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A girl came here & crashed

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A girl came here & crashed

She was her own gasoline fire,
her own meth lab.
When she swung hard, too soon & deep.

Her own jet pack, oxygen
depletion
on the wrong side of the galaxy.

Did you know the earliest maps
were not of earth but of heaven?

When she palmed her own fortune,
her lucky day was 100.

She was her own algebraic x,
the number she never solved for,
hers own Rocky Horror Picture night.

The Mississippi River flowed backwards
for two days after an 1820 earthquake.

When she walked, she knocked
her bones together in song,
a shutter speed.

In a good story, everything is pushed
into existence by something else.

Isn't this what we label debris?