“the price we pay” (2018)

—skeletons of cosseted glut—
stripping down to a rusted, fly-infested naked swollen host,

nailing coffins shut with lips wet with bondage,

emotionless, sewn-tight legs atrophied by wasteful fretting,

alive in ritual insect defects; scurrying in the drain, across porcelain skin;

screaming scuttling dreams swarm, congregate to pull apart ailing flesh like

—curtains of groveling suet—

So are we drunken fools, lost to bland excuses, stumbling

verses that go on and on to claim void, like chants

to watch the executioner’s axe gradually

the lethargic limb thrashing of time,

along, bleating bumbling songs laden with elusive

wrought from blood, choruses sung and denied, doomed
draw ever nearer to our exposed necks? condemned writhing below

beneath the inescapable sole of Reality’s boot heel. I am aware nothing

—sweet touches my tongue—

No pale paints my chest with rose red pressing faces; no fell gaze holds my broken

pieces together; no light
deranged abyss—the rhetoric of

shook like dying leaves as I wrapped myself

I never-will-be-no-chance-can’t-possibly escape from

—myself…I owe you as much—