

EPIGRAPH



clp

heavy is the heart that holds your ghost, there is a weight in the air
and it smells like your perfume.

i feel your absence haunt me like a night train and im tied to the
tracks, we were flammable but summer set us alight.

october is walking around in her heels and painting the walls blue, i
think this house of ours is coming down too.

m.k



the eternals, 2021

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