

## ENDRE FARKAS

### Day's End

Ending the day with a toke  
and a stroll in my head.

Crossing synapses.

I like assonance  
similes, metaphors.

I look through a dirty window.

It's hard not to think of this killer  
that nothing can keep out if it wants in  
as a personification of interest.

I live in the moment  
in a heightened state.

The ordinary becomes  
extra. Images.  
Heavy shit!

My invisible memento mori  
is staring me in the face.

Tempus Fuck it.