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## Graffiti

I did not seek  
This dagger  
Which scrawled into my skin  
Cutting versions of  
*I love you, I need you Butterfly*  
Words which now stain the  
Impure ridges  
of my breasts and lips.

I am nothing

To you; indistinct  
A public wall.  
No breath of its own except  
Its living words  
Dead in you.

I read on my skin  
Red rumors of love.  
You, Graffiti Killer  
I know the taste.  
I have licked the concrete slab—  
The wounds in my flesh.  
Red, purple, blue  
The palette  
of my thighs.

*Melissa Burden*