

- Death of Pain through Poems -

- Iterate -

I remember saying

I love you

And watched those words

take flight

only to crumble from the sky

like dead butterflies

before they reached you.

RFS 7-5-14

- Spithre -

My Pretty Moth

Used to mock me

with her ability to fly away,

leaving me to die slowly

as the spiders sipped the nectar

that once was my heart.

RFS 7-9-14 -