

## A Holiday At The Sea

Anathallo

I looked down at my shoes, because I felt the drip of blood fall from my hammer to the leather through my socks. The knots kept tightening their grip. The cords (chords) ring out the history, and time is a mocker as a remedy. The preacher wore a suit, I knew he would. The tiny print rice paper books, I hated how they saw me so transparently. This heart, my thread, I tried so hard. The best that I could sew was death, no matter how I covered it with deeds. What's there left to do? Because the mud only covers up the stains