

## Born

## Rotting Out

So now I pay. I'm punished by the sword that saved me every god damn day.

The deal we made was that you get me through this and you can have all that remains.

I can't let things go. I'll spite everything and everyone until it seeps through my pores.

Hate is all that I've known. It's the price I pay for being born.

To those I love, it's time for me to go. This is my reckoning. I feel it in my bones.

Its safe to say I knew that it would end this way.

A debt unpaid collected by he whom wears my face.

Dear mother, I will bring you shame no more. My abdomen is ready... so hand me the sword