

Unwitting Valentine

Pig Destroyer

The sunlight rips through
the overcast skies
of my concious.
through the crack
in the closet door
warming the claw marks
inside my eyelids
the puppet seems
to have walked
in on his master untangling
her strings
but sometimes
when I am watching
the silhoutte
in her bedroom window
I think of leaning over her
while she sleeps
and licking the heroin
off her lips.