

# Luminaria

## State Faults

Falling star dew drops on the rearview mirror  
Disconnect from the self  
Suffocating slowly in subconscious dilation  
Peeling scabs with my teeth

I read the verdict in my palms  
Certain futures lost in present tense  
Another lump in my throat  
Another fortune lost to wishing wells

My heart is a desolate peak  
Life is a lonely disease  
Embedding splinters in me  
Life is a lonely disease

Wound tight like tourniquets  
Splinters embedded in consciousness  
Spiders shedding webs from their spinnerets  
Sinking their fangs, this brittle husk just isn't permanent