

wretch

04/14/2019

i stared evil in the face
every inch of wretched skin
they say 'don't let evil win'
when luci fell from grace

did he not?

certain that sin is to end
all good we hold within
never having understood
being the hand to lend

so we rot.

timber fallen to the earth
then mycelium spread its roots
i will bear these bitter fruits
you will watch this wretched birth

homesick clots.

our blood has stopped the ebb
but the flow continues flowing
and the dead continue growing
like flies to a spider's web.

noose is taught.