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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.