

forgive me, forget me

A roadmap of sorts

TP

i still pray for forgiveness  
from those who no longer think of me  
i have no interest in religious iconography

i am a solitary figure  
wondering the planet without any purpose  
any such meaning of mine has been  
washed away at sea  
i cannot swim  
i often struggle to breathe

her silver  
hair disrupted me from digging my grave  
my last chance of happiness  
i hope it works out ok

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do you miss  
me  
till the end i'll cry  
for now  
hold me

forgive me

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i am still nothing  
i will be forgotten  
not forgiven  
but forgotten

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my mind  
empty  
replays my regrets  
on-demand  
forever  
the time i found that tenner  
hunched backpacker ordering a six-incher  
tripping  
her once from behind  
i ' m the one who  
should've died forever unjustified  
my conscience  
bleeding

into the see-through bottle  
it's brittle  
non-committal  
an artefact of the psychiatric hospital

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not even the moving image could suffice  
it was never enough

i'm running out of time

my past  
it follows me everywhere  
from billboard to billboard  
poster to poster  
twenty-four hours a day  
there's another one  
on the box  
on the radio  
in the paper  
over the water

instagram famous  
currency aplenty  
i'm still trying to win the lottery

my equal  
i'm

sorry  
i'll try better next time

if only they'd listen closely

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soon I will surpass my expiry date  
and  
to that effect  
depart this world  
i'm sorry

(hold me)  
(remember me)

---

are you afraid of death  
?  
the end

n o  
smoking for a better life

I don't smoke

cocaine  
drug overdose  
happiness is an illusion  
an oversight

an onslaught  
of  
thoughts

nightmares

habitual  
routines  
repeated

and

repaired

forgotten

---

i predict i will die before i  
create greatness i  
wish i could've i  
for no lack of trying i  
wrote night and day  
and forever the rejection  
came and went  
i  
won't be forgiven  
but i  
don't mind i  
am occupied by the trauma of my life i  
think about the ones i've hurt  
day and night  
i'm sorry  
i  
can't  
i  
won't i  
die  
bury me underneath the oak tree  
please whatever you do  
remember me

---

the road to purgatory is a permanent fixture of my daily routine i called the Angels to see if i may be forgiven straight to voicemail i'm sorry my dear set yourself free i'm no longer able to breath

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it's nights like these that make me feel as if i should be on my hands and knees  
waiting for the end

lying in bed waiting for the three knocks  
he's waiting too  
it can't be long until i get the call

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attentive nightmares cradle me to sleep  
of death  
torture  
the screams of women  
the breakdown of man  
hand me the revolver  
it all needs to end

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the rain  
pours  
into my soul  
it drowns  
like my dreams of a twisted fate  
to sleep  
a luxury

i wait for the time to come  
where happiness is of abundance  
but until then  
i will listen to the rain  
the storms are here to stay



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