

Your Scent

Uneven Structure

You threw all of us down this boiling kettle
Oarsmen and hangmen alike together
Tender meat for your loathsome meal
Trading thousands of promises for their grief-stricken brides
Their tears your salt, their solitude your spices
Nobody ventured this far to put up with your illusion
And offer body and soul as a reward

We're not thankful, I'm not forgiving
This big lie you've sold to the broken ones
Fulfilling nothing but a cardinal instinct

Swirling tails and edentate smiles
The backdrop of your demise
When you let the mermaid's curtain
Wrap your thoughts and bow to its reign

This is our lament to the unchosen hosts
Their supper, our last breath made chants
Torn out with a stern vigor by your very own scarlet mouths
Love made lust for grinding teeth sliding down the scales of your defeat

Your need to fill the vacuity of your existence
Matches my call for a moment of validation
Our sour contentment