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III

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ILL

Rae Northcraft

Frozen in this grave, am I--
Iced over by a deadly chill
In my bones.
Like weather-enduring gargoyle stones.
Breathing under covers,
I catch the thrill of empty breath.
And I sigh--
by and by
to the feverish, ever wondering why.
I stand cemented to this sanctuary.
Am I comfortable here? or comforted?
Perhaps,
I simply indulge in a place to rest my head.
There are cracks in my brain,
where thoughts leak out through my lips.
And through the ink in my fingertips.
You bandaged me to keep them in.
But now,
They're leaking through my skin.