

## **Blame Ella**

### **"Lonely Woman"**

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ULTIMUS CENSOR

Your breasts squint tormented into space,  
Your shrunken vagina misses occasional fillings,  
The futility of your existence atomizes your soul.  
The mirror's reflection makes you horror-stricken,  
Flesh appearing inanimate reminds of death.  
Your man left you shamelessly,  
Gave another woman preference over you,  
Who bewitched him with cheap lures.  
Your wept-out eyes hurt,  
Narcotics soak your spirit with dullness,  
Imminent collapse giggles expectantly.  
A pack of woodchucks whistles the tinnitus.  
Your end is near.  
One reach. Well hundred pills at once.  
The end.

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