

Songs of Medusa, no 8

my body smells of death

perhaps it is because I died long ago

perhaps it is because I have not died since - no age

The smell of corpses lingers in my hair and my mouth grows still

breathing whisper
grows cold frozen or

strong enough that not even the scent of flowers can hide

my lips grow pale cheeks lose their color and my eyes? well

those have been dead for
much longer