

## remnants. pt II

I leave behind remnants of myself with others.

Old friends, associates, and former lovers.

Is it bad that I want them back?

Those pieces given away to ungrateful acts.

Handed out like roses  
thrown after the bow.

I want them back.

I want them back now.

I'm disgusted with myself for letting you see.

Letting you taste, touch, and feel what makes me.

I've allowed you to enter me.

I've allowed you access to my flower, where my power lies and leaves.

I weep.

I bleed.

It seeped from me and through my sheets

and onto my lover's meat.

Restoring my self,

I'm finding every petal through my memory

I think about how you would eat

me  
and see me  
showing my teeth.

Knowing that you didn't deserve me.

How greedy. You've picked me for your feast.

I am exposed like a rose

with bee stings,

I die a little when we meet.

I've decided. I'll puncture you until you bleed.

And when you open your eyes to look up, you'll see

You just left a remnant with me.