

i'm your lamb for slaughter; innocence's death.
young flesh always tastes the best you so told,
teeth curled around your lips, mouths opened
as a gash, my breath was torn for you. dogbite
between my thighs, warmth alone presented

take your pleasure in running jagged serpent's
tongue against my edges; snap that fanged
down to take all of what's left of me.. i'll think of
you forever; invoke prayers for your salvation
on my last dying breath. rise to heaven, holy
ghost. i'll be down below my willing body
prssed into the flames.

agonized throat is quiet in these hours; i wish
to cast you back into the reflection of
fluorescence in alabaster
tiles| the grout creeping across? i feel those
those stolen ecstasies down in me; tightening,
|ightening-you're with me, so i never died alone.

i know now our god has not forsaken us; i can
hear his laughter crash down from the heavens,
the sunbeams becoming stagelights, forever
illuminating that scene. baby jesus on the

nativity smirks unforgiveness. jesus doesn't
want me for a sunbeam.