

Young Livers

"Nothing But Teeth"

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Air pierced in the lungs in sordid sums of endless tries,
Too dire is this to unwrite
Sunk in to a breath that dell short with these kindred
ties
Desire withered to the bone
And bore through unrest inertia forced undo/connect
Skies turn endless across these tracks
As eyes dive into such lengths that stretch across this
void,
Perplexed and common to these years
And punctured through the teeth
These trickled words fall on their own,
Oblivious they'll be untold.
Wilting in these I'll past perceptions,
Debilitate and concede to being immersed in this
vulgar validation
Only to be left breathless and forlorn.

With hallow-point bullets made for teeth,
Let it shoot into me,
Pronounce it dead at the scene.
Do what you will, but don't stock me in the belly of a
well-lit mausoleum for yourself.
And for what it's worth these inward skies stagger and
subside.

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