Brianna **Patrick** To Shame: For Shame: **By Shame**

I stand sheeted in seething visceral air, the grass hunches over as it succumbs to the heavy layers of ice crushing every one of its protean, organic, chromaplastic, entities.

The gales like spikes pierce through every layer of my soft cotton overhangs. I am merciless to its unrelenting sorrow as I stiffen, slowly turning blue.

My moist eyes tighten and pull inward and around themselves for comfort wanting shelter from the ill complacent cold, like a paper towel misplaced in the bottom of a dripping sink, these eyes sog and sag; who would want to see on a day

Not flowing—
Not through me,
Just a rock in the way of its foreseen future;
It puts me to shame,
I am just an obstruction.

Its fury surrounds me, tunnels of sick torment swirl madly beyond me, I know you're in charge. . . I know you can pull me here or there, I know I am at your mercy—your pawn.

The trees scream as they lean and touch for the ground mechanically, they too have been molested by the hazel skies and the frozen translucence, burrowing winds—you.

They bend and retract,

they scream and react,

they hang their head in shame, they are listless to blame,

They thrive when you are absent; they open up beads of warm dew and frolic in the gushing warmth of the sun—

Helios the God.

You could never be such, I could never dream—I have never dreamed of anything other. . .

Frozen limbs. . . a white room void and unpremeditated in stature holds me hostage, bleeds me of every color except its own. Eyes fixated on the heavens, I weighed them in tons as they lay heavily upon my caved in chest. Voices reverberated as time ended and was encompassed by murmurs and whispers. The heart that I own became frigid like the shadows that draw me in and out of visions. . . You were there, you are always there. . .

There is nothing to deliver me from the pain that you have instilled in me so zealously and cowardly. . . the life I own has slipped away from here I fear;

it lay naked and decomposed on an interstate highway covered in Styrofoam cups and cigarette butts,

flies pick at those pink little ears, buzzing, only buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, buzzing.

What matters most matters least, what I say should be is far more than this disease! I rapture and quake at the quotes of a fake! I spat venom on your grave that still awaits you! I smile at it and it to me, and we sit and mock you religiously, we await you in red and veils of baby socks, the ones you would use to clean off your cock.

Grave and I are in quite the circumstance Burrowing our way out of your unbuttoned pants Even so, even then, we would never be the same again— So is life! So it goes! This is what life so chose!

Be still my voices full of shrill, Be still my trembling lip until, A warm soul of sooth will calm and tire, The will and need for you to be a liar.