La Dispute

We move by instinct, darling let our hands be hatchets, let us wander blindly, swinging madly in a forest made of flesh. we move by instinct, darling let our eyes like lepers drive the doubters from our homes and into the bottom of the sea. and we speak in signals, darling let our smoke stitch pictures, let us twist in patterns, dull the horror of a city still on fire. for we are like medics handling suicide by cyanide with bleeding fingers. let us suffer completely inadequate. and we move like lovers, lover let me run my fingers down your side and kiss you right below the eye. we sleep with shadows but we never give them bread. horror, dress yourself in shame or I will tear a hole in you, you harlot. burn your eyes, (I will hold your white-washed bones unto the sky and scream "oh god, if you are there, I hold this body to your judgment-give it your wrath or your mercy. but please pick wrath.")