

Untitled

Vivian Chiang

Her heart cut by a thousand knives
he keeps stabbing her in the back
dried blood like a parched riverbed.
She utters the love song
they once sang together
purple lips shiver
yet only silence
is restored.
Tears runs from the dark grey plateau
he tells the truth a hundred and one times
her eyes open wide as a pool of black honey
She blinds herself
happily seeing the reflection of lies
in the mirror of her heart.
Pain strangling her soul
he spreads salt over her wounds
to endless, soundless screams.
She smiles and thinks of the day
when their love was still strong
yet the image
starts fading fast.

Dreams shatter
sycamore dies
blood from Cupid's eyes.
Her spirit transcends
into the mist of
immortality.