

# PEOPLE WHO DON'T EXIST DON'T TAKE FALL DAMAGE

by Edith Lyre

if you're ready to sleep we can

sink if you're ready into the halfnesses

and shiftless hours of coming into

shudder off consent and just be

just being

just having this happen to us if

you're ready

there is as everybody knows a secret sun  
muddled liqueur bright on the doubled over

side of the gloaming morn whose glare

speckles eastermorning glittershards of

celebritypoints in the quartzforests and

the deep flat reeking reefsweat humid as

victory after a legion's age offworld

and if you like if you ask me to i'll wait

all away there under the migrainous shade

and stunning ugly and stoop to fill

one bloodied arm with shards to eat

the other with you dragged woken into

if you ask me to i'll go on awake to

muddle over double through

though neither of us is worth it  
and in the end if you do  
the math with regard to minimum wage or even  
lowest welfare-bracket and the cost to buy them  
in the in-game store versus grinding the least fun  
part of the forest just artificially inflating the  
playtime they get to show on the investment  
report  
neither are the points  
nor any of it  
and the hours come hot  
come up spill up reel up as  
acid from a punched gut  
how consent does  
how sleep does  
how the world was  
but i'll be there to catch you  
and you'll be there to catch me  
not to break your fall but  
be broken by it

when i disappear and somebody else  
is there this whole conversation will  
start over and you will need to build  
a new body from the trust i gave you or  
not need  
  
it won't affect my attraction to you if  
with her you skip the build phase to  
come into me again  
  
and the folds slip and her sheetless  
eyes fuddle with mine and we're back  
to where consent shudders  
  
in like a waking hangover