *Ah-ah!*... That’s a blank attack. A void. *Ooh !...*

Thunderstorm In clouds. Light and its habits of rape! Is the boundary as clear-cut as that one? Between weaning off the Moon and opium addiction. The recoiling from mirrors... unscreened ones.

“I pass through.” I fly in and out of the Moon’s mirror. ~

My lipstick is matte black; my eyelids are heavy with the same insomnia~: and, as false is true, that is a mascara-induced insomnia. ~ The moon is my opium. I fly toward it, ever higher. In the midst of insomnia. ~

“Hyphen coaster crossing through the Moon”, is false true? By virtue of the Moon. Thanks to Her, I would transform into a wandering raven. ~ A stray crow. Just for fun, I would sing “Caw-caw, caw!” for days. “Caw.” For nights. You may not know it yet, but crows matter. My soul nestles in the curve of their loins. ~

Shadows of the Moon! I pass by: Moon’s shadows!

I fly through the mirror of the nights.

Is the boundary as distinct as that between “false and true”? Faced with these fiends who spew words like bird droppings, I shall glean the moonbeams; the moonbeams ~ from their backs. Ah-ah! ~ Inks! Ah-ah! ~ Inks! Ah-ah! ~ Inks! Ah-ah! Uh-huh-a-a-ah!... ~ Inks. Ah-ah! Uh-huh-uh... Uh! Inks! ~-a-ah! Inks! Ah-ah! Uh-huh-ah-hah-yuck!”

Lyrics: Lisa Frost.