

Brianna

J.

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 like today?

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.