

Meat + Light:
Mourning Season
A Small Poetry Anthology

by @pom.machine

Ashes to Ash's

i burned your art
with the sacrilegious intent
to forget you ever existed

my rebirth and its ironic hue
oh damien...
why can't you stay dead





1-900-720-2660

i look out to you with purple eyes
my polluted river tears,
painted with the alley you spit me out of.

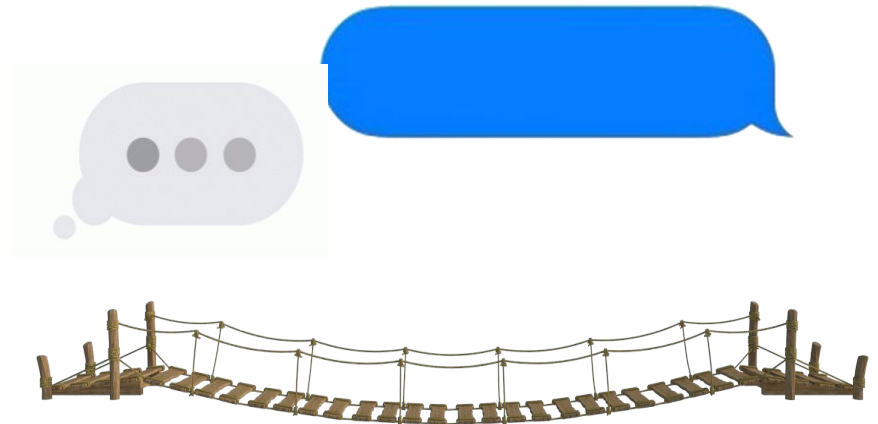
pick up the phone.

i left a voicemail.

with love, from the back end of a crowbar

text message eulogy

i am
too far away
and i
don't call enough
and i
can't cross that bridge
anymore



if someone was gone, would i ever even
notice?
an old ache behind
a fresh slap to the face

“think of where you were last year”

when you cried at the too much of it all
she said

“well, it’s September”
and you know what it meant.

you wonder how many times you’ll get to
say

“oh it’s just been
a week. yknow.
September.”



Straggler

the house is quiet.

i have never felt such
uneasy comfort.

i turn up the tv and
it is still too cold.

how does one fall asleep in the
dark?

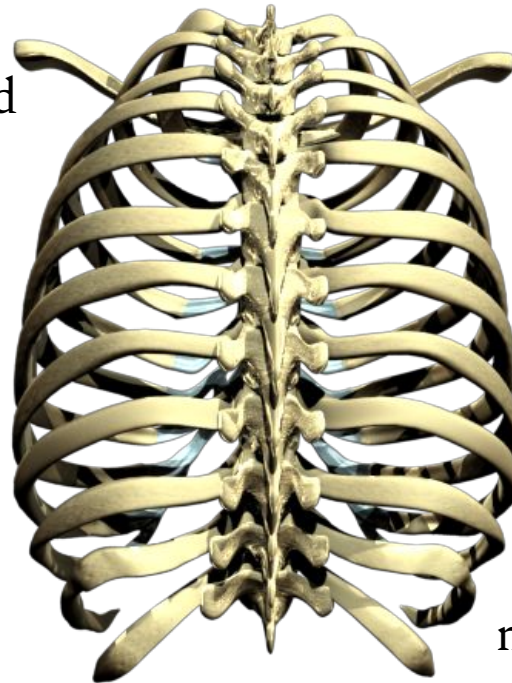


the spiral is my least favorite shape

repetition beats into my heart
a bat swung at my pounding cavity

consuming sweet and rot and memory
ejecting prose and bile and lavender

they make it look easy to be good
i wish it was good
good for a-



oh but i can't say that

not where your eyes could hear it
not where your ears could taste it
your wires are too important to cut
i wont cross them with mine

the bat connects and my chest snaps shut
i do not wish to repeat yourself