

## When Two Blood Types Coalesce

### Conducting From The Grave

Two fingers hold a light, that in time will filter out all the bad times.  
Cherishing a nourished future, holding onto letting go.  
Saltwater expressions wash over a pale face, leaving the other to reflect it back.  
A fold, a crease, a setting, all began with only a decline.  
Crumbling barriers give way to an unbearable friction.  
Cold shivers, their skin sticks to the barrels of their release leaving behind a trail of their types amongst the sheets.  
Collect the remains, the families shall remember not to inconvenience, let sorrow set in with despair to dig the hole.  
In a time when two blood types coalesce.  
Smiles will never be so shallow again.  
But rain in the light, undefined by the unbalanced