

I Abject

Scratching at the places I can't reach with a bow,
These are the rituals I condemn to shadow,
A final breath held dead-weight,
Yet ripe and rife with nitrate,
Releases as I snap my long-locked elbow.

Propagating pin pricks assemble into spores,
An orifice dilates, fester-bleeding bores
The bite marks on my skin,
Where muscle kisses sin,
And ancient wounds lie chaste behind gold doors.

The knobs of which rest opulent and rusted,
The doormat longs for soles that can be trusted,
I announce my presence,
Feign fiending for repentance,
And with one mighty yank the hatch is busted.

So stepping in and stepping out and breathing,
In the air that through each crevice weaves in,
A wax pool on the carpet,
My flesh a melting tar pit,
And solid bones now hollowing and seething.

But wasn't something monstrous awaiting?
I planned this hour of fate, so where is Satan?
I stare into the mirror,
Try to conjure fear, or
Something to at least bury my fate in.

Yet now my fever bubbles into laughter,
Imagining this drama from the rafter,
Soon I'll usher day in,
Find a spool to lay in,
And bless that unexpected morning after.

