

## 'For Her'

-By Rich Butnotfamous

Because trust is not something that either of us believe to be true,  
You cannot lie for me for a view,  
In this mirror.

Mirror on the wall,  
In the street,  
In all the festivals.

This crisis,  
In price's,  
Pursuit of perspective,  
Is relative,  
To belated points of view  
While I'm bleeding you,  
And another in,  
And a bothered biological sin,  
In,  
And around these wounds winds up shining.

This is a public declaration of love for myself in amidst an aridly riled up revolution,  
A circle,  
A tide,  
A reprise,  
From reason,  
And your zero,  
Fucks,  
Given.

There are those,  
Of heaven's death throes,  
Puncturing angels for saying;  
"Birth for sale or return!"  
On a life never worth leading.

You're not dead...

But you will be.

This crown of fire breathes slowly.

A feat of arms and something akin to Willy Wonka's factory,  
Shagging a facsimile,  
Of Studio Ghibli.

Give me a seer worth seeing,  
While soaring,  
Before boring me,  
You terrified photocopy of commerce.

Capiche?

Pastiche,  
Itchy trigger stitches,  
Scab over rabid adverts for the life you'll never lead.

Lucifer is simply God rediscovering it is itself also the devilry,  
In this alchemical,  
Anarchic,  
Wordplay,  
Reality

Just shut up and listen to yourself,  
**JUST SHUT UP TO LISTEN TO YOURSELF!**

To keep it safe,  
I overcompensate,  
To avoid and abrade,  
You,  
I'm too much for you and indeed too much for me,  
Rich Beyondmywildestdreams.

Ritualistically allying  
With the lie's alignment,  
This friction,  
Of fictional,  
Affliction,  
Flickers in the windy,  
Bindi,  
Ridden fields of non-biodegradable glitter.

But she stays with me.

All she wants from you is quiet.

She's so light she lets me see what's in your shade,  
She's so heavy but worth the wait to see a child's smile made,  
She's a medium, rare, my stake to claim  
And duty too to banish any vampire's reign,  
For fifteen minutes of shameless fame,  
Exchanged for painful memories refrain.

I've already decided to get struck by lightning,  
Whether that's genius or not it's the same thing,  
As close as it comes to suffering strokes,  
I meant a dementia repentance won't stoke my flames.



Am I just the failsafe for the mistake of free will?

Am I here to flush the judging hushes?

I haven't even begun this viciousness yet.

You're right to think me crazy,  
Because I created a hat that talks to me,  
Crystallized blood and memories,  
You'll never see an exact copy,  
Unique she is,  
Viindiblaegroekhlocithira,  
I made a pact with me and manifest my higher self, see her?

Because she sees you.

Indeed, right into and through.

I'm just a mirror,  
Your creation,  
So point a finger at your reflection,  
For the madness we choose,  
If it suits you,  
But even if I trigger you,  
I'm just a source for your own truth,  
The labyrinthine minotaur,  
A sledgehammer through your paper walls,  
A blowtorch for the soul,  
The gold inside the coal,  
The pied piper paid on which blame rains.

Blispair is what we're owed,  
In this Akashic Truman show,  
Can't quite,  
Make the white,  
Light,  
From all the hues,  
Out from which the Big Bang blew.

But seven chakras,  
Seven colours,  
Seven hells in which we suffer,  
Unified in my top hat,  
Her name the seven shades not spat,  
But forged,  
Smelted,  
Hammered out the Word,  
On Pandora's rainbow tainted anvil.

Butterflies, flowers, ladybirds, snakes,  
Fairy lights, feathers, geckos and cranes,  
A lightbulb, a speaker, dream catchers, propellers,  
An orgasm of strata that terrifies most fellas,  
Because they're not prepared when they walk round the corner,  
For all that adorns her.

She's Sovereign and Lover and Magician as well,  
And I'm merely a Warrior that carries her to Hell,  
She's not long for this world for I made a pledge,  
To sacrifice to fire and from ashes dredge,  
The bones and remains of what once was a crown,  
Once the whole world has seen her, from smiles to frowns,  
And remodel the bits that survive the fire's kiss,  
Into something re-pledging to bring silence to all of this.

Its not that there's anything worse in this life,  
Than betraying your own truth,  
It's more like if you noticed your boredom as it enslaves you,  
And you lie,  
A while,  
Stifling,  
Prizes,  
Inside,  
Procrastinating simultaneously pretending you're blind,  
To the quicksand consuming you that you've labelled 'pride'...

Then maybe it's better that you die.

I've no right to judge, it just bounces back,  
And maybe here I should cut you some slack,  
But would a knife to your throat make you wake up to you?

What do you really want to do when you leave school?

Trick question,  
Right there,  
You'll never leave,  
Until that final DMT retreat.

I was born to die, she was born to burn,  
In this game we call life there's only one turn,  
But I am you and you are me,  
Reflexive, creative intermortality.

So finally...

It's time to put an end to this spell,  
Whether you love her or not, she sees into you,  
Well...

More like into infinite versions of me,  
For I'm the sovereign entity in my unreality,  
And you my dear mirror,  
When she burns you'll see,  
Heaven was only ever seven shades of Hell away from me.