

## Circle Of Dead Children "My Supernatural"

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This wound cannot be patched  
as my blood runs gelatinous, sweet and black  
Only to be tasted by the chafed lips of the inflictor, a  
mirror  
The heavy-handed swift punishing judge  
whose sentence is lifelong and indifferent  
as puddles of stagnant water  
You cannot stop the bleeding with patches alone,  
as saturation will reject all but infliction  
Reparations all slide off into oblivion  
The hunter and the hunted have become one  
I was borne for self-destruction  
Borne to bleed and freeze  
Tears used to jimmy dried scabs of blood from these  
sheets  
Pills to control, to redirect, to attempt to unlearn  
Unsatisfied with what this world has had to offer  
Satisfaction when the heart stiffens and succumbs  
to the hunter's hands, gelatinous, sweet and black  
No more pills, no more adjournment  
The higher the walls around  
the more I will jerk them down upon me  
It has become easier to bury the bodies  
than to bury the memories and impulsive thoughts  
that serve only to confuse and burden  
One hand on the shovel, the other around my throat  
Borne to bleed and freeze  
I have broken all the warm hands that heal  
Bones snap and shatter  
Muscle tissue around the eyes stretch  
and quiver like a fish skinned alive  
The only honest satisfaction  
Cold and weak, I hope none remember  
I will be happy to forget

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