

The Empty Bathroom

Inside it's safe.
The walls calm red. Singed black,
They throb a mess of disfigured flesh.
I know he's out there.

But each pulse brings me closer.
Sinking sick, yet strangely sober.
A distorted lens, a foreboding action,
And a fake, ambivalent, burning passion.

Slowly, seeping black cirri.
A swelling edema gorged with pus.
Chest tightens,
Heart pounds,
Jaw clenches.

But there's a way out:
An angry, bleeding, jaundiced orifice,
With signs of gored reckless ingress.
Don't hold back and slip through the squishy wetness.
Breathe deep a yellow bile, a phlegm, and a stench.

Suddenly blinded by bright white clinical lights.
Cold blue formal scrubs harsh on my skin.
His yellow frail trembling body lays before me.
Those green wild darting eyes.

First, compulsion
Then,
 a
 torsion
A form of gratification
Followed by revulsion

Bone cracks
 Skin slaps

A lurid urine; a seminal smell.
A guttural moan with perverted frequencies.
His muffled screams penetrate my vacuous skull,
Each echo an ephemeral, venereal relief.

My hand shakes,
And I tuck him into my phrenic vacuum.
The world wakes,
So I crawl back into the empty bathroom.