

Purged

Purged from her mouth
The words came crashing
Like slivers of glass
Straying from the broken pieces
She slices through me unknowingly
Keeping oblivious
Her state of mind
Suffocated by the thick
Encompassing air
Like a soft, linen sheet
Smoldering a carcass
She leaves me breathless
My shock paralyzes me
While the pain
Thickens internally
Like a blood clot waiting to burst
And I am left to bleed
To wonder, helpless to any form of action
Isolated from realizing the truth
Crushed by its reality.

MICAH CURRIER