

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

as i woke from my sleep
a tiny bird came to my sight
perched on the window sill
amid the morning light.
and from its beak came a sweet song to lull
i walked over to the window and crushed it's fucking skull.

JAG

after

When they amputate your dreams
and crucify your words
solitude remains
a face touch it stills the sky

sunday
we walk in the park
and while the children play
and while the children play
we dream

Clutch my hand crawl in my eyes
we still share the same dreams
to release them we
amputate reality

Scott Fralick

