

manuscripts

Heaven Waits

Christian Carl

Two days until heaven,
and
The tension hangs as thick as

blood

From the corner of mother's eye.

The maternal mirror whispers,
and
My thoughts rage like the

hail

That crashes to the car,
killing her words.

Two days until heaven,
and
He makes my life as cold as the

sweat

That drips from her elbow
(and I blame her for his absence).

The maternal mirror floods,
and
My image smears like the

rain
That fills my eyes,
drowning my vision.

Two days until heaven,
and
The tension hangs as the thick

blood

Flows violently within me.