

Purple

Horse the Band

Sweet sweet pain- like a thundercloud but tears are
rain full fists slapping thudding BANGING RAGING
wanting not to be weak with woe empty hands-she's on
the floor on the floor she SLAMS her empty hands like
thunder it rings in her ears slapping thunder
splashing in the puddles of her tears lungs heaving
from the crashing dying dreaming that was ripped from
her heart while BEATING and dropped all red and sloppy
here, on this clean tile floor. Now there is a hole
inside, where the ghosts and demons hide, whispering
white wilting words of woe, hungry ugly crunchy
things, HORRIBLE NASTY PERVERTED THINGS. in her head
her mother whispers "spreading like a whore". weeping
wilted pile heaving. weak with tears and dead with
dreaming, wanting to be wanted and wanting nothing
more.

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