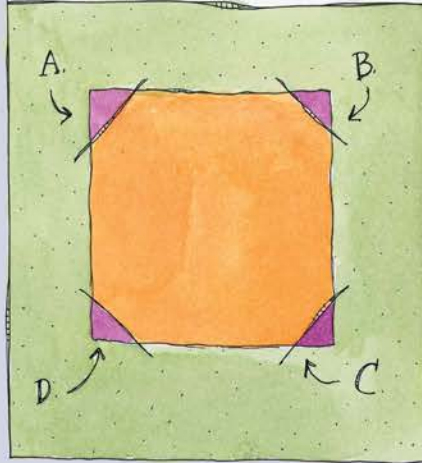


Ink runs



from the corners



of my mouth.



There is no happiness



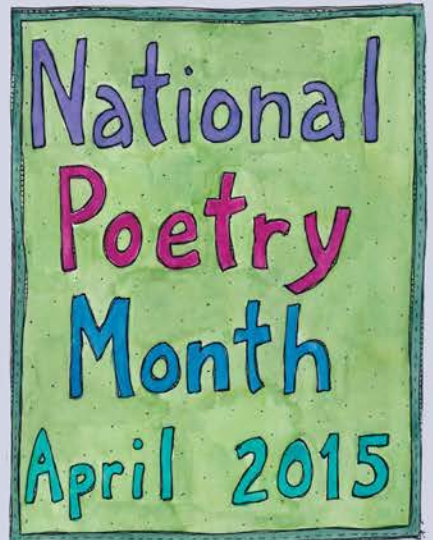
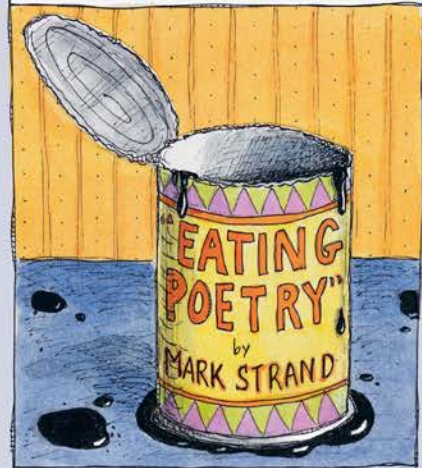
like mine.



have been eating



poetry.



R. Chest