

First Their Blood Was Refused

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First their blood was refused
In lucid nightmare fashion
They lay gaunt on gurneys
Bony wrists lassoed by IVs

It's hard to imagine these limp bodies
Once sprinting from nebulous assassins
Once squirming in the loops of lariats
Like agitated livestock who didn't expect that
Grazing on bucolic landscapes would lead to
Their light being sucked into black holes in
The corners of this circular utopia

And they atrophied in secrecy
Bathroom faucets spilled sanguine red
Cosmic dust clogged their arteries
Till they were bloated with fear

Turbid remnants would emerge
During the autopsy, smoke billowing from
Scorched veins, leaving a hollow singularity
Where blood used to flow

But now my blood is wanted
In lucid nightmare fashion
They lay gaunt on gurneys
Ventilators drilled into gasping gullets

Asteroid in hand, I ready myself to throw
But I crush it between my palms instead
Blowing kisses across the twinkling sky
Hundreds of thousands of shooting stars
For the light rays that never made it back