

Coma Eternal "Counterparts"

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Your words are scalpels tracing over the skin of a corpse.
Tearing into skin that will never bleed for you, no matter how deep the cut.
Riding tidal waves run off stagnant like a film of waste.
Pools of garbage standing still.
We rot in unison, single file as a whole.
Petty differences do not register as barriers.
Like road kill bloating in the sun.
Playing mother in the form of an incubator.
So beautifully vile.
Cloudy cotton ball vision gradually gives way to clarity.
We all fade out between the lines.
On even numbers we fall apart.
No exceptions, no apologies.
A universal period to end everyone's story.
Empathy, shoulders to lean on.
A life vest to make treading water possible.
Each and every one of us in the same mess, sinking together in the same quick sand.
Wasting away, side by side.
Salvation is irrelevant if we are all ghosts.

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