
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