Afterthought

The sunlight
disappears
with the window pane shadows
on the floor,

and shallow water
strangles
the cold steel darkness
of an open drain.

One drop of blood
falls through the air,
falls onto the basin.
One drop of blood
begins to spread itself
along the inside,
begins to spread itself
on white porcelain,
becomes its own stream
absorbing beads of water,
separating with greater speed
into short hypertonic branches
led by gravity to the curve in the sink

where it gently feeds the pool.

--Matt Butzow

Marriage of Death

Place this ring upon your finger
In this marriage of death
We both know
We must be together
No one else will have us
We were just having fun
Not considering what we'd done
But now consequences come
We must pay
For our careless day
And now we're doomed together
So place this ring upon your finger
For we'll be going together
So this marriage of death
Is what we deserve now
And we've learned from our mistakes
Even though it's now too late
But we were just having fun
Not considering what we'd done
And this kiss of death came from another

--Tawnee Shallenberger