

## Mcfly/Till You Fake It

Making the rounds,  
I'm constructing strength.  
Each door dawned like armor,  
sterile shingles stockpile,  
limiting movement  
like the shame shaded by your eyelashes.  
An ascending spiral.  
A labyrinth of regrets  
intertwined with beasts and false prophets  
preaching of a better tomorrow.

Repulsion is the last thing I wanted.  
The texture of the air should have been smooth  
like the coating on the pills,  
but I step back,  
because the tenor of your cheeks  
Is unerring.  
Ever-rosy despite the ruptures.

I think of your fears with these needles everywhere.  
But I know the most dangerous thing in the room  
is that withered-rope smile,  
feigning closure behind a guillotine of  
truth.

*—Travis McClerking*