

## Marlene Kuntz

### "The False And The Cinematic"

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When the razors break in us it's time to give in  
With a feast of wood and dust, a diet of glass, contort,  
distort  
Why am I so attracted to the dangerous relationships  
So false and cinematic? for I belong it seems nowhere,  
Slowly imploding, so delicate, with all the answers  
inside out  
My time at war with myself  
I wish I could touch my shin with my knees I don't have  
any joints in my legs, my fingernails start at my ankles  
and wrists  
How could you recognise me wounded,  
I thought I had covered it up. Di, dice, die, dice

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