

infection

congeal, contract: your grief
coating the throat. rising slowly,
old words clattering around your
head. heavy is the body that holds
the unredemption—that is to say,
when the repentance goes drought
and you're left to cup the bruises
in your hands. dark waters, spoiled
wines, these wounds sending ripples
around the eyes: dropped stones
in stagnant waters. your days are so
quietly loud, hauling around the requisite
lies, keeping busy to stay the madness—
that is to say the infection that is looming,
if you'd give it time to fester. cancerous,
these people with their pride and kindness,
their tolerance and their gospels, stringing
you to the tune of their tepid rejection. emigrate,
expire: let spoil every broken love, every rot-infested
dream, every sentence you ever said that started
with *forever*.