Untitled
By Ryan Ratajski

You're desirous.
I desire your wrists.
You are my razor,
I am your kiss.

While the red rushes rapid over restless ruins,
blue vanishes vapid under violent visions.

These veins are our bridge
and we're cutting 'em up, we're cutting 'em up.

The cells collapse capillary connections
and speak to nerve endings with unnerving inflection.
They scream, "Let us go, let us flow!"

So,
they do
and you die.
On your last breath,
you rattle and sigh,
"Goodbye, goodbye, I love you, goodbye..."