

Dismantled "Cornered"

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Cornered

Teeth scraped along the walls

Jaw frantic in protest

Scarred hands jerk like last breath on a string

Along the floor,

Spilled eyes all fixed on a frozen heaven

Staring down black eighty feet through a ripped
'scrapper

Top

Waiting for a hell to rain down from the longest iron

Wings

Because all the faith in this world has crawled up

Just between these swollen ribs

Sprouting nails and wings and worms and lies for those

Who take

The lights below

You know they'll bleed forever

Get back as the cores blow

Let me fall

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