

# Pig Destroyer, Pixie

Young unicorns snatched from the impossible skies precious horns, ordinary chainsaws.  
I am left with horses revolting in the normalcy shipwrecked by a face all sweet and empty  
Like a hollow candy or an ice cream smile licked down to a cigarette i promptly extinguished  
In a dead infection a desk drawer full of blurry sunflowers.  
Under your bare feet are only symptomatic of the monster i have become.