

Wombstone

Born Gold

You were yourself while your flesh was nimble
but the brain has a way of stumbling into
corners and caverns
and red spattered patterns
till you
undo

Like a baby barely awake
eyes as empty as urinal cakes
i figured maybe, anyway
empty is our merriment

You were yourself in your skin womb shaking
knit in varicose veins your whole body was naked
collapsed on the slab we're
awaiting the hour

When
you undo

Like a baby barely awake
eyes as empty as urinal cakes
i figured maybe, anyway
empty is our merriment