

When Two Blood Types Coalesce

Conducting From The Grave

Two fingers hold a light, that in time will filter out all the bad times.
Cherishing a nourished future, holding onto letting go.
Saltwater expressions wash over a pale face, leaving the other to reflect it back.
A fold, a crease, a setting, all began with only a decline.
Crumbling barriers give way to an unbearable friction.
Cold shivers, their skin sticks to the barrels of their release leaving behind a trail of their types amongst the sheets.
Collect the remains, the families shall remember not to inconvenience, let sorrow set in with despair to dig the hole.
In a time when two blood types coalesce.
Smiles will never be so shallow again.
But rain in the light, undefined by the unbalanced