

## Sinew And Vein

Ghost Bath

At least I tried  
I offer every morsel of myself for you to consume  
And once my flesh is no longer  
I give you bits of my soul on a plate for eating  
I watch as you sprinkle them on your tongue for a taste, and vomit them onto the pavement  
They blow away, scattered by a sickly warm breeze  
And when everything that I once was, disappears into a haze of dust and fingernail clippings, picked scabs and cracked lips  
At least I tried  
You wonder why I am gone  
A shadow of transcendence  
A silhouette of what could have been  
A forgotten puddle after

After a funeral rain  
A lover of the moon, mourner of the stars, loather of self  
And from my ashes, hatred blooms with silvery petals and wilted leaves  
Beautiful and tragic