

UNTITLED
Sarah Rasmussen

Goodbye,
Imaginary friend.

Never spend another,
Never have another,
What have I done?

Seasons pass and passed.
In me,
Out of me.

Death is only contained,
Congratulations,
They say.
But -
Massacre,
And,
My hand, my mind,
Responsible.

His voice breaking,
No more.
Beyond locked barricades.

Want to flee,
Cannot.
Guilt swamps
Wells
Of quivering fervor
Quenched at what expense?

Red sap and then
Waxen grasp,
Consumed.

You were there.
Inquire.
In pungent flashes,
Pulled.
As death spoons, slices

Riot, or desire