Word As A Virus, Empty Oceans

It's pulling apart at the seams
The openness of the sky
The nakedness of the trees
It is the reality I can not face with eyes open
Drenched in this chemical
A process that has become my burning left arm
I see the crosses
They comfort me
I see the crosses
When syringes tease me and leave their mark
Trails that I didn't want
But somehow I am stuck with them