

Bled, The

"John Wayne Newton"

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Shine on spotlight cadaver.
What have you become?
Come get your glamour fix.
Pushed into vein.
Shine on sweet medicated kisses.
I won't watch you die.
your surrogate funeral eyes like blackened pillows.
Your victim's mask is slipping away.
Malfunction slow collapse.
One more fix to get you through.
A soft syringe to lick your wounds.
When you look into the mirror
are you afraid of what you see
through yellow caution tape.
Will you come to me for love?
I will not bleed for you this time.

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