

# Cecilia and the Silhouette Saloon

## The Blood Brothers

Murder = white out.  
Cancer = birth blouse.  
Mirror = perfect glass spouse.  
Oil = sex paint.  
Shower = water saint.  
Death decodes the howls from our hands.  
Skull = noise nest.  
TV = fuck test.  
Mirror = siamese gun kiss.  
Sugar = birth bait.  
Murder = loves fate.  
Death distills the camouflage from our dance.  
Death inverts the red from romance.  
Death x-rays the angels of chance.  
Death; the anti mirror of infants.  
Like a picture hiding beneath the digital Avalanche.  
When cecilia's grave cracked like a dirt cacoon,  
She pulled up a stool at the silhouette saloon.  
The player piano mumbling crippled jigs,  
Black widows knitting victimless wigs.  
When cecilia's throat slit like a second set of lips  
She drooled braille bibles onto the brothel bed spread,  
Like an egg whose yoke defies child bearing hips.  
Like a ghost who fears all of the deceased and dead.  
(Time eats the flesh and spits out the shadow like a useless wishbone.)  
But that locket spinning around her neck,  
Whose hearth heats a dead valentine,  
You know the phantom trail leads way to a muted grave.  
Where is his voice now?  
A dead tone in the flutter of drunken wings,  
Where is his blushed cheek now,  
A face unraveled in shadow, veiled in blind laughter.  
Where are those sex ripened lips,  
His kiss print still warm on several necks.  
Where is love now?

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