

Bleed Season

Project 86

Trace the chalk and seize the day so
Those old habits never pass away
Commemorate the conception with
The children's debt the retribution
Deaf to self and mute to mind to find muddled wallowing nebulou
s blind
My crippled confidence chafed away
Without the answers I'm cast astray
My cloud's so thick that I can barely think
so reveal to me dead sight dead sight
Trace the tree and the veil will flee me
And now I see with salty eyes
Consistent tragedy persisting in me
This disability's my soul's demise
Deaf to self and left to fry
Muddled wallowing nebulous blind
My crippled confidence is chafed away to stay
With the answers I'm pulled astray
The habits laced embrace me
With a cold, chaotic flinch kiss of old deaths erase me soft, s
ubtle, inch by inch
Upon my face I lie Mesmerized cauterized by the blemishes
Frail bandages Without chance to change
Desperate to rectify imperative lest to die
Imminent reality on pace down glanced closed-faced
Consistent entrancement staring into empty space
with an open wound to clean
please cleanse me
Is this my time to feel
Is this my time to breathe
Is this my time to bleed
Change the season
I'll never live without you
I'll never see without you
I'll never change without you true sight