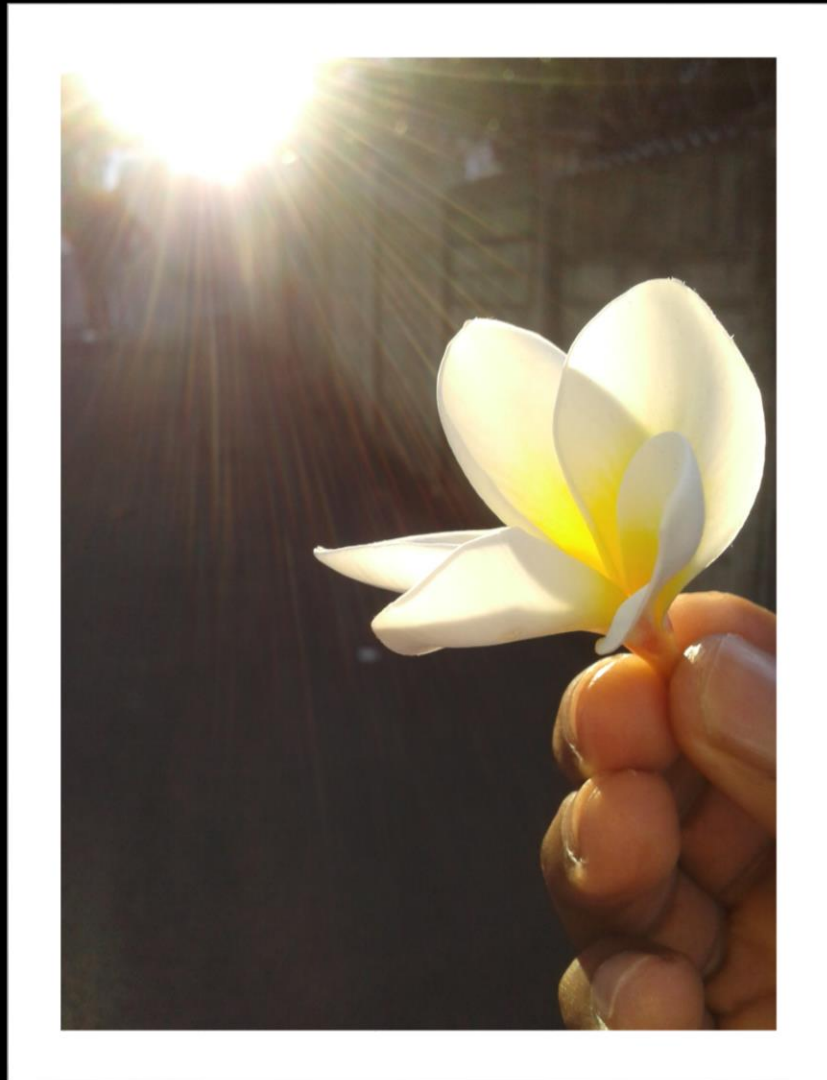




BUTTER EMOTIONS

BY "THE RIGHT HAND"

- ME | MYSELF | I & MY RIGHT HAND

"Emotions were never meant to be perfect. Gullible and cheap when your mind pays attention. Weak when live detail is a vivid fantasy elaboration. Ying & Yang personalities. Reckless or not, we're all submissive to laws of attraction." - **LOVE**

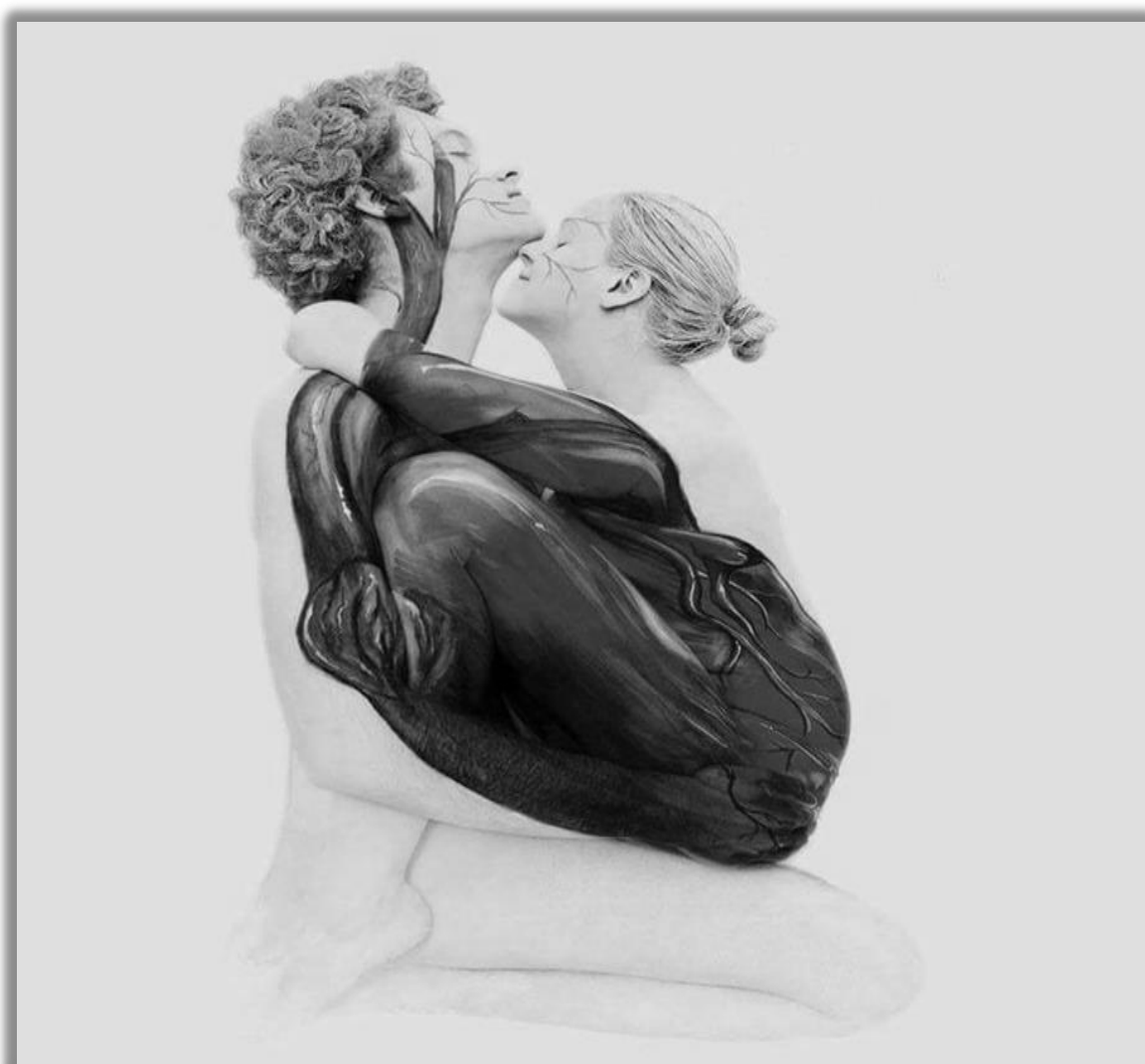
"Be you for you, let them understand each other and be proud for being a misfit...You're not weird or awkward my friend, you just lack ordinary and weakness." - **PRIDE**

"It's all love in my stitched-up heart, I don't have the vein for foes" - **PEACE**

"My confidence is my business suite" - **EGO**

"Lonely memories can prove I'm greater than this" - **THE RIGHT HAND**

"Being perfect is inhuman like" - **LIBRA**



EVERY WOMAN DERSEVES A THOUSAND flowers, BUT ONLY A FEW CAN TAKE CARE OF
them.

im DISSAPOINTED...

CONTENTS

- Her perspective and his
- I hope...
- Broken Othello
- (Maybe) (I wish) (Everyday)
- Brxken Xthellx II
- Lucifer's Letter To Eve
- Suicidal Libra
- Devils Lettuce

"Existence of a sunset reminds us that we a day to live.

But! Every sunrise gives us one more day to hope and breathe.

So, hope for the best and breathe through your mistakes. And remember that a smile is:

The lighting system of the face.

The cooling system of the brain.

The healing system of the heart.

I also hope that this text will make you smile. Good Morning "- The

Perfect Female

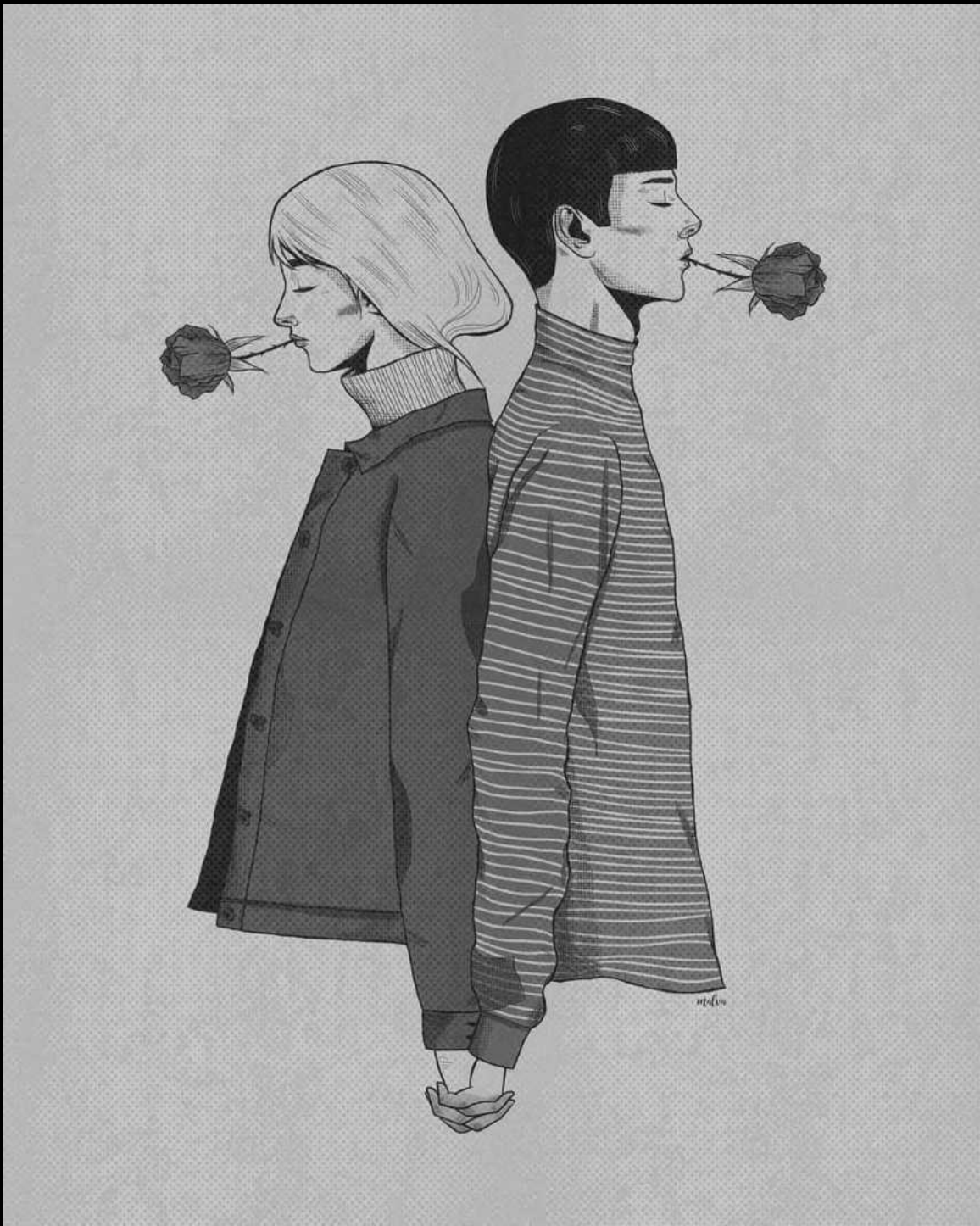
"My heart is quite indecisive.

One moment I want you
and the next I curse you.

I swear I don't need you,
but my pencil feelings draw me to you.
I have to be honest and confess that I
never had good intentions when it came
to you. But why does it hurt
when I have to let go of you?

A few of a million reasons sometimes I
think I'm becoming toxic for myself.
Maybe I need to let you go even though
the feeling hurts to the atoms of my
breath" - **Scorpiana**

EVERYTHING HAS A PRICE, **FEELING**
STUPID IS THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR
FALLING INLOVE.



HER PERSPECTIVE AND HIS

*Intrigued by the way you carried yourself,
caused me to have endless day dreams of lustful intentions.
Abide by laws to be together made my untreatable urge to deepen.
My leaves beg me to feed you one of my richest nectar plums but my roots lack
your attention.
I can have you breathing so intensively that your eyelids contract with every
stroke.
My intentions are semen clear- let me make you moan; deep throat and curl your
toes...*

**He said, “my intentions are as deep as a tear.
let me give you a seed, fertilized by our blood, sweat and
tears.**

*the roots will be our mistakes,
purified by the green ladies wrapped in white dresses.
our love will maintain the stem, our offspring's will be
the crown of the beautiful black melanin rose. our wealth
will be the nectar and pedals.*

i know this is balls deep and it's too much to take in.

BUT TELL ME!

**WHAT IF LOVE WAS A MESSED-UP DRUG, WOULD YOU
SMOKE IT WITH ME?
WOULD YOU ROLL THAT MAMAFUCKER UP AND LIGHT IT FOR
ME?**

**EVEN THOUGH THEY LABEL ME A DOG, WOULD A HUMAN
LIKE YOU OBEY ME”**

I'm a stoner...

THEY LIVED happily EVER AFTER.

Φ

BY

Scorpiana and The right hand

BUT every story has a full stop at the end...

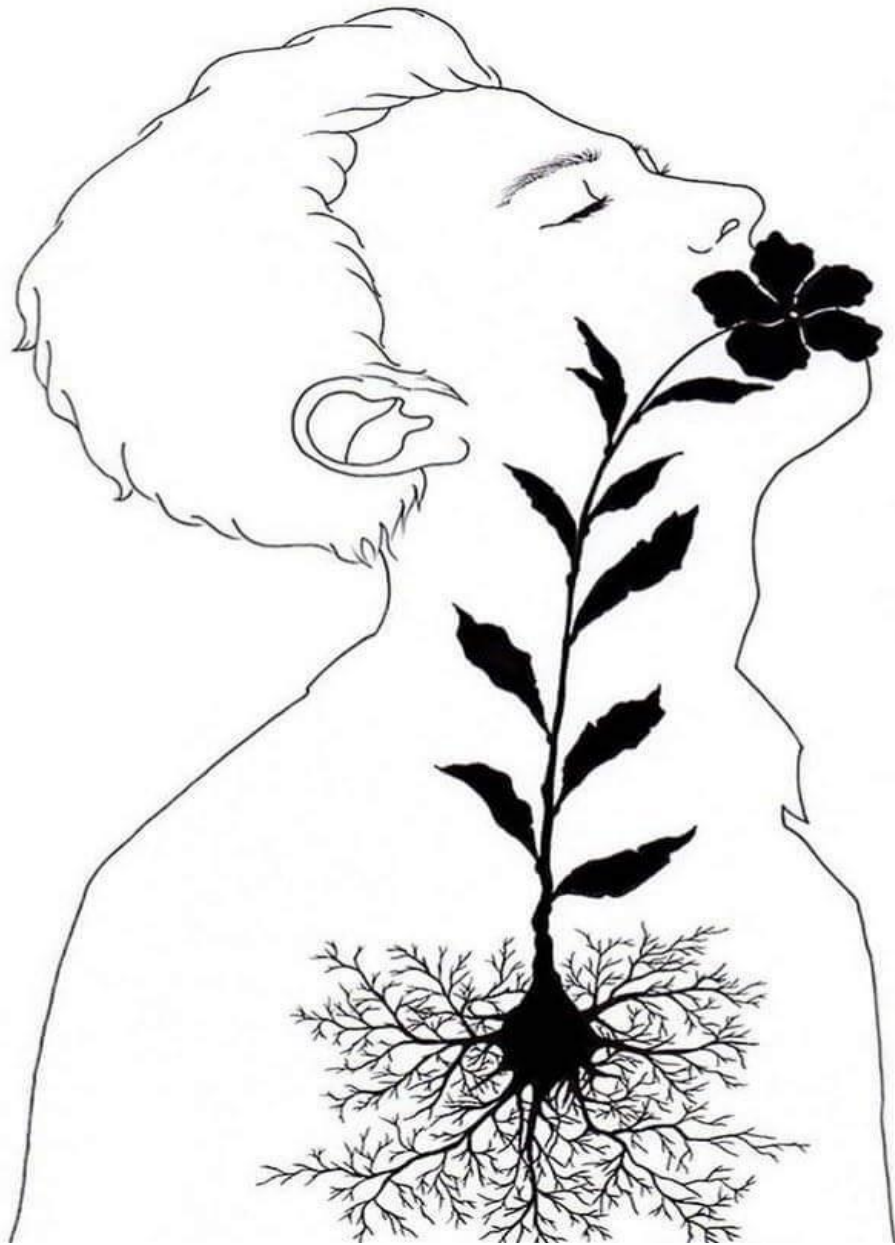
...My first heart break...

...I still smoke, she still does too...

...my name is...

...this is a SUMMARY of my puberty and my early twenties...

...problems of a later bloomer.



I HOPE...

Another tear, another heart break - I hope you heal.
I hope you take my foolishness as a lesson not a mistake, numb down your hate,
again you will feel.
I hope you still have hope.
Our canvas is dry now, beautiful, but the frame tells a story of pain with cracks
of lost hope.
Heavy brush strokes of too many apologies.
However the finished piece has so many bright colored memories.
I gather my thoughts and break down every time I think of how I made you then
broke you. Hugged several mistresses but not one of them kept me intact like you
did.
Now I spend several nights intoxicating myself in hope you forgive me.
Twisting my fingers after each and every bottle in hope you miss me. I remain
quiet and hope you never forget our love and how much you meant to me.

I HOPE...





BROKEN OTHELLO



*...roses are red, violets are blue, I do not know where I'm going with this...I
just miss you.*

PROBABLY WON'T REPLY

(MAYBE)(I WISH)(EVERYDAY)

*...My cheeks have way streams, every cell is corroded.
I think a lot about you everyday.
Take care my Drake feelings, I touch a new bottle everyday.
Maybe it's because he's muscular and I'm skinny.
Your new love Hercules and I'm Pinkie.
Who gave you brains to give head like that? Me!
To be honest, I wish you fight with him everyday.
To be honest, I wish you miss me everyday.
To be honest, I hope you wake up to no texts from him every morning of everyday.
I lost a flower, a rose, a daisy, both or two.
Beware, not every hug is there to comfort you.
Lost my nectar, but I still feel the bee stings.
Beware, fake friends hug too.
Not every smile loves you.
Not every look admires you.
Feelings full of facts, not every handshake congratulates you.*

** * **



BRXKEN XTHELLX II

*I swear it was like, "On your marks! Get set!
Ready?..."*

*Before. "Go!" "you raced a knife into my heart, maybe to prove it to the days I
told you that karma is blunt.*

I use to wear a smile from your I LOVE YOU.

Now I feel naked without your I MISS YOU.

From cute pet names to, "...fuck you, I hate you! I can't believe I loved you!"

"Last Over Valued Emotions, "I guess that's the definition of love these days.

I puke or sneeze every time I hear a name similar to yours these days.

*I made sure every moment was rose like, all I needed in return was roots of trust
and a stem of faith.*

My conscious told me not to do this but my broken heart left me no choice.

*Mind you, you put a scar on a good soldier, now I'm bad General that dehydrates
every fish in the sea without a drop of remorse.*



...I may hate you now but I still love the moments we had.

EVE...



LUCIFERS LETTER TO EVE

"let go." I whispered.

As my 10 Adams navigate their way to your forbidden fruit.

8 died of thirst, only 2 managed to sip the juice.

Soft petit valleys, I took a walk on them without a kiss.

Quenched my thirst, where's my belt?

Don't touch me! Oh my! I wanted to tie you up so bad.

"Don't kiss me!" A sudden rule was put to a test.

This was beyond horny, I finally found peace in my perverted planet.

*God is known to have 3 sons and 1 daughter, that night I swear I heard Eve
talking to serpent.*

Relentless and gullible with every touch and word, my Libra scales were tested.

Your strokes of knowledge woke up an intellect.

*My thirst of faith gave birth to an artefact, well carved by a thirsty
consciousness.*

Your wishing well was tight, my toes were curled, fantasies were bright.

*The night was dark, my eyes were shut, demons were out, my semen was about to
sprout.*

Pussy was wet enough to give birth to the seven sea's.

Your ass was shaking, my thirst was moaning.

Right when I was about to cum, your ass started running.

You pulled out.

“That dick is good... “ I was confused.

“...but I can’t let you cum. “ My ego was bruised.

We talked for hours as if we knew each other for years. Liquor and weed moments opened the pad lock of my diary...



SUICIDAL LIBRA

*I hate so much I can make love bleed, watch hope and let faith perish.
I tried to fit in but my demon grew wings, my horns are curled and my alter ego is
devilish.*

*My scars are deeper than the deepest sea. My pride is a gladiator with bruises,
born to stand and fight but I'm a gladiator without titles.*

Moon walking on quick sand. The angel on my shoulder is even tired of preaching.

I Stevey Wanda everyday why the world is so dark.

*Tippie toeing on God's hands. Good blind man are the reason I think heaven is all
black.*

I

I feel like I don't feel anymore

Nobody cares anymore

Drink alcohol and smoking weed was the outcome, I'm never sober anymore.

The Devils Lettuce

The species behind the burning bush.

Tongue twisted over generations, disciples named you kush.

Calm my nerves, numb the pain, take me off my misery.

Hug my lungs, kiss my thoughts and convince me that being sober is slavery.

Holy Mary Jane, a kiss from you is bliss to me.

Colour my soul and lift my spirit.

Comfort my Ora and ease my limits.

How can a plant so fragile have wisdom of tree's.

Fin