

## **Fleurety**

### **"I Saw Claws"**

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Blur sores that breed and crawl around on one's chest  
Cracks and stains in a pattern  
Of geometric impossibilities the ashes and the razors  
that  
Tore one's hallucinations  
To shreds the clatter and the clamour melliflous as the  
Nightingales' song  
Oh where have I been where have I bled  
Lungs filled with sulphur thrown open the doors that  
led to  
Emptiness burned into  
The retina an image of the gossamer textiles that  
separated  
Two bodies fantasies  
Of sleep ricochets within a parrallogram  
Oh where have I been where have I bled  
The art of contradiction  
Of contraction of contortion of contusion of confusion  
of  
Conclusion

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