

# Horse The Band, Purple

Sweet sweet pain- like a thundercloud but tears are  
rain full fists slapping thudding BANGING RAGING  
wanting not to be weak with woe empty hands-she's on  
the floor on the floor she SLAMS her empty hands like  
thunder it rings in her ears slapping thunder  
splashing in the puddles of her tears lungs heaving  
from the crashing dying dreaming that was ripped from  
her heart while BEATING and dropped all red and sloppy  
here, on this clean tile floor. Now there is a hole  
inside, where the ghosts and demons hide, whispering  
white wilting words of woe, hungry ugly crunchy  
things, HORRIBLE NASTY PERVERTED THINGS. in her head  
her mother whispers "spreading like a whore". weeping  
wilted pile heaving. weak with tears and dead with  
dreaming, wanting to be wanted and wanting nothing  
more.