

Rifles At Recess, Sporus in Theatre

i slipped on the noose left hanging from the wrists of boys who held every ounce of sadness they could summon to sleep and draw dreams that streamed down their faces. the seats are empty and eyes are frozen, cut me from this tree called time and put me back on the shelf until i can smile again. the fathers of compassion have left me thier bastard son orphaned in houses of wind where we both sit and cry as we rip out the last page of every book we ever called a lover.