The Body

Nina Nastasia

My blood for you My lover's bruise My clothes are scattered My skull is fracturedOne lock of your hair In my grip Tears on my lip Cut from my bitMy gaze can not keep Freckled and green Whirling over chills Of my morningWhy did you do it? Why did you? While i was pleasing? Will i be waiting? Giant caws blow Through the switches We are heirs Who's not a coward? All await The eyes to cloud For the will To leave the birches

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