

The Locust

Fit For An Autopsy

Swarming in the streets. Pulsing in the blood of late night locusts.

The sound of broken teeth and fingernails scraping on brick walls,

piercing bones with worthless cures. In between the tremors. To subdue

the necessity of living, only to return when the lights go out again.

Peel the skin back from my face. Revel in the disease. Drink from the

rivers of rust. Take shelter inside this house of overwhelming distress and disregard. Hollow your soul with needles. Pray for your

own end. While you wait for the pain to go away, every one else is

watching you fade away. Losing faith in hope and sleeping in the

waste. Product of a decaying race. Heir to the throne of sympathetic

apathy. Purveyor of post traumatic medicinal practices. If there ever

was an end in sight, you would only find it in an over dosage when you

weren't even searching for it. The roaches come when the lights go

out. The locusts feed when our time runs out.