
This is the Last Time

Sarah Murrell

laid out naked on a warm soft slab and sinking like a body sitting on top of me waiting for when she holds her hands over my eyeballs squeezing til they pop juicy and dark in the cool stillness and my mind turns over like an tumbled headstone with all those lean pale words pushed into the wet dirt and moss made to wait one more day to try and see the sun yeah I got a whole head full of them like ship prisoners like stowaways pacing away their flesh and meaning screaming at the rotten wood door for someone to let them out into the world got a shitload of them and cant help but wish we would all shut the hell up and blow up all the words semantics hair splits and spelling outs of shit you can only feel and make us all rely on our eyes and bodies to tell a thousand stories that these useless frail paper thin words will always fail in the face of this is what passes in front of my attention one after the other on a conveyer belt thin as light and heavy like crowded room smoking on this bed in this august night with the air pushing elbows into your lungs like breathing face down in your covers like breathing warm cream.