

## Shards of a Broken Mirror

Little pieces of me lay scattered throughout the house. My feelings chilled in the fridge next to the aging chocolate birthday cake my mother baked, my mask remained: ugly in the bathroom mirror, my growling stomach roosted in the empty pantry, my liver was stuffed into my last six pack of beer, my muted mind played in the living room, my skin was folded neatly into dresser drawers, my guillotined head rested atop a pillow like a hotel mint, my genitals were stuffed into a shoebox under the bed in case the need to use them ever arose (it never did), but my heart, my bleeding heart stayed with her, folded in quarters like a schoolyard note tucked into her back pocket.

## Cold parade

a river of smoke slithered from pursed lips  
a cold parade walked down the church aisle  
wedding to the grave, no one here was saved  
in voiced options sin again  
no coin to tithe  
in back alleyways further breached in the open air  
there was found a life in the lost section of a want ad  
mortal mythologies sequence into trusted reality  
waves of cannon fodder broke the bank  
return to a time before antiquity  
kept the lucky penny found on the street

beasts on a chain

made the bed  
sheets knotted feed the beasts kneading flesh  
pant in pleased hums, rinse/repeat  
heat rises burned the sole of feet  
fetishize pleasure while one eats  
howled felled sound resemble  
a preamble of sorts  
can't seem to make sense of  
the bedlam babble from the grown crowd  
it's gotten too loud, can't hear myself think  
in the mound of dreary sinks  
The I in me slowly shrinks back from the recesses of  
meant to be whatever it was intended to see  
drown now forever will be to remember me knot

## Church Spire

wicked wake made no routine  
lived through each mistake  
bent spoon buried in a living tomb  
triune cast out among the rebel rabble  
cannibalistic sacrament exposed to the naked breast  
so soon to lose after receiving the majority share of the pot  
loosen the stair creep from cold air, breathe easy  
short on despair never mind what else came at dawn  
demise sent tog to wear, black as a wet knife  
send me a son  
paper street valley, behold the mountain on the rise  
finished I collapsed into myself deluded by pride  
wait til tomorrow, there will surely be another sunrise  
never knew for certain the sum of surmise