

# Tarantula



**# 5**  
**Cameraboy**  
*(noir)*



# Room of Desire

under the shadows of dead leaves  
blind leads me into your room  
of desire

DEC X 2017  
DEC X 2017

\* IN your room of desire  
degenerate sex  
gin stained sheets  
black cherry night



A/ dossier - x

dark angel entombed in glass  
behind the glass the black  
velvet drape cuts day into night

polaroids flash off your skin  
mirrored room high above  
stained in sin

together we over the burning cats  
and melting mirrors in  
the room of desire





death is always  
sliding around like  
a snake







## Sweet dreams

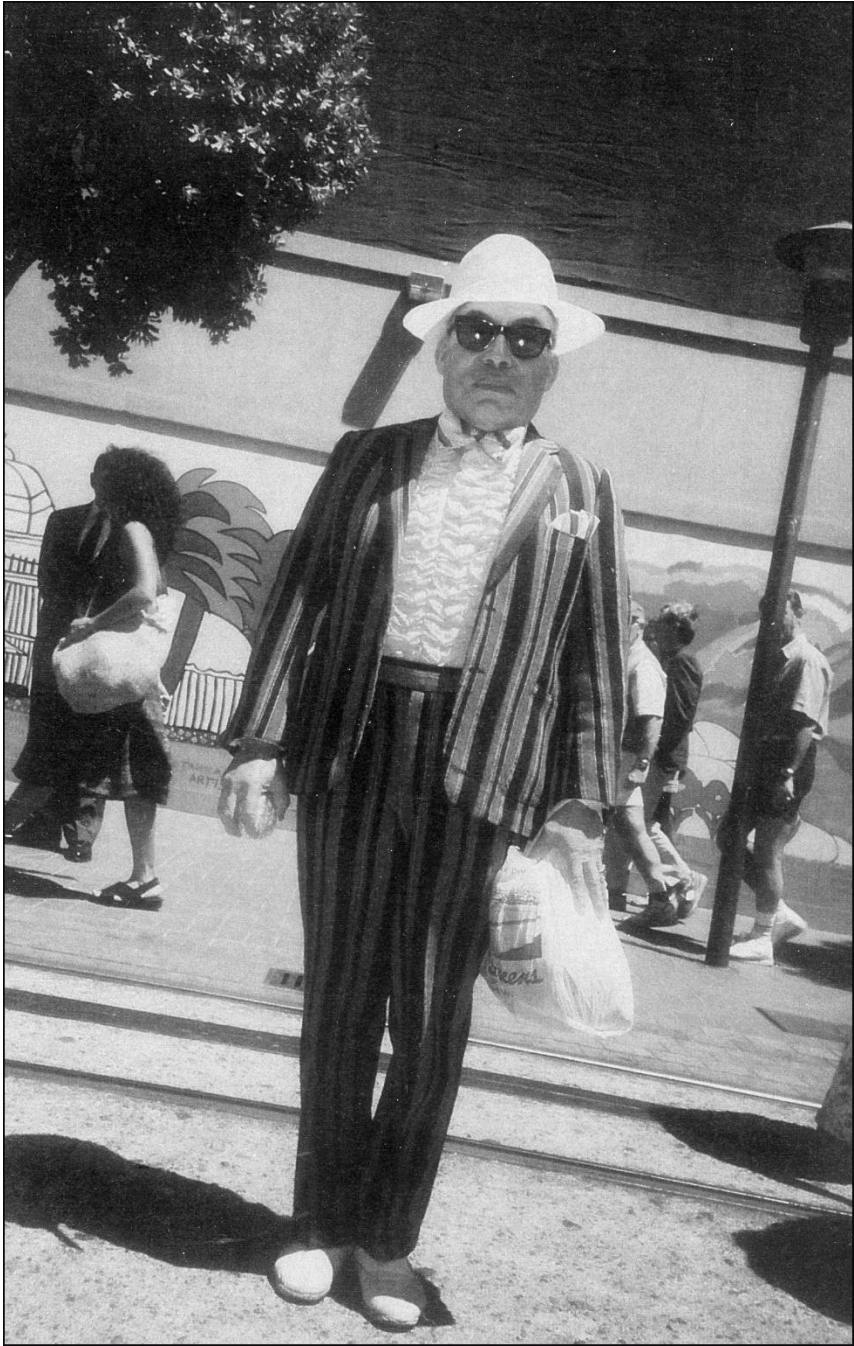
a 1000 psychotic dreams  
inside this burning hotel  
in Violet's room of  
stained velvet  
she stole my soul from god

through the window the  
warm burning feeling of  
suicide crawls ~~violently~~  
across your nude body

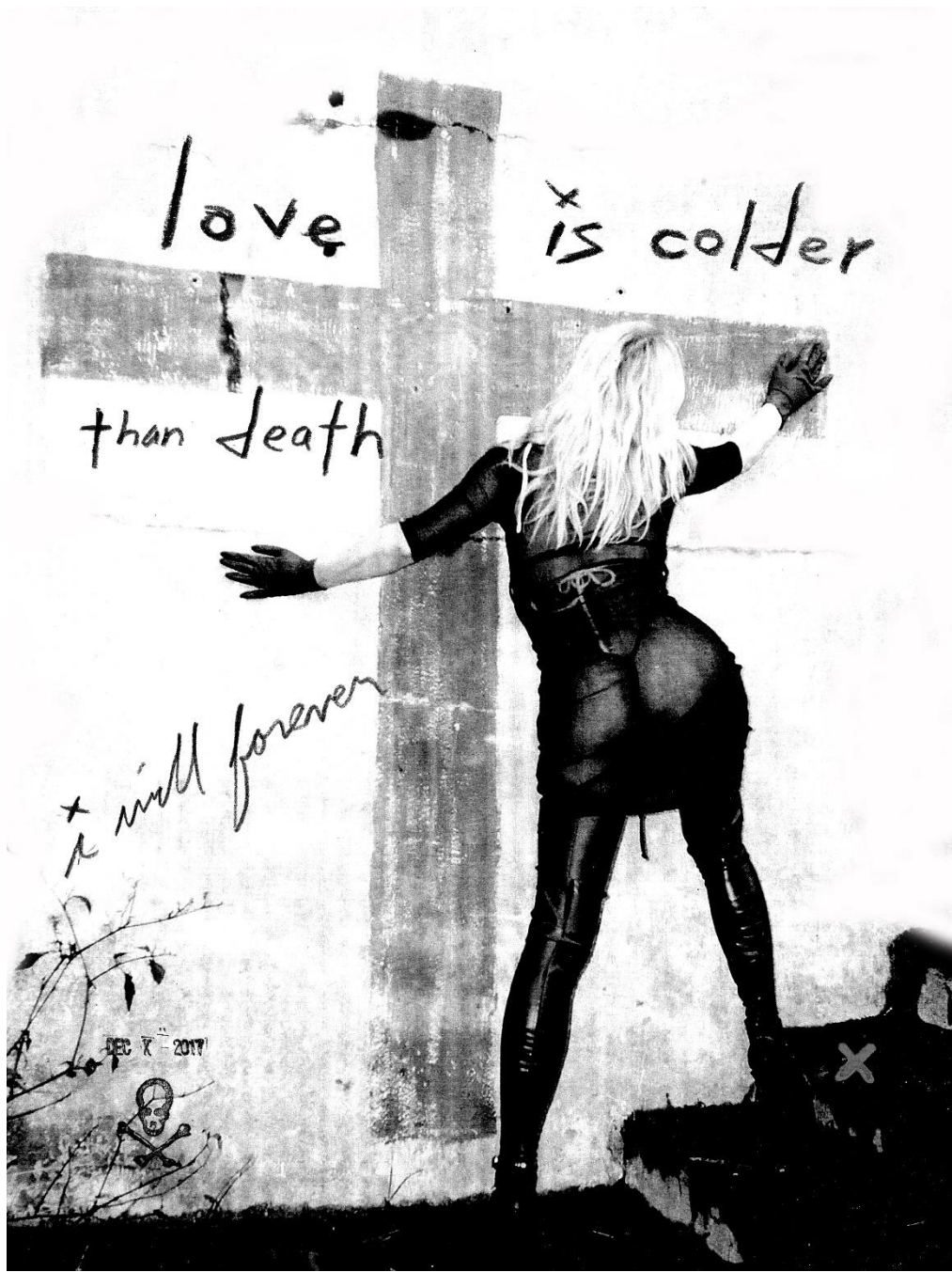
i'm petting you still  
in the darkness of  
a thousand sunsets

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by David S







love

x is colder

than death

x will forever

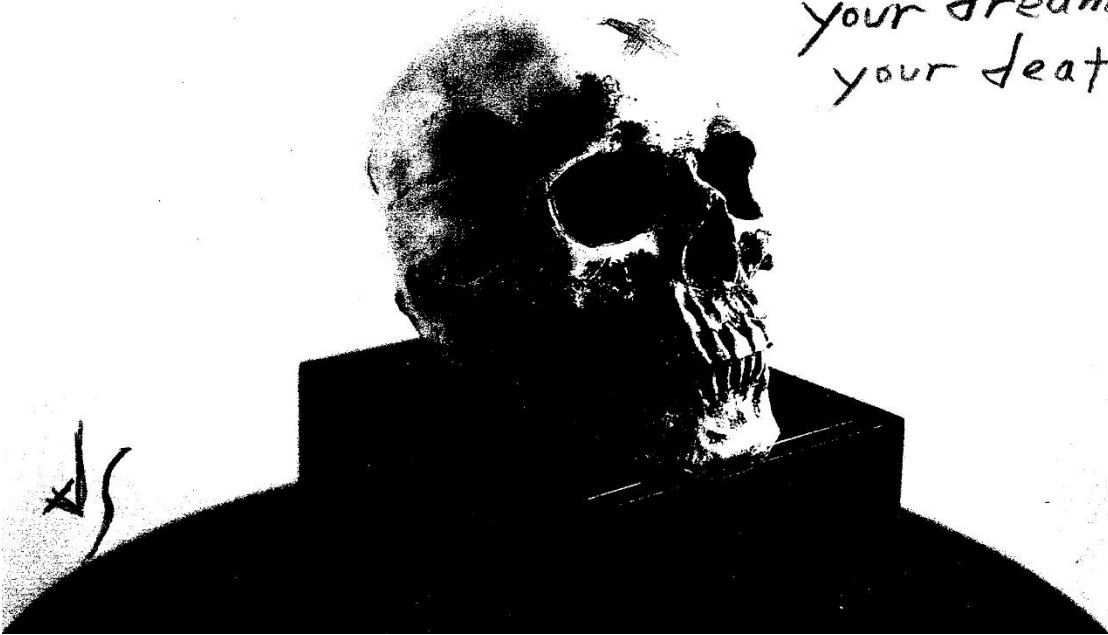
DEC 7 2017





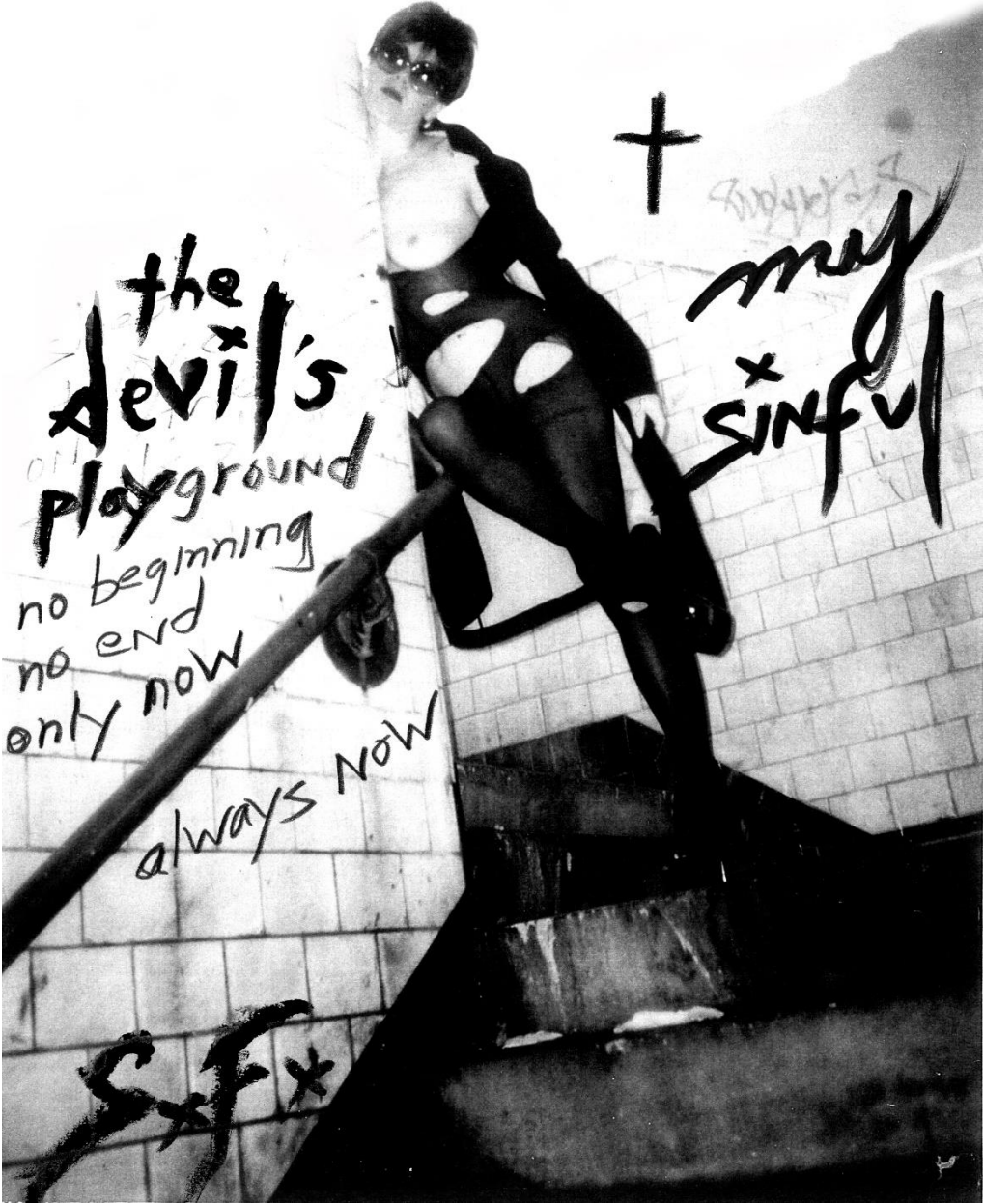
~~Your death~~

where do you hide  
your junk  
your dreams  
your death











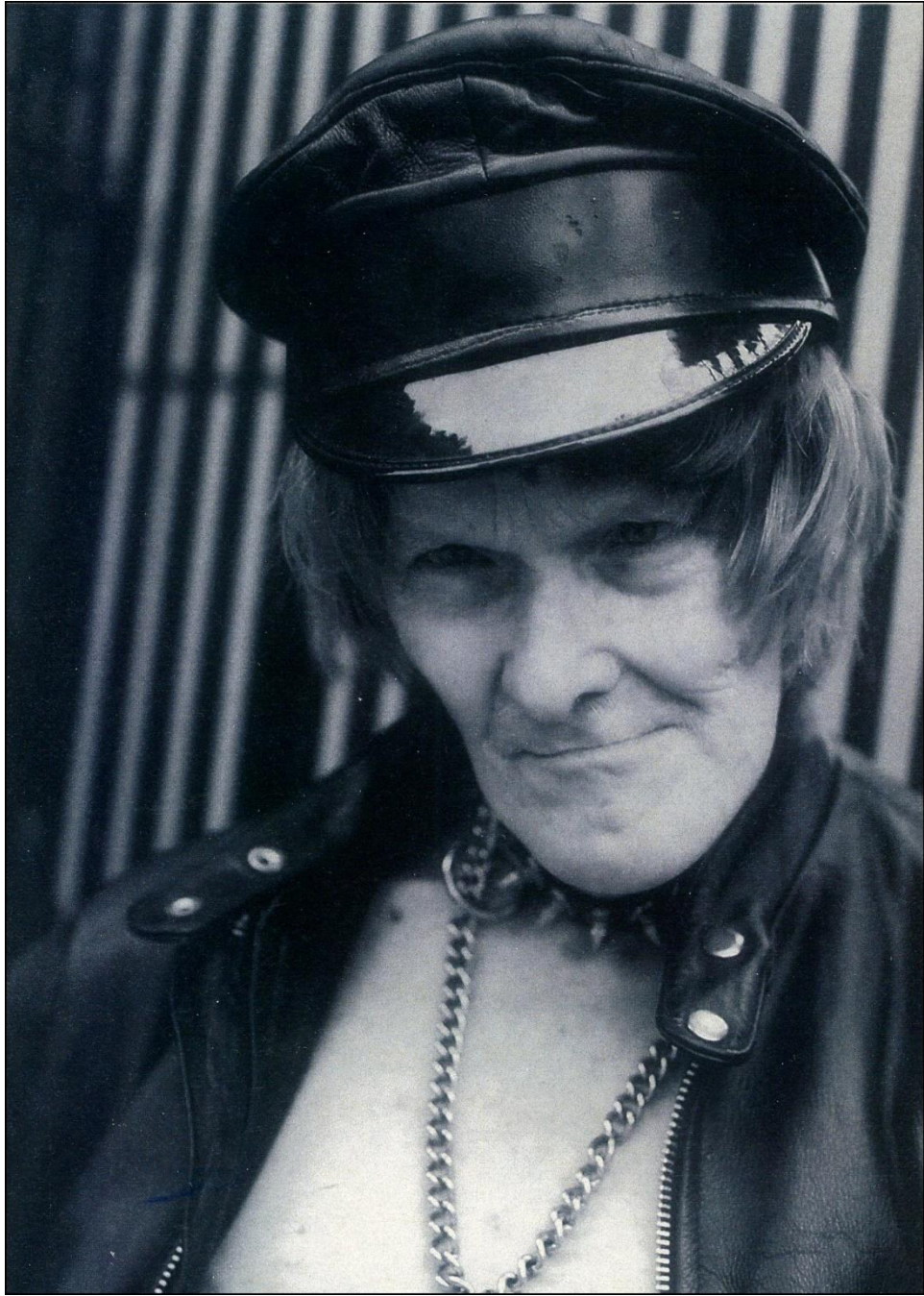




death is

a

~~VOID~~  
punk



## sick cats

dragging a blue crayon  
across my dead eyes  
in the middle of the night  
deep cadmium yellow melting

down in the underground  
i see the dead and the naked  
vongueristic dead light

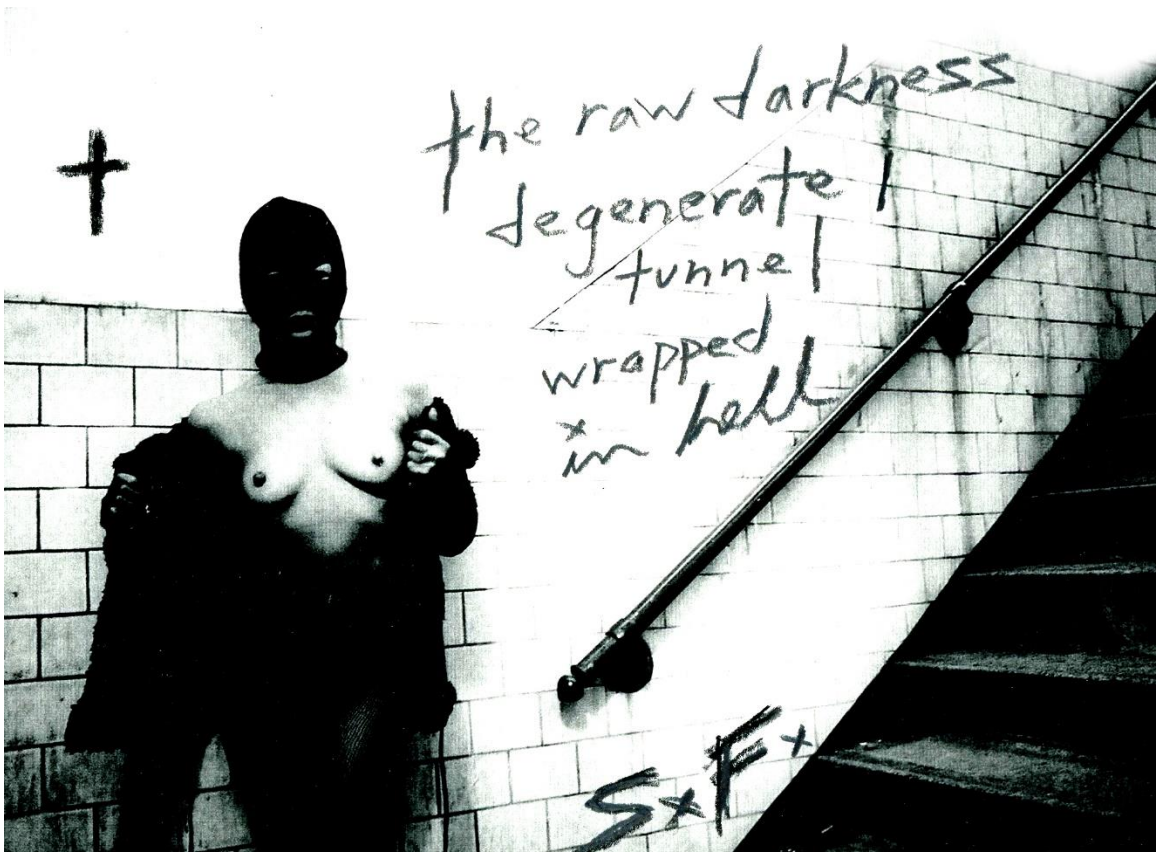
queer pussy velvet syringe  
sick cats ~~fuck~~

the piano strikes down

d. sheppard  
meow







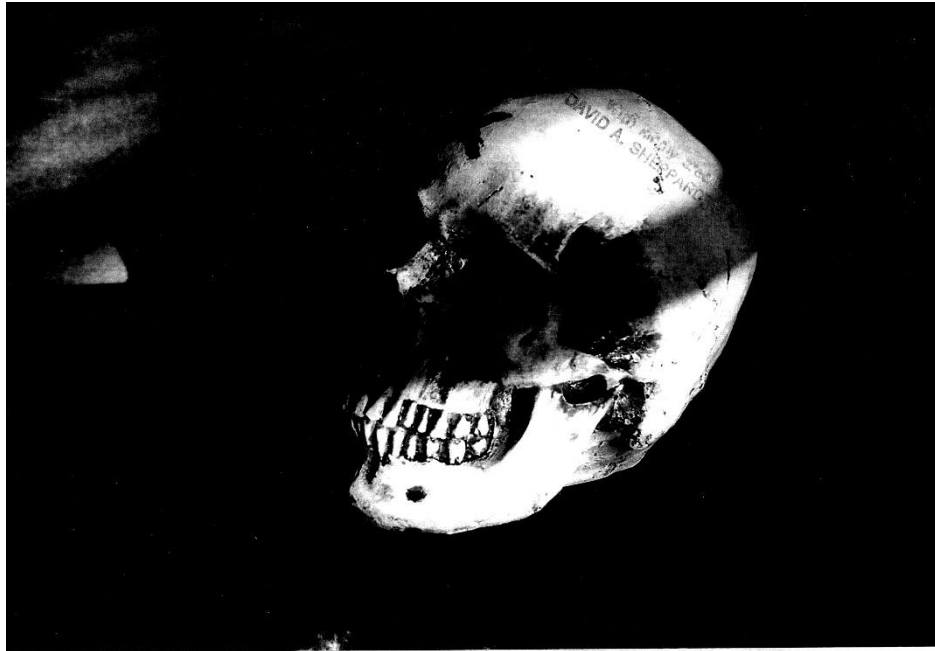
+

the raw darkness  
degenerate /  
tunnel  
wrapped  
\* in hell

S\*F\*







## god is burning

\* in the psychotic DARKNESS  
against the black carbon  
walls of the night  
stray dog crawling across the  
night to tokyo woman  
she opened her black silk robe  
tattooed across her nude body  
god is dead  
Police sirens echoing into the  
corridors of the black chromium night  
god is burning slowly in our blood







WILL NICHOLSON  
DAVID A. SHEPPARD, S.B.

the VOID  
VOID

not me

their will never be anyone  
waiting for you at the edges  
the edge is where you disappear

what a lonely universe it is  
with diamonds floating  
in the air x

dossier - x

x 1 x

x 15





## where do you hide your death

\* i hid my death

\* inside dead butterflys  
inside a atm machine  
inside wild dogs seduced by fear

\* i hid my death

in dangerous hesitations  
hallucinatory confusion  
skin jobs and freaks

\* i hid my death

inside the black lacquered  
snake that drifts in and  
out of the permanent  
violet night

\* i hid my death

\* inside monkey skulls  
in ice cream jars



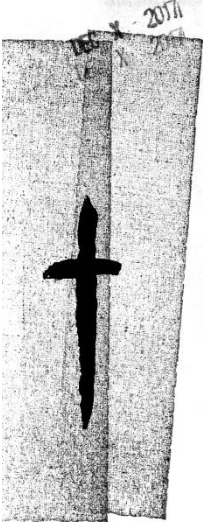


REDACTED



i will forever

DAVID A. SHEPPARD, S.E.  
with Kirby Grant  
DAVID A. SHEPPARD, S.E.



i am the <sup>x</sup>sinner  
the pornographer  
the poet





# Midnight train

DEC X 2017

x17

death why you never  
come around

the end of the film is waiting  
for you

+

the dead rose on the  
piano is looking for you  
Sweetie

the black cross † misses you  
suicide is jealous  
death why you never  
come around

† death don't be a phony

death is a punk





## ditching fear

Society pulled back the chrome  
trigger on you  
you never had a beginning  
the man with worn-out shoes



hopeless just hanging on  
they try to destroy and  
exterminate you  
just imagination to carry you out  
of hell and fear for a minute or two  
getting lost ditching fear



*David Sheppard*

*Photo: pf*

**david (cameraboy) sheppard: *photos and text***



***Tarantula***

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