

Your fear  
sings a hymn  
to angels  
without ears  
or wings

your restless  
sleep tears a hole  
in suicidal  
pools

carve a dozen  
single lines across  
an open arm

the stream  
of life

the song  
of blood

black, red  
congealed  
beneath the moon

(its broken face)

Golden light  
you drip

palest light  
softest face

a thousand  
blazons

fail to deliver  
justice  
to your endless  
cruelty

The blades  
of your  
vocabulary

without thought  
you stride  
across the sun

with every step  
supernova