

The malignancy grows with fibrous insistence
as the body wastes and rots.
In the face of destruction
Death pulls at your sleeve
Your body writhes in anger
Your body writhes in joy
In the face of death
Spider in your ear
Mice at your heart
We can't deny the monstrous
Our flesh entwined
And grown together
now disentangles with all its pain

Disease remission
Divine intervention

I've been busy making my effigy
And I suffer the hurt of a fragile strength
I won't open the wound delivered by weakness
I won't open the wound aware of its weakness
And be nothing but the weak...

In longing and in sorrow
The burden of effort and the weariness of distrust
We part in wordless staring tenderness.
With sores, scars, and crippled healing

I will believe in you forever.