

## Mouth Full of Cuts

There is a cut in my mouth.

It is a beacon of memories going south.

No surgery or medicine will get this mark out

It'll reside in me for the rest of my existence,

And every time my tongue runs over it there will be no resistance

To the door that will open and take me to the past

I'll flinch and cry and scream and shout

While the memory will force me down a route

When my strength is depleted and weakness settles in

I'll lay as still as a dead butterfly before the pin

I'll pray to make the anguish pass

While my soul disconnects from my mass

Instead of going up to bright, white, light,

I'll be dumped in a filthy dark room with no escape in sight

Restrained and helpless in a perverse circadian rhythm,  
I'll be forced to relive what I thought was unlivable

And when it's done my halves will turn whole  
and I ...

I must remember not to touch the cuts in my mouth