

Righteous Indignation

If I bury my body into the orange clay that awaits my soul,
let it crush me,
mill my skeleton,
perhaps my dandelion bones will finally
be warm,
and you will be at peace.

If I step off the rocky edge,
let the wind embrace me,
rush through me as if I weren't here at all,
perhaps it would take me
to where you think
I belong.

If I plunge into the unknown depths
of the ocean,
breathe in water
that has never been
touched by man,
pure,
though you would disagree.
I will sink slowly
regretting the way I loved,
you hope.

If I burn myself at the stake,
the smoke abducting my sight,
the flames consuming
every inch of flesh
this condemned love has made holy,
then my Blood will feel

justified,
torch in hand,
smoke strangling you slowly.