**Redemption**

*M Horlaci*

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crucified on the cross of words

my memories of the butterflies

as they prepare for

the last flight

from the tip of tongue

stepping on the footprints of my roses

tearing a part of

my right hip

the lost page with the shades

of the eyes of an eagle

rinse your mouth with the blue blood

and spit out a part of me

to rise up in ether

me, empting of myself

from pale face page

with the a bite of a fruit

having remorse of a killer dream

and then

to love without sin