

## Young Livers

### "Finger To The Pulse"

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Assembled with these black tongues lashing contract  
and expand  
As it courses through their veins watch them erase  
Watch them erode writhing in some loss of control.  
In a sway of their own rhythm to yearn in their lull of  
concern and onward...  
As they sink in their haste subside in content derived  
from a thirst shallow.  
Theirs as a harmless reflex perspective in our eyes to  
fall far from intent or conviction  
Disassemble to burn at the excess tied tight to these  
words of conviction  
New born trails from their teeth falls where it starts  
bitter.

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