

Human Radiation

By Thomas Harris

mud and blood
painted on my body
not in or below like war
slow strokes to render a meaning
fast marks to avoid the pain
i am known, unknown, and the earth
as a test of mortality

he is drunk,
and he choses me for this moment
for my core and the simplicity
he stains, and my eyes are closed

if time quantifies a whole,
i live and am an innocent bastard,
there is no god,
and I expire

if time is an infinite attempt,
i am zero and will never live
i am a faceless martyr
love and hate vibrate forever,
and art remains