

## Coming of Age

Tolstoy sofa pink cough syrup guitar.  
The way one comes to find out who they are  
in their own time, like an ice cube upon a wave.

My words got caught in a random Macbeth.  
Mix two parts beauty with a splash of death.  
Sulfer smoothworld nodding toward a speedy grave.

Hollow sky of gentle droning machines.  
Moonkissed transfusions wash over my dreams.  
About a monster, like an oyster in a cage.

Sangre de Christo. Glass shotglass. Corkscrew.  
Ungodly monotony. I hope you  
stand especially still in the coming rampage.

Like thunder sounding when the sun is out.  
Like going somewhere you are not allowed.  
It's about time. It's about a coming of age.