

relative impact

in the dirty beaten nub of the night
two bodies strain
into the injury of each other
the bathroom floor splashed with wine

demons sprawl in shadows on the wall
licking up this sickly succulence
leeching on the throbs and thrusts
of their hosts' engorged forms

south-seeking magnets
that should have repelled
or better yet
never have met
plunge into the hole
of a screaming secret
all the way in on the cold white tile

drinking the infinite drink
to blind themselves
they feel through the ruins
for a foothold
an open womb
in this headless flesh binge

they gouge the trunk of the forbidden tree
waiting for the polluted blood to bleed
flaunting the drained bottle
of a fuck-all
at the rising sun of shame

and the relative impact
of nothing
when no one knows

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