

Killing The Me In Me

Embodiment

give a word of fragile optimism that this will be okay
bore down on gluttonous hands, regurgitated thoughts from my heart
art
this can only be the going under
this can only be killing the me in me
push and pull like the machines
the humans anthems are dying in me
i don't think a soul knows compromise like a soul mate
it sleeps with me
in my flesh i ask for a personal bleeding
the holy ghost has word with me
it comes in love, it comes with gentle hands that disinfect the
sting for me
a whole is filled without the ring
instead a kiss, a kiss from the sun to try again