

The Blood Will Pour

1.

They cannot be

torn from your ligaments

broken from your bones.

Tense with desperation your muscles

cramp

strain

constrict

and strangle.

You crave to be an element

detached

from their toxic taxonomic rank.

They barge through your veins

bleeding

into your thoughts and habits.

You try to scorch your-

self apart.

The flames

sear scars of plight on your skin.

2.

You fight blind.

One day they will be

a few pots of ashes, and

some stones atop of bones outside.

The vapor they puff into your lungs will

stop.

But the blood,

their blood

will ever pour

watering the roots you lay

that descend-

ants will grow from

deep in the soil of the souls you trail.