

The Tribute To Manila

Love Like Blood

a blue neon cross on the tower
is shining over manila's streets
where they are standing and selling
 their breakable dolls bodies
she said she is twelve years old
 and her name is arlene
 on her left forearm
 are some small scares to see
 beautiful faces and the call of the flash
 40 dollars for a life without choice
 when the trip is abating
and a sober coldness through her body creeps
 she has the feeling to set her body
 from that crawling skin free
 so arlene cuts at her arms
 a fast cut with the razor blade
 empty eyes look tired and depressed
 unnamed glow in the eyes of nameless
 but ghostly white faces are still waiting
 blow up forever the fat old folks
 I wish to hear a voice that shouts
 they should be sent into hell
they should be sent to the swordoh arlene don't cut yourself
 no more cuts
 no danger to death no
 no more cuts

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