

I am
standing in rain
with an inverted umbrella.
this is my hometown. hungrily
comforting my soul is a single thought,
ringing in my ears, I hear it.
'Everything will be taken
away.' caught
in a
charred net
I find Him, my
own personal god.
He's how I
imagined.
stuck-up.
hopeful.
He spits
fire as
yourself to my
flowers. I can't
know where your rust will begin, but please just
don't forget Me. I can't remember the last prayer I
received that was not in agony."
We cry in each
other's arms. that's all
We ever wanted.