

I fucked to love, but never made it

Mario Stone

Her crying pulse heralds the chaotic
Bellows of deeper thrash. I tear into
Her heart and lick its length until my tongue blooms

Lush, bloodrose— our parting lips.
Lust the crave, the crutch
I grab, I clutch and push. To carry on

Is vanity— such endeavors in the name of love
Are feats of self-deception,
A felony of lips

Giving way to squandered breath, pleasure past—
A thorn to pierce the supple mass
And burn the skin I hold close.