

And Then the Robots Killed

Curl Up and Die

I dread the day with what we shared shattered like frozen features, disfigured and all alone withering, is this how it actually ends? Delicately feathered and face woven with beauty, these limbs are crumbling. This is the again and the two dressed so innocently. An empty palm and another back and the numbness remains as an awkwardness. She swept away the floor, transfixing the gravity that held me. To stop the clotting and let whispers tell secrets to the winds that broke these wires which carried me to the light of your skin. Soft spoken I said, 'these blossoms, my beloved, are dying. They are dying.'

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