

Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia..., No Cig

The bruise at the base of my spine is butterfly shaped, dressed and downstairs.

My mother's eyes flinch away from a skinniness I'm oblivious to.

Lank-haired ; skin splotched with bruises like split wine.

Some few drunken strangers trying to lock their eyes into a body that's slowly disappearing, sitting-

The bones that catch the cold and hold it must point somewhere.

Waking, snared in the limbs of someone I never see again - an unfamiliar voice trying to pin me down

Flesh bags round his waist and I'm repelled, I'd do anything not to have to touch.

Curling tighter around a hunger that cuts to the bone, trying to find the center that must be round here