

Ovoid

Sersic tries to define
every breath in your starved
frame. Your bones hang
gaping, gasping
around lungs searching,
but you are burning
out. Dim, they say
you've aged out of beauty
classified you as red
and classified red as undesirable.

Paint red lipstick kisses
on their skin, show them
the meaning of red--
because blue will burn them
i n s i d e o u t
before you close your eyes.