

Black poison injected into the skin

The color of leeches enfolding limbs, setting up camp in my gut, suffocating lungs through microscopic parasites, worms, and ants wriggling between crevices and orifices into ear canals, belly buttons, open wounds leading to blood vessels, encroaching on sacred territory, tainting clear body fluid with depression, anxiety, and hopelessness. Buried alive by a shovel from my backyard, only dirt can fill the empty craters inside, or maybe the salty tang of sea mixing with fresh buckets from melting ice caps up north mixing with coal, the feeling of drowning in a tsunami of my own making. Water boarding—voluntary or otherwise, choke on it. The color when my semi-permeable cells bloat, the liquid bilayer cannot withstand the nuclear blasts of my internally germinated enemy. The color of tubes stuffed down my throat, forcing me to eat gunk made from a society run by perverts and gluttonous sloths who bathe in gold tubs filled with money. The color of discontent at the hands of injustice for a murdered innocent. The color of eyes drained of a soul, too delicate to touch or it will crumble to ash in my palm, too weak to move on, trapped in prison by a bribed jury. The color of my aura shredded by sadistic scissor-hands who smiles the whole time, stains painting his suite and bow tie. The color of blood and vomit merged when it overflows the bucket in viscous globs that cool and harden and can be carved into sculptures that riddle in the corners of my home and life. The shape of a broken heart, stepped on like used cigarettes in the street, slouching, dying on the floor.