

Jimson Isolation

Integrity

Distraction crossing my mind
Words twisting outside themselves again
Embedded and red
Breath is fading out
Consecration swallows all that I was
Your touch opens the wound
Agreement follows blistering pain
Fever-touched flesh
Wishing there was nothing left

Desperate for lies to unfold heaven
Intolerant smiles
Ever-watching seas of greed
You want to take it away
I can taste the blood on the back of my throat
Nothing like your hatred to give me new hope
I look out,
I see all your gaping mouths, eyes burning
Distractions hold somewhat true
Mine is only half.
Let me out.
Isolate.