

## **Anterrabae**

# **"My Wrists Are Rivers, My Fingers Are Words"**

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Friday night always seems to continue in the cave of the minotaur I see the outside world of the maze my father built seeking the opportune time to attack always searching for the meat on people but all they ever bear are the scraps it's best to go hungry because the suffering and desire will feed you more in the end my recovery time is quickest when I am hit and the reason is my only perceivable enemy is also my strongest love maybe I'm the minotaur pacing in my cage or on the hunt for the weakened prey but I won't let it kill me and even if someday you gain on me when I am crippled with intangible fear my companion will never allow even a single hair on my body to be touched by your breath distant and disconnected I dream in sentence fragments the constant rain silhouettes across the stage I remain awake

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