

Good Christian Music

Petal, I will remind you
to be kind.

Point to the face.

Your voice immortalized and broken / banished
with a wind; lip turned, bone singing
in the man next to you, back to your
throat where we put it
first, and watched you
stagger around a bit, before falling
silent.

Petal, it was the memory of
whiteness with which you spoke next,
glands opening like swollen poppies.

I wanted out
more than anything, dead love slung.