

My skin speaks mulberry flesh.  
I sprout to the sun's awakening.  
My heart is oak solid, pull back the bark, see the embers burning on the inside.  
That is how much the ache has set in.

Every pain and syllable is etched in the marrow of my bones.  
Snap each ivory lie open, read the names that had wrang me dry. I promise you will see your  
own handwriting. Maybe you just did not know it in the moment.

I have been sculpted by artists that have no taste, writers that only wretch bitter.  
Hands have not carried me very far, very gentle, very neat.  
Messy bones, messy lies, messy feet.

And when I think of you,  
I die a bit, too.  
The longer my mind creeps into you,  
the stronger brew the burgundy in my veins filters.  
Your hands were not kind, not like you promised.  
Your body did not remain.

There is dirt and cotton jammed in my mouth  
from where I was abandoned.  
Why are you breathing without complication?  
The more you breathe, the more agony I wish I could cause.  
Whiplash your back, like you whiplashed my heart.

It will never be the same, you know, my soul,  
and what you made of it.  
I won't love like I loved you.  
I will not give what I gave to you.  
Ruins are flowing through your blood,  
toxins you've mistaken and sinned.

My throat is caked with all the pleas I tried to bribe,  
cold and shuddered.  
But your mind had already spoke, your heart already made.  
You left me in the quicksand of December.  
Maybe, you'll change.

And Mr. Tinman, you do not want a heart of your own.  
Everyone leaves their mark along it,  
some scar it.  
How has mine ended up in these pieces along  
the inside of my cage?  
Some days, I do not feel the ache,  
but nights like tonight, the ache is so violent.  
I wish I had never met the person who has caused it.  
And Mr. Tinman, it is better to feel nothing  
within the hollowness of yourself.  
Because, the hollow is better than this  
incredible caving of dying out.

Time and time, again, I pull myself up and through.

I fall in the blood trail you've left.

Perhaps, it leads to where you ran off to.

I wring myself out, over and over,  
my hands stained crimson tear fall.

It would not have fallen to this case,  
if each bone in my body had not been  
shattered, ivory protruding.

My skin is doughy and hangs alike to a mask.

I have been hidden by the someone

I have become.

I float to the bottom of the sea,  
like you have never met me.  
So strange how we go from nothing  
to everything, ripped raw to nothing in seconds.  
Every step, all of the beats of us gobbled up  
and thrown down the drain.  
And one minute, you're caring and loving,  
and dying for me.  
The next, you'd rather pretend I was invisible.  
Quietly and slowly slipping back  
into your own personal hell.