

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 pleased 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)