

Young Livers

"Suffering From"

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In the direction of the blood that runs from a fresh cut
throat, we run down.
From the perspective of a dead man's eyes staring up
at dead men walking tall.
We face up to look down.
We breathe out just to hear something else.
There's a connection like a mid-air collision makes a
point to kiss each other goodbye.
By the looks on your faces, I bet you've never seen
blood run this thin and cold.
It goes down like ocean water breathed into the lungs,
like glass swallowed and spit up.

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