

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.