

Blades to Laughter

Night In Gales

if blades were laughter
each nail a smile
my scissorsmouth
would spit the soil
for words of napalm
none below
for hymenmurmur's
poisonshowif blades were laughter
each knife ten teeth
i'd dye the words i breathe
all blackif blades were laughter
each pile a grin
my starscumwords
would twist and spin
the murmurfather's
silverthroat
that spat the soil
for what i wrote

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