

void:  
a collection of poems written while rotting

Collected from 2017-2021  
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I am the end of time and the beginning of creation  
Nothingness is potential  
And i am potential  
I am always potential

*to the bugs*  
it is comforting to know  
that when i stop moving  
the earth will continue on.  
the ground crawls,  
writhes underneath my hands  
the pulse of life  
and dirt  
throbbing  
just outside of my peripheral vision.  
the ants are blood, bees the breath  
squirming and buzzing and marching in neat orderly lines  
giving mother earth her health via their own  
i am merely a small organism  
living within her  
she will not notice when i am gone  
my blood will be used for her bugs  
my body a home  
and i will be safe, held tight in the loving arms of the squirming,  
buzzing earth

My skin is tough it hurts when i scratch it  
And though i am sick noone else will catch it  
For this is a rot that runs deep inside  
My bones and veins and tries to hide  
By telling me that fear is safe

Hiding inside my home are lies  
Pestering me with different cries  
Of past hurt that cannot escape  
With one little cough i have sealed my fate

the messy realities of life are:  
the ringing in ears  
the ringing in ears  
the constant ringing in ears  
bright lights and hospitals and bright lights and no hospitals  
no blood on the floor  
no gun in the hand  
but always the ringing in ears

*Homesick*

i am home sick  
sick of my home  
sick of a place filled of violence and rot and mold and scared  
this is all i can become  
i will sink into the bed and never leave  
i will never leave  
when the couch is cleaned and my bones are found  
underneath the couch cushions  
of a putrid, half-sunken house  
they will look upon them sadly  
knowing i did this to myself

*DEAD END*

It feels as if my eyes are already dimming  
And my time has run out  
My mind is clouded with age, and any  
Potential  
Left has long been burnt away by the mistakes of the past  
Ive been a coward, ive been cruel,  
Is this all i am now?  
One road, past the point of diversion  
Left imbittered by its mistakes till being cut short  
Lone sign its only companion

When i run out of time,  
Print me off some more  
Let me find it on a little ticket stub, with a number  
Let me earn my worth  
When all of my opportunities dry up and im no longer looked at  
With interest  
But the vague disgust of something past  
their due date  
Dye my roots blonde  
To make me purer than i could ever be  
Hide the stench of giving up  
With embalming fluid,  
50 dollar foundation  
Dont mention this is my  
13th 25th birthday  
Dont mention the way i melt under the harsh glares of peers  
Makeup caked and oozing down my withered lips  
Just reminisce about lost potential  
How i can shuffle along my youth and glory,  
Wants and dreams, to the future  
To the children  
So they can dye their roots blonde  
And crumple their ticket stubs in their pockets,  
Just like i did.

The cold is not hollow,  
But a vessel for blank faced rot staring into nothing  
A way to capture and preserve all the anger and heat in your  
soul,  
Keep it locked away,  
Bitter and frozen and motionless,  
Keep it fixated on its breath and clouds it creates as its  
chained by frost and hate and ice  
Until it remembers what it exists for-  
And the steam rises!  
And the movement begins!  
A twitch of the eye,  
Recognition in a hatred filled glance  
Watching the ice drip, drip...drip  
Leaving the cold melted away  
For heated hollow to fill its place

Heat makes me mean  
Its a literal fire inside me  
Roasting my words, making me bitter and cruel  
Sharp  
Biting  
I wish I could melt like the popsicles i pop like pills  
Five a day to curb the sickness creeping into my mind  
Whispering slaughter, slaughter  
Its too much  
Its too much, oozing out of me like trash lava  
Burning anyone close enough to hear  
I wish i could cool down

Everything is falling apart  
And i am beautiful  
And i am empty  
And i have to cling to the vestiges of what once kept me  
together before  
But it crumples in my hands like an empty cicada shell,  
No longer working  
No longer useful  
No longer anything  
Who am i if all i exist for is pleasing other people?  
Am i that transparent?  
What am i going to become  
If the future now makes me so angry i cant stand it?  
Is vulnerability the worst fate given to me?  
Am i transparent?  
Am i transparent?

but i have always been going to die  
here, then, now, before, the future the past I AM ALWAYS  
DEAD  
i am dead  
i think i am dead

*the can*

i am numb and hungry  
the can is waiting for me as i walk in the door  
dull  
bursting with nutrients needed to get me a few hours, nothing  
more  
i am numb and the lid pops off easy, its innards thick and  
ready to be forgotten  
ready to be eaten  
it is cold and i am cold and we match and i am so hungry  
the taste means nothing and the can is not patient  
so i dig in  
relief comes from the can. nothing more  
a few hours relief from the hunger, coupled with the shame  
that the can is all i have  
the can is all i can stand  
i am so numb  
I am still so hungry

I cant wait to die  
Not for the reasons you think!  
Nonexistence fits me  
I cant wait to become a museum  
Like the ones i walk through  
Cant wait to leave behind what makes up myself  
I dont even know what makes up myself  
Let others make those assumptions for me, for them  
Keep all my art neat, in one place  
My home perfect picture of a nineteen year old with more  
questions than answers  
Is this true, am i true?  
Does it matter when im dead?  
No, and i cant wait  
Let only my collections and others desires shape my  
personality  
Because what others want of me is all there is left

*I think i am dead*

i think i am dead  
i \*am\* dead  
rotting, living dead living corpse  
skin sagging and falling off, no strings of life to keep me  
together  
walking rot my blood sitting still in my heart  
mold growing in a flesh colored container of sweat that no  
longer breathes  
how can i breathe when i am being held in a vice grip by  
bruises with no  
memory of where they came from  
in  
out  
pain  
brittle bones allow no room for movement  
slowly, i decompose  
slowly, my loved ones realize there is no life for me  
no hope for me  
slowly, they let go  
let my corpse float along the river of bad mistakes that are, at  
least, my own  
is it better that this body is mine in death?  
or does it matter  
when i was only ever following a path laid out by others from  
my very conception  
others, ones who hated that they chose the shoes i walked in  
anyway  
would rather i choose for them were i ever capable of doing so