

Your Face Is A Rape Scene

Pg.99

That whisper, your lovely curling razor, mistakenly wound
around my tongue to squeeze some fucking truth
from that wicked obsession, your obsession, where I can
pass by. They do that when you're dead alive. I
could count stars, and you counted screams, so if you
would please just hand me my ticket, I will go and
join the ground.
It was where I was in the first place.