

# The Breakable Bonds

*by* Sheila Luecht

Spitting teeth like bullets  
Aiming at your idiocy  
Finding harm in doing so  
One has to chew to eat

So I measure my heat  
With melted fat  
How long must the fire  
Burn to wipe you out

Then I see the smoke  
And cough through it  
Almost biting it but like  
Nails that miss a hammer

You a parasite are still  
At my flesh, my brain, my heart  
Mostly my heart why were  
You not human not loving

I signed up for functional  
I did not ask for this mixed bag  
of broken glass  
I have enough to swallow

When I was small  
You ignored me  
When I grew you used me  
I figured it out intuitively

You were never a sister to me  
I was a mop to you

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Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/sheila-luecht/the-breakable-bonds>»

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Sent to clean up your messy  
Self image, while trying to protect my own

Your haughty fake oratorios  
Flagging every British accent you can find  
Imagining yourself in some film  
Unable to see reality

Invisible barriers like cigarette exhaust  
Woven around your perimeters  
Keeping reality away  
Fighting with what is and what isn't

You have no version of reality  
Just another script  
A waylaid passage  
Or crooked path

Nothing makes sense with you  
It never has  
No amount of help  
No amount of understanding

Can fix your broken  
No  
But mine that you caused  
Is

So stay away  
You pox  
Keep your lies to yourself  
Bury them

And yourself  
As I do now to your

Blinding rage  
Your hate

Your jealous  
Impossible  
Demonic  
Pestilence. Be gone. I only want the light.

