

My Buried Child

Swans

My frozen, empty, violent mind caressed the hidden hair that shines
With liquid lust I left behind your body stained with ruined eyes
I cut the skin, concealed the crimes, with liquid hate I left inside
And loneliness is buried here in rotting holes beneath your fear
Your agony, your twisted struggle, two bodies sink in meat-blood strangled
The smell of death, your tortured gash, enfold me in your mother's arms

Now hold me in your mother's arms
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