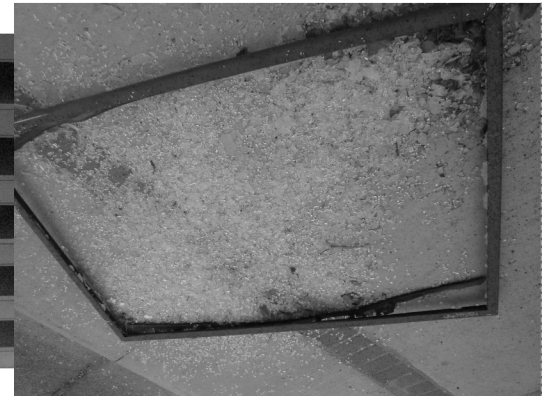
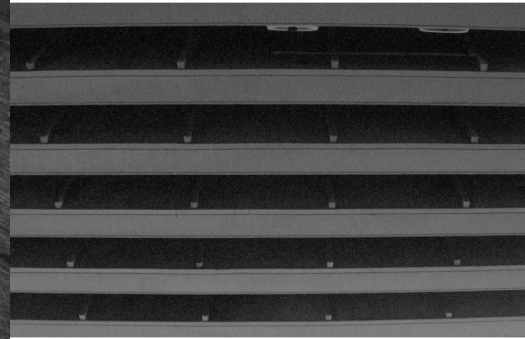


glass skin,



& blood mixed with chalk



the hands clasped in yours



turned cold rebar



now all my dreams are of limestone

forgive me, i left my mind in the cement mixer

