

My Number Is Expired

Illdisposed

Is it thirteen?
Is it number ten?
1971.
When life had just begun.
Is it my brother?
Born in '79.
My two-year daughter, or the one I left behind.
They lie and smile insist.
Better place wanted.
I can feel your eyes, burning, in my mind.
Expire.
Dead.
Running.
Pulling.
Plugging.
Doing.
Chastity.
I promise not.
In figure.
Naked.
Sweating.
Bleeding.
All forsaken.
Promise.
Nothing.
Nothing.
The ramblings of a madman.
Poison.
Words.
Naked.
Sweating.
Nothing.
Nothing.
Poison.
Nothing.
They pull you out it's very intimate.
To think they even make the time.
All is not to be forgotten.