

# Every Time I Die, Pincushion

where the air hangs like the static of a dead end radio,  
i'm waiting with a frozen pulse.  
crawl into an empty womb, don't raise these dead.  
they've found their god in soil.  
dry scab silhouette's tell the secrets of sewn mouths,  
my heart is a sore but even charred faces crack smiles.  
mismanufactured.  
screaming like some faulty machinery.  
the overwhelming inefficiency of infants.  
artificer stead me now you've sewn a machine.  
you've birthed an abortion.  
the corpse of god is love.  
i'm rotting, and i'm not yet dead.  
i'm the king of worms and i'll have your head.  
resurrected roadkill, blueprinted skin.  
i swear i've never been here before.  
everyone but me looks like they've seen a ghost.  
all eyes fall on collapsing statues.  
stop pointing. stop laughing.  
there's nothing to see here.  
everybody try to relax.  
everybody please remain calm.  
(i'm not supposed to be here anyway)  
divinity doesn't show what the stables hold.  
the scalpel proves my faith when he spits through his words.  
we traitors share our strings.  
we're suffocating under makeshift skin.  
pull out the thread, sew on a heart, make peace with dirt.