

Crisis, Wretched

I'm so cold. nothing on the inside.
so burn me
so cold. no one to hold.
so burn this body
I'm not feeling anymore.
chilling, now I'm turning to stone.
so burn this wretched body
angel embrace this disheveled wretch.
I am the thief who hides the light beneath the filth of burning fingers
smothered under not quite drowning reaching over, not quite living
this is the gravedigger who throws his own body
beneath the shit you tread carry me there,
regret the life tarry onward running away calloused
these ribs hold no more than hollowness - a hole dug as my grave,
though I'm buried inside my head.
already dead to your touch, to your light.
your eyes march forward with condemnation...
feel this solitude
burn with me.