

Tearing core

A breath of moonlight projects through the mirror to fall upon the writhing thicket in the corner of the room. The torque of the writhing thicket projects vibrant saws of hope which emits warmth as they decompose. Inverted shrapnel ruptures the cold floor in pulsating waves of time.

The saws are wrapped tightly together,
woven in a thick, tar wind,
searing and gashing across
the reflection front.

Embedded in the skin,
sewn over and ingrown,
it festers,
it scabs into threads of dust,
atrophic fibers,
projecting eternal laughter to the letter of the veiled corpse.

Scrap the teeth.