

Young unicorns snatched from the impossible skies precious horns,  
ordinary chainsaws.

I am left with horses revolting in the normalcy shipwrecked by  
a face all sweet and empty

Like a hollow candy or an ice cream smile licked down to a cigarette  
I promptly extinguished

In a dead infection a desk drawer full of blurry sunflowers.

Under your bare feet are only symptomatic of the monster I have  
become.