

# Small Price

My only choice is to print blood from a heart that bleeds every day.

My only wish is unity that ever lasts and is too much of a fantasy to expect it as reality.

My only skill is to write the horror and seethe all the anger and hear the world laugh as I struggle to survive loss.

The dragging ties sewn upon my very valves that help the heart pump in every second every time for all the times that can ever be never fall off.

One by one I have died and lived again just to suffer like Christ never has.

Where do I find respect or common trees that sprout in the forest of the mind as tall monuments of unique horror.

Locomotive steam roaring out like my screams as I say their names and none arrive on time or by wish.

I am alone in a purgatory trying to kill good that want die and cultivate the bad that gives reason for isolation that just want grow.

I have lost it all, what's sweet and what's bitter yet you love me, despite it all, My love you were worth it all. *Pub 2/1/11*