

## Portrait

## The Autumn Offering

She's draped across the bathtub  
Or lying on the floor  
So cold her pale white skin  
Ill touch her to be sure  
Blind redemption

The words were draped in broken embers  
Regret is all that I have

I can't seem to sleep  
Without her face  
The lines under my eyes  
Foretell my sleepless nights  
Why am I holding on?  
Denial of frail wrists

The words were draped in broken embers  
Regret is all that I have  
I need you to paint this portrait in my mind  
To take away my pain

...and she's pure and silent

Crawl back into the womb  
Premortal emancipation  
The scars ripped across her neck  
Mimic the holes of trephination  
Throw her back

The words were draped in broken embers  
Regret is all that I have  
I need you to paint this portrait