

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 cocoon,
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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