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

Meat + Light:
Mourning Season
A Small Poetry Anthology

by @pom.machine
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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?

Seasonal Depression!!
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-

the spiral is my least favorite shape

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

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