

## **Word As A Virus**

### **"The Reconciliation Of Ascension"**

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healing stitches when i just want to lay in my bed  
and be comforted by the delicate touch of insomnia  
conjoined with this cancer  
we are one  
i beg the son to ease this  
i bear the scars of this  
but i will suffer this. to be closer to you  
this test  
artificial lights shine on me  
before i breathe anesthesia  
in my room, the lady in the radiator sings me songs  
i ask her, if you sing to me, will you become human  
answers escape through your fingertips  
as you shut the door behind you  
now we can live

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