

Faces Sunken By Letting Go

Pg.99

a mask we all wear, a latex curtain stare, the flesh in
rhythm through the window, skin slapping bare as the wind
blows.. her makeup face is hollow with webs, her wedding
vows said in bed, screaming love me at an empty head
a black river flows, the meateater bellows, in the way we
all speak, like when dead houses creak, on, the liar's
beak and all the youth leaking through our fingers, it's
love or hate right? "oh, no the guilt of life."