

softly Sarah calls me  
calls me and me only  
her eyes are wet rubies  
my heart drops again

she calls me to the lakeside  
and rubs the saltwater  
all over  
my cold wounded heart

the beach it is empty  
the sky grey forever  
the winds and the water  
make mist on our cheeks

her hands begin slowly  
in sweet silent circles  
the white skin chafes pink  
i fist up her skirt

i grimace and buckle  
and whine like a child  
she whispers temptations  
to calm my mind

she speaks of a remedy  
in early morning whispers  
and talks like cassandra  
as water makes wine

her body it trembles  
with loathing and fear  
my hand thumbs a tear  
her eyes lock on mine

softly Sarah calls me  
down to the lakeshore  
and rubs the saltwater  
all over  
my cold wounded heart

i wince ever freely  
as tears slide down my cheeks  
they meet at my chin point  
and fall on her hands

she quickens her circles  
rubs harder than ever  
my pain falls away  
my skin turn numb

the tough lake water  
full of teardrops and raindrops  
pounds at my ribcage  
fights for my heart

her bosoms heave deeply  
my white cleavage pleasure  
her eyes lock onto mine  
we kiss without need

softly Sarah speaks with  
a lustful candor  
sending shivers all over  
my once pleasured shell

my mind becomes frothy  
the last layer floats off  
her love is now bleeding  
her hands are bright red

the skin it cracks open  
no sadness from either  
she licks up my chest  
then kisses me hard

softly Sarah calls me  
calls me and me only  
and rubs the saltwater  
all over  
my cold wounded heart

the salt and the blood  
death and healing together  
disappear in the water  
of a deep, warm kiss

my hands search her breasts  
with gliding slow gesture  
she redirects my fingers  
to the place of her heart

without any words spoken  
without yearning or anger  
my hands dip the water  
and scrape her white skin

my hands circle slowly  
as blood becomes water  
and her blood and my blood  
turn the same shade of hate

softly Sarah winces  
with tearful bullets slender  
that slide down her cheeks  
and fall on my hands

the baptism complete  
her wet eyes meet mine  
there's no words to say  
the deed is now done

the driftwood of nostalgia  
catches us dreaming  
alights in our heartstrings  
the pity of alone

softly Sarah calls me  
down to the lakeshore  
i rub the saltwater  
all over  
her cold wounded heart

the sad desecration  
of lover to lover  
proves nothing we didn't  
already know

but when two become one  
and embrace in forgiveness  
the blood of memory  
will still stain their hearts

softly Sarah calls me  
calls me and me only  
down to the lakeshore  
to show me love is only  
bloodshed and the tears  
(a lake full of blood)