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Straw Hollow

I feel empty inside, like a straw hollow.
The only thing that makes me feel anything is the rush of someone's last
breath leaving their lungs. Blood, guts, twisted in a knot, bile rising eats
away, leaving a sour taste. I hate this state of mind. I hate this place.
I feel nothing. I am nothing. Feelings dissipate like fog in the sun.
Nobody cares, Nobody matters. Blowing smoke out of my mouth keeps me away from
The world of pain.