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My Joint Field Crisis Was Blinding

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BRIONY GYLGAYTON

MY JOINT FIELD CRISIS WAS BLINDING

A crawl, sour thighs
and cooling laser burn. This is high accuracy recoil
and I caused it.

We were on the dash side when I
shouldered onto his shoulder, when I
crosshaired and calamitied the split screen.
I felt hot wax in my cut and it hurts,
but don't think I'm not animal; scroll up, I caused it.

I did not fail the secondary objective
is another way of saying I lost,
my back erased.
I spent a summer expelling my hunting relics,
my house became a burning stove coil,
and meanwhile I rolled and wailed from my gut flip corrosion;
but scroll up;
scroll because he had a full set on him,
bust by recoil, it covered a sea worm, sand blue,
now left sick for its life, scroll up, scroll up, and he had arms,
a whole, scroll up, please scroll up