

Bendik

"The Eleventh Hour"

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Lost to the scars that frame. The one last glimpse of
you. Portraits of a past fade, rot, and disappear as the
dead are carried away. For a moment it was so clear.
Break the windows. smash the mirrors. erase the
memories in this eleventh hour. nothing says I love you
like slit wrists. Beauty through dead eyes. forgive me. I
bear the weight of the clocks hands in this final hour. It
was so clear. Wandering through these open doors.
wanting and broken. in this final hour. Wanting and
broken. chamber by chamber. my blood runs cold.

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