## BAD GIRLS BLEED A LITTLE

The knife's breadth caught in the red cutting, and cutting threads that bind liquid breath, life, love. My stigmata are facsimiles fabricated in this propaganda war that I'm losing on purpose, a war that begins and ends with "I'm sorry." We tend to lose focus on the here and now, when we cry. We forget the comings and goings, but I'll beg forgiveness, -twist the knife a little deeper, to give a little communionin the dark. Here, you can nurse old wounds for warm copper milk. These nail deep scars, you can suckle them, they're for you--

if you like.