

rivers and dust

at night
when the shadows dawn
does my visage cross your mind?

(quite doubtful)

and yet
you haunt my very blood
my every nerve
muscle and tissue
spill your venomous trace

screams seem to leak
from lungs
into bones, filling
them with
excruciating doom

a resonant noise
so violent
it eats
my tepid flesh

--tear me from sorrow
swallow my body
like the host of Christ

crumble my skin
to brittle dust

no longer
too too solid

but ten
thousand rivers