

Redemption

M Horlaci

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, emptying 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