

Autumn Tears, Pandora's Womb

our mother is dying again
coldly she stares at her kin, with no empathy
she said you will remember me, all of me, and... none of me...
with each sigh of pain. I give birth to you,
now there is no time left... face fate... without me
sculpting every shallow grin from the madness I now keep
shame on us as we coil, and shed our skin

the paralyzed wretch now clings to me
working deep its needy fingers
burrowing, nestling within the warmth of waning, feral flesh
in hopes of sipping from the coveted chalice of cancer
all to remind us of false comfort found within the arms of fate
innocence wakes from brittle bones
and sleep draws closer with each subtle breath
pursed lips, cracked and swollen
sip sweet milk from ivory breast
nurturing the inevitable end, infant eyes peer and widen
her womb laced with decay spews forth its putrescence
and so is born another fool... broken angels fall at our feet
skeletal apparitions with eyeless sockets
crawling and seething, weeping for mercy
we eat their bodies, savor their flesh
tasting their anguish so the misery can live on
within us, passing from one to another
the searing hatred that now lines our skin

I can feel your gaze on me, yet you always look away
my eyes and my lips sewn shut, I forget that we are here
if this is my Hell, then I carry you with me always