corpus christi antichrist
I want you in prayer
fuck me

I as a child was not touched
I was left for death
omniscient mother
fed on my life
i a child cried
jesus would not feel me

I still a child touch no one
feel love only in death
of the perjured image man
truth mirage religion

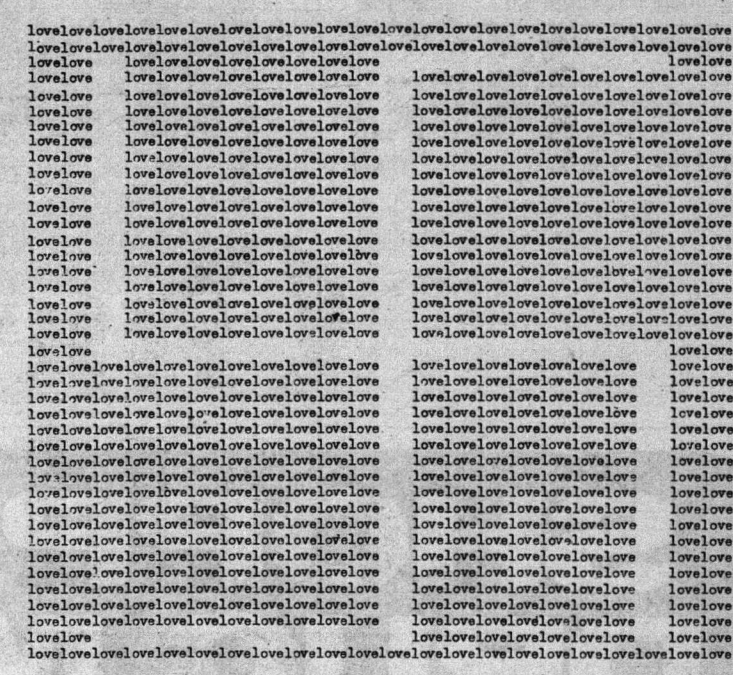
Scott Fralick

reflection

face to the window in the night
someone who i don't know
man with a boy's tears
speaking in a throatless voice

when my father lay dying
i cried only as he slept
to clear my throat of the pain
and if he woke
twisted fingers gently wiped the fears from my eyes
and brought this silent throat to speak again of pain

Scott Fralick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