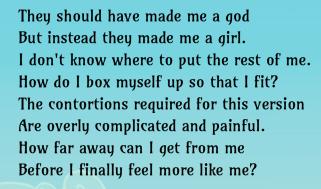
## BIGGER THAN THE SKY L. ALLISON

SHELVES

They didn't make me big enough
To contain such emotion.
They put moons in my eye sockets
But moons aren't meant to be on earth.
They put fungus in my veins
And gave it no room to grow.
Passion drips out of every orifice
Because I'm too full of it.



The body is a vessel that doesn't Reflect the true self inside. It's not humanly possible To communicate this ocean-depth. My body is a wet cardboard box That's buckling at the edges. Try not to think about it too hard And it will stay whole.

One day my body's gonna tear right down the middle like paper Leaving me in pieces.
And one day I'm gonna grow so large I'll burst at the seams like an overstuffed toy. But one day I'm gonna die And my body's gonna grow flowers Like a revelation.

