

Mouthful of Precious Stones

The Red Chord

Fed through the teeth machine. Row after row of
dysmorphic minerals.
All the things that I have seen, drowning in my
reflection.
Bleed from sores that reach out to everyone in the room.
Touched by sepsis, cradled in a mountain of bone.
I pretend not to notice that we belong in the same room.
We touch the same door handle and drink from the same
fountain.
I'm repulsed. Sickening drive to cultivate loathing.
I dishonest nod and grin as we pass in the streets.
Eater! Nashing pit full of bracing. Tangled in a tortured
sickness.
Search your soul. Unlock the treasures.
Crossing through those pearly gates that exit to that
special place.
We belong in the same room. Smiling in my reflection.
Bound tight by nerve endings and veins; Wound just like
nooses.
To dissuade my confusion.
We touch the same door handles and drink from the same
fountain.
I am repulsed by this mouthful of precious stones.