

"GLOSSOLALIA"



A QUEER FAITH.

THE SAME TAPE
STUCK ON REWIND
WAKING UP EVERYDAY
TO THE SAME PILL BOTTLE CAP
STUCK HALFWAY

I TRY TO SAY SOMETHING
I HAVEN'T SAID BEFORE...

(FUCK)

SPEAK THROUGH ME,

GLOSSOLALIA

GLOSSOLALIA

GLOSSOLALIA!

I feel ripe and raw for the taking,
too young and too old all at once

Falling endlessly in a false pool of comfort

Do you hear me all the way over there,
behind that insurmountable wall, that unforgiving heart
we stared for painfully long into a cold pool the other day

And I didn't see your reflection, only mine flying

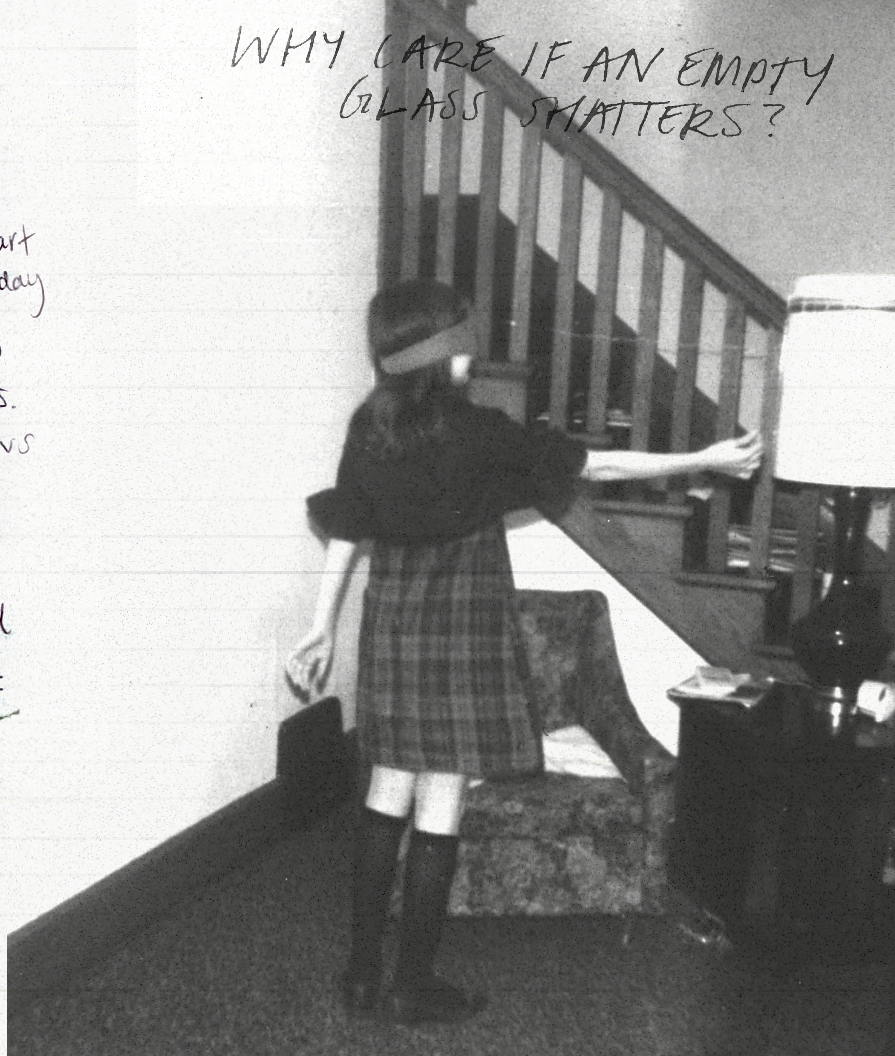
Signaling, my eyes canvassed a lonely sky,
begging for a cloud to tie our failings to, an S.D.S.

Instead, an empty cup revealed itself between us

A faulty web, tangled in our own mess,
where could we possibly step next?

Crashing, falling, shouting, can't you
hear me! My heart, a glass cracked
because hope is a waiting hammer.

WHY CARE IF AN EMPTY
GLASS SMATTERS?



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BATCHELOR/CHEYCE

Name: 02
Passenger
Date: 28 Dec 21 / 5: 27 PM
From: TAMPA, FL
To:

Endorsement/Restrictions

Ticket Coupon

01 of 01

Date of Issue

Place

RES# A899EB-22NOV21

Type of Ticket

COACH SEAT

TO NY MOYNIHAN-PENN, NY

Assigned to

Adult

Form of Payment

Fare Plans

Tkt Str

ETICKET

DOCUMENT

HAS NO

VALUE

Pricing Pts

ID READ ON BOARD

098198820996

P1 04:39:59:0593

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ETICKET TRAVEL DOCUMENT



AMTRAK LIBATIONS...

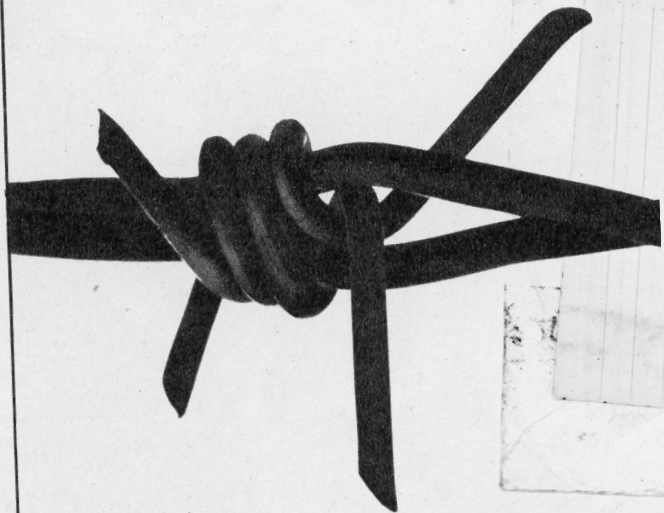
I took a bullet train into a black plane
brain rattling, headed nowhere
and held by no one, passing through
a galaxy of one.

A single yellow reading light
pinned me down, offered me existence
A self to hold onto, in the meantime.

If it weren't for the tracks squirming under me,
the occasional Ford headlights,
I'd guess I was long gone, passed on
to another abyss.

There's something about my skin lately
that feels as though it's wearing me
instead of the other way around,

Or maybe it's my tongue
and the sensation that the words disappoint people
before they even get the chance
to fall out.



40 1954 4710

the songbirds rang in you
and they ring in me too
bearers of only bad news
still, we teased hope with
snap dragons between our fingers
yes, still, we found joy
in the sameness of our exiles

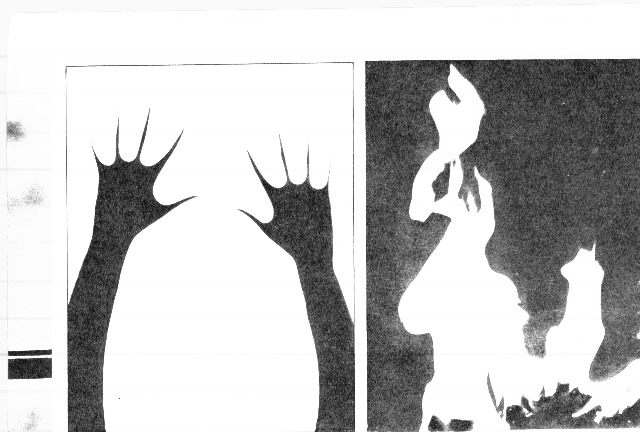
Изготовлено в СССР



WRITTEN FROM MY BED IN

~~██████████~~ @ 11PM, JANUARY 17, 2023

i miss the florida storms
the arresting noise
an excuse to stop our incessant moving
the earth is too quiet in new york
i only hear machines and screams
and sirens teasing a nuclear end
i want to die by hurricane
dragged under by dancing winds
and a will not born from man



UNCHARTED WATERS

HOPE-FILLED LIMBS
FLOATING, CRASHING, CRYING
UNDERNEATH A FRAGILE DISGUISE
ARE THESE THOUGHTS ONLY MINE?

IS IT GRAVITY
OR DELUSION
PULLING ME TOWARD YOU?

DRAGGING ME
OUT OF..
THE COLD, COLD WATER!

DO YOU FEEL ME REACHING?
~~SEE~~ MY EYES SEEKING?
I'M MOVING SOFTLY,
BUT I HOPE YOU HEAR ME SCREAMING

AM I TOO LATE,
OR TOO EARLY,
TO TAKE YOU AS MINE?

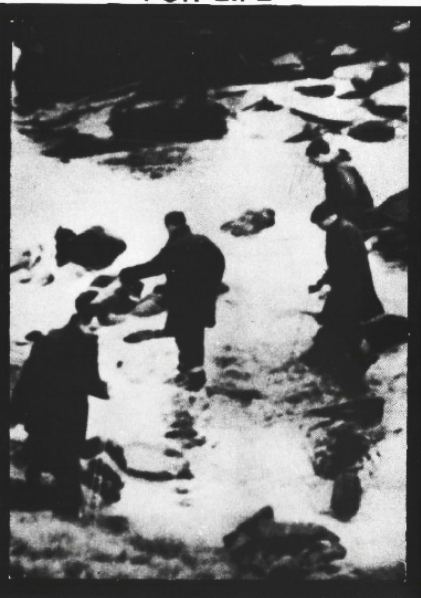
OH, I DREAMT NAIVELY
OF A DISTANT BED
AND YOUR FINGERS IN MY MOUTH
ALL MY HUNGER
SPILLING OUT



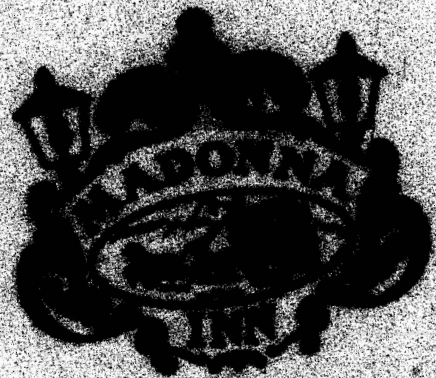
KR 12

« FOR LIFE »

Lille Roger « For Life »



STEREO * Dedicated to Lena, sadist and horse lover *



THE LILITH CLUB, CALIF.

LUIFERA LILITH

Two forbidden bodies,
we danced inside the sky
hidden from heaven's eye
our words whispered silently,
melting comets without witness

Oh, two dirtied angels
our transgressions veiled in stardust
we bent together inside the sun
where darkness never comes
and solace stands the test of time

Yes, a couple of blissful sinners
thwarting the moon and its celestial judges
before they strip our poisoned wings
Why, what else could center the universe,
except a pair of selfish lovers?



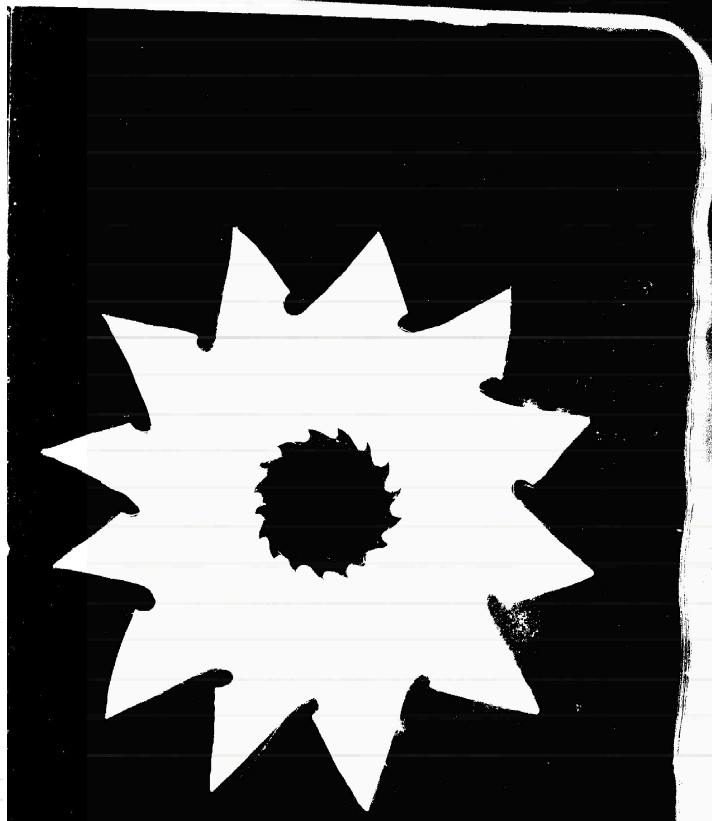
POCONO MOUNTAIN HARLEY-DAVIDSON

*I can't tell you the truth
But I can sweet talk in tongues.
Tell you the things I ought,
But not what is.*

*My thoughts are the birds,
Circling above in foreign formations.
I watch in admiration,
A strange scene even to myself.*



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youtube.com/watch?v=CQ4114X0-X0&t=4s

BY CHEYCE
PUBLISHED BY IKONOGRAF
2026.