

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

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

forgive me

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

forgive me, forget me

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