

Till Death Do Us Part

Did they know
how I burned
yOur house down
Too?
How I set
fire
to the blood
we spilled.
It was in
your stomach.
You swallowed it
and made
it your own.
How spiteful.
How rushed.
Now every time
you utter,
gas fumes
fly out.
And one day,
when you're
kissing cancer,
you'll burn
of your own
making.
What will be
left?
The tendrils
of my existence
that you
so lovingly
kept.

~{A}