

Afterbirth

Closure in Moscow

Make me vent at the knees.
I've got a phantom lung- Better than the other.
More like the broach you wore with apocryphal insignia.
It was better left untouched.
It was better left alone, for the hour of my echo is at hand.

Do you feel that respiration?
It's blocking out the sky.
Now there's no light to be shed on this painful labor.

Walking with my old limp that resonates your ego,
when i feel the resignation of my limbs.
You rode in on a horse, but wouldn't form a tryst.
Saw you ride in on a horse, but you couldn't be convinced.

Tell your brother's keeper that he's in an awful mess.
Tell your zealous mother to spay her tongue.
Tell your brother's keeper, his cuts are somewhat of a nuance
when that zealous mother bleeds for everyone