Discoloration

Dawn Golden

you took my hand and brought me down in the morning
and i was sitting, waiting for the telephone to swallow me whole.i saw your face reflected on the resonant screen
and i watched your mouth moving like a tired machine
trying to plead with me
trying to swallow me whole.it's been a while
since I've been gone and away
and i watched your eyes reflect me in a terrible way
as you cast your gaze to the flickering hall.and you knelt beside me and
you started to pray
and the whites of your eyes blackened
with a hardened decay
and you talked to me in a broken voice"in your open mouth
silence me in the coursing
blood in my eyes
dress me in your clothes
and swallow me whole"

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