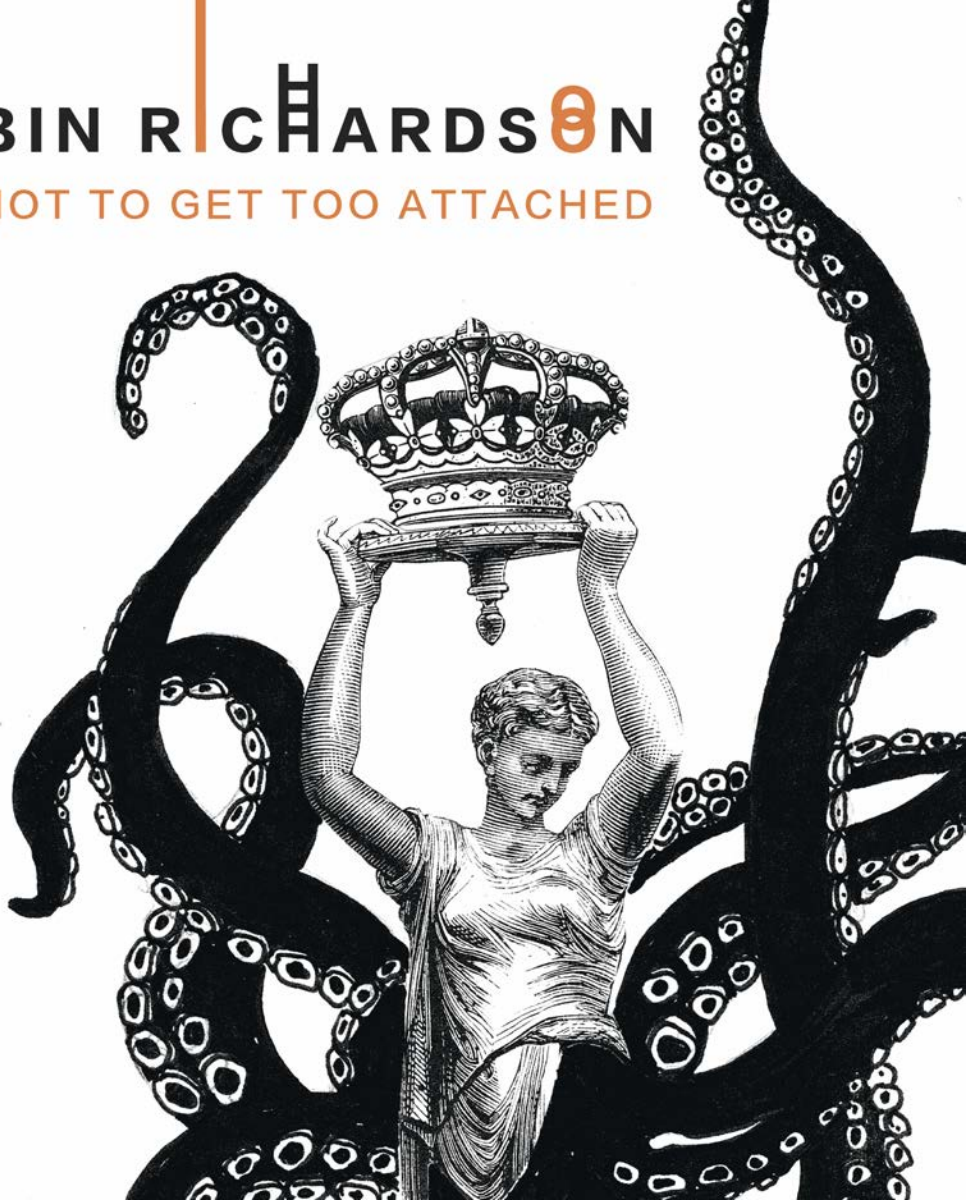


ROBIN RICHARDSON

TRY NOT TO GET TOO ATTACHED



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Book*hug Press Toronto 2019

Salon Series No. 2

FIRST EDITION

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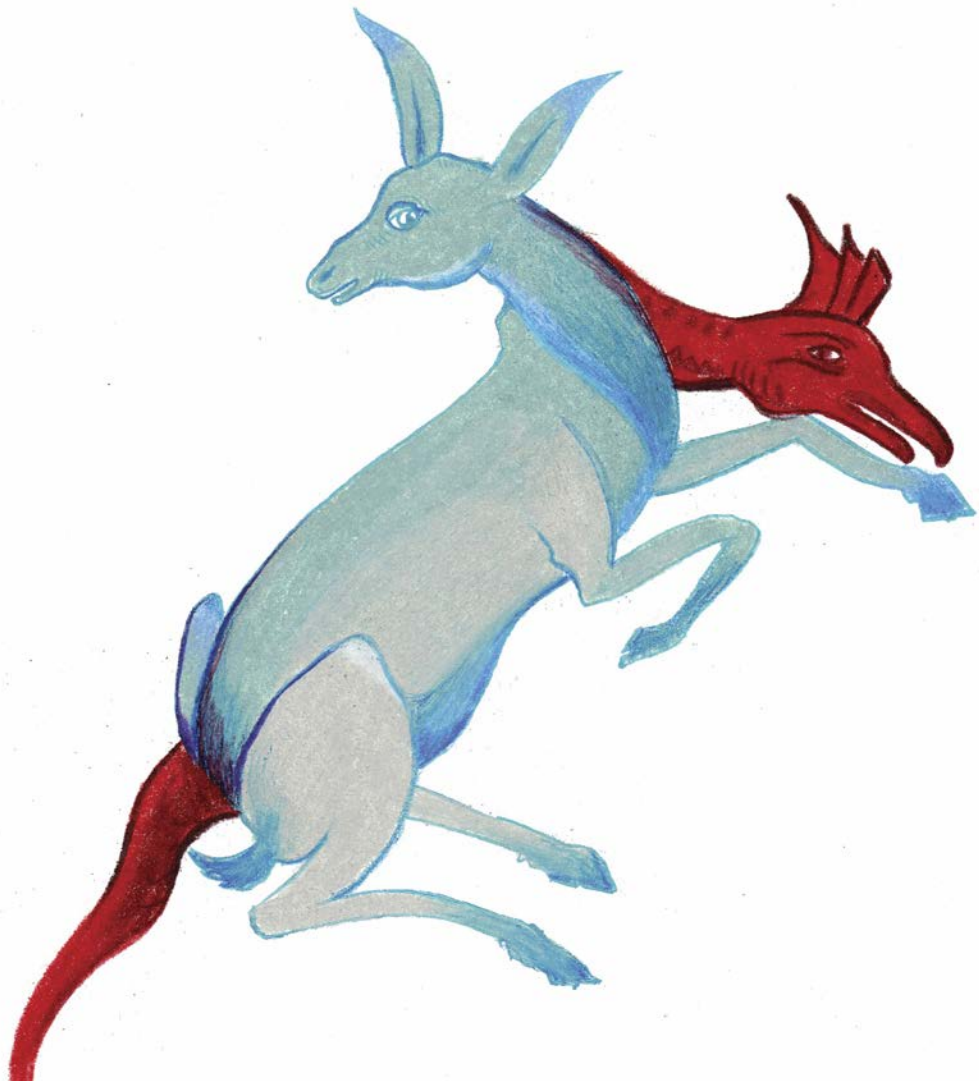
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your
thoughts
are
killing
you





addicted
to
discomfort



it's
not
okay

and that's
okay

There is an old man playing with the eels he's about to eat there is an old man striking his hand against a rod his skin is coming off his blood is in your eyes his hand will be useless all bone he is doing this to punish you there is a cliff no one else is willing to scale halfway to the top there is a hole and through the hole you see an old man a king a samurai slaughter his daughter there is an old man who keeps some thousand fragile brightly coloured birds in four-inch cages wants to take you out to dinner there is an old man wielding an axe he wants your head there is a man putting a gun in your hand and telling you to shoot to kill there is a man storming the restaurant he has a gun he is shooting randomly he finds you says *I need god to pay attention* there is a prehistoric lion eating a regular lion you are at the bottom of the stairs at the top is a train and on the train you are cut repeatedly on the right arm with a blade held by a man there is a black panther on top of you in the largest room you've ever seen you sweep the room and once it's clean it fills again with bees there are horses with no skin there is a man who is a slug who is stuck at the bottom of the stairs there are unicorns in the nightclub who turn to men when you straddle them who want to

fuck you there's a maggot in your leg he said you have to kill the elephant using only a straw full of water he said we had to get matching tattoos he dressed up as Predator and there were five of him in the theatre at the top of the stairs you were afraid to see the film he distracted you from the important little girl he keeps telling you it's okay when we know it isn't he is pushing you around in a shopping cart you get out and he breaks a dollar in half is angry you don't care go outside and put on white fur feel strong he is plucking the hair from your temple he is bending you over he is feeding you drugs he is obstructing your view of the sky he left the record on for years you had to stop it



I HAVE BEEN
SCULPTED TO
A CROWN THEN
FOUND TOO
HEAVY AND
REMOVED

There is a congregation of old women you are drawing you have a black crayon that leaves white marks you are upset don't know how to draw with white say your drawing looks familiar one of the old women tears it in half your crayon is a blessing you didn't recognize there are women dancing hip hop in utopia you're naked in a wave underwater fighting a woman who is you who is stronger than you who digs holes for people to gestate in during difficult transitions you are crying because she is so powerful you are trying to save a girl from the invisible malignant force in her bedroom you are trying to save a girl from her parents trying to get all the people away from the burning village on a raft lose your thumb trying to rescue babies the boy with one arm the girl with superpowers the wave that is about to drown you the train that is about to hit you the smokestack that collapsed the helicopter heading for the building a volcano a wrecking ball made of human bodies a tank a god who comes and kills then brings you back to life to be his slave you were afraid of the revolution of the house on stilts the bookshelf that nearly crushed you and the too-tight elevator with its unreliable ascending



got
caught
up in the
myth of
matter