

War of the Minds

If I am to die, then let me do so
dagger in hand twisting the blade
between your ribs. Smiling as the blood
rushes through my fingers watching your
face grow cold. If I am to die, then
let me do so completely untethered to
this false reality we so quickly call a
home. I feel the struggle in your
convulsions as you so desperately cling
to life. Nerve endings and tissue
sticking to the steel. If I am to die,
then let me burn these boats as we
arrive to shore allowing the flames to
consume everything we once loved. Then
and only then can we become death and
rise up against the tides of bondage so
rooted in our carnality. The pain
albeit ephemeral holds no weight to the
bliss and ecstasy of this release.
Freeing clipped wings that once
transcended the sun, now embrace the
moon.