

Giant Drag

"La Brea Tar Pits"

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I awaken from what can hardly be called sleep
Starving as if I had two stomachs to feed
An ebb and tide of images in my mind of the two of you
keeps my gut painfully empty
The tar boils and churns
I carve out and deny these infections on my soul and
watch as they spawn a life of their own
Leaving snail trails of scars over what little of me is still
pure
As they crawl towards where the tar boils and churns
Aborted parts of my psyche are all found nourishing
themselves at these pits
Bubbling forth from the recesses of my mind where all
I am slowly falls in
Abominations of my being incessantly teething

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