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"Harley Davidson"

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Crimson striations
Map her back like a bloody atlas.
Pebbles of asphalt raked across
A boyfriend’s name in ink.

A blanched ivory bone
Punches through the skin
Like a broken piano key;
So white it’s not real.

Globs of hair stand dry and stiff.
Cracked skull like sheet rock
Cling together like worn puzzle pieces,
Which can no longer fit together.

A heaving hole is ripped.
Serrated metal shards
Sharper than the surgeon’s scalpel.
A red tide laps at a fresh born shore.

Insides illuminating.
Random surfaces of stained glass,
Rounded and pleading to be spared
The punishing outside air.

Draining veins in a colder hand
Squeeze their last pulse,
Leaving life in another hand
That wants to give it back.

Cramped, desperate fingers
Let go.
The watch, hot on his wrist
Burning the time of death
Deep into his skin.