

Comadre "Blackland Dirt"

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The scornful face of saturation,
Scorn, and heartless compassion.
A fully synthetic being functioning solely on a drive for
acceptance,
Appeal, absence of thought, corrupting all I hold dear.
A sharp drive through the heart of my conviction,
My heartfelt compassion.
Pull this rusty blade, place it in the ground,
Buried next to my fallen hopes.
Level my utopia, flood this perfect world
With cover-up and hairspray, diet pills and vomit.
Starve my siblings.
Turn my child against herself.

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