

# Allison Crowe, Disease

Stepping on  
the thoughts of all pain  
released from this anger  
is some place I would like to be  
and when I feel myself defeated  
I bleed  
and when I see them twist around  
dancing in their own wake  
I rage  
And I don't want to exist on this plane  
crashing down to the level of  
depth of skin  
flesh and bone  
all wrapped up in pages  
flashed in our faces  
laughing and spiteful  
Run away  
Lost again  
misdirected and folded  
drowned in bones  
and thrown away  
they told me to disappear  
and slowly dive  
into the shallow end  
of the gene pool  
Try to hold on to what I believe  
disappeared  
no longer here as anything but  
wretched and disfigured  
so I slash myself again  
and I drown my hopes again  
lose myself in this disease  
Lost again  
misdirected and folded  
drowned in bones  
and thrown away  
they told me to disappear  
and slowly dive  
into the shallow end  
of the gene pool  
Cut yourself to the mold  
Nothing left to rid yourself of  
but bile and blood  
torn skin screaming  
and silenced as we  
replace marble with plastic  
Lost again  
misdirected and folded  
drowned in bones  
and thrown away  
they told me to disappear  
and slowly dive  
into the shallow end  
of the gene pool