

Customary Impurity

Heavy Heavy Low Low

I climbed over the tracks
I climbed over the fence to our cemetery
This is our cemetery
High on PCP knuckle deep in that little is left of me
Tears stream down my face and I whimper on your grave straddling
your grave
The chill penetrates but stimulates and fills me
A train rolls passed and shakes the corpses in their caskets drawing
out my course
and hungry howl cum while I cut myself and then I fall to sleep
visions of your sunken eyes
and purple lips between my swollen thighs eating at the better part
of me.