12-1-1994

Untitled

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Fairy Tale

I sometimes wish that dreams were real
and not just there for the world to steal.
My life goes on and it seems so unfair that love
is sweet, but leaves me so incomplete. I dream so long but to no avail. All I
want is the fairy tale. People pass by without raising an eye and I want so
much to be part of their lives. But they
walk on and I'm only a passing thought.

Tamara James

Untitled

Caught in the twisted wreck of a decaying heart
Funeral ashes burn my throat and singe my eyes
My spine bleeds as blood forms the nauseating form of my
wretched existence
Hold me in your scraping arms as my fangs penetrate your
vein
Let us come together in unholy wedlock, sucking your sweet
honey from its hive
Blood stains my teeth as I taste your sweet lips, my soul
enters your eyes
Heading downward in a blackened grave, your breath burning
my skin enter me as I swallow you whole drawing you closer
to me
Peel my skin away and stare into the scabbed heart of the
real me

Peter Panagakos