



Murdering Sin

What does goodbye look like for us;
After we've murdered each other in sin?

Our hearts, have parted-
One to Heaven;
But the other, to Hell

It's you- who has gone to a safe place-
Which has replaced me;
Left me broken-hearted

I've been fertilized and fed, to the ground-
Where its roots,
Have swallowed me to suffocation

I'm the vegetative garden in your home-
With a rotted indentation