

**After We Ruin My Love's Heart, the God of Annihilation Prays Back to Me**

O brick fist,  
storm's eye, twitching  
guardian of angels cast  
as devil-to-be, tell me: how has  
the ammonia cloud & rootshred of  
your bed, blazing crash site, kept your  
hands casket-still, ghost-  
cool? praise  
ye treeless planet,  
my bleach & flame-  
forged mirror:  
twinning the dark, your faith  
burnt silk  
, my sweat-drenched slip,  
the truest skin I know—

O scalpel-crowned  
roach king, salivating  
into the blister-white void—  
that all breath & sweet mud heart earned  
*you?* whole home devoured.  
all-knuckle, unblooded  
desire: malware mimicking  
the body, now one burst seam.  
O frothing ocean of  
licked bone,  
what does one call a god  
with no worshippers? where's the  
thread between freedom & death  
when you're  
the last one left?