

Bullet

Blackberry busted trust slips out,
juice drips off my finger.

Tasting metal black, iron dull, pulled in unwanted directions-
mislead, misjudged, missed the meaning somewhere,
miles back.

The black comes whisper soft into my ears-
smoke like tar slides around me,
sucking at my skin, pulling twilight.

Linger-slide into my dreams like serpentine,
like vicious, nauseous sick liquid dark comes out.

Rivers flow to unknown riptide,
to bloodpump-the thump of hitting pavement hard.

Seeping into everything,
it sings a siren's song.

CALEB DORAN