

## Grieving my Father's Death

My heart is a graveyard  
full of overgrown weeds  
and glazed over inscriptions  
it is hard to lift my head out of  
the grass why don't i  
let the insects eat me alive  
leaves to dirt food to dirt  
i'll piss out the salt that the slaves mine  
all is divine and all is shit  
all is none and  
none is is is is is  
butcher my loved ones  
butcher us all  
beat bricks to dust  
to clog our lungs  
let my mold eat the walls  
and poison the air

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