

Curl Up And Die

"The Nest Of The Face Hugger"

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Blank sheets enveloped in grieving. Foolishly bleeding
for you. Waiting. it was never meant to be today.
Window panes colliding and worried drips of sweat that
have fallen from my chin. The devil devoted and she
brought this trembling. all of this collapsing, I seep
through. Seized ceiling preaching sinister color. I reach
to anything recognizing and it all comes back to you.
You with your hands would heal all my scars and so I
as, 'after I lost everything would you hold me and
would you love me until this spine could hold this head
up high again?' that's all I'll ask, I won't ask. He is dead.

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