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daddy was dead & i liked being used
I shoulda probly taken a shower
Rinse off the fog I drew on invisibility
& youth
& barrel gun'd eeyes
that mirrored only dice
& worlds of ice & rust
& sweet white dust
& tattooed drums

their
pumping pain

into my
sweet sweat
16 yr. old
frame
there i was
on some polar bear closed shop rug
midnight.
naked. he had taken my
clothes off.
I didn't wanna fuck.
i wanted to cuddle this stranger
cuddle the fluffy bear beneath my back
under the body i refused to look @
his hand on his belt buckle. caching
zip. daddies last breath. 1 blk

away. 15 min.s b4 here now i lay
prayers in the grave

Mind Games

Written by Kate Crash

men smothering my face
unshaven memory.
mind games.