

Arynn Cummings

Dead Weight

My coat of flesh falls to the ground
It is mostly dead and rotted
But the sparse remaining tissue tears like paper,
And burns like fire in my new cells.

I have remade myself.
I've slid the sickness from my skin,
Piled on the ground, it lays
I see it with disgust, yet I mourn my loss

Can the head not tell the heart this is dead weight?
If I run, my legs burn,
But if I stand they feel the same.

Often, I forget, that rational thought has never ruled my mind,
I am constant in my feelings, And now I seek refuge alone.
I have shed your dead weight,

And I will mourn on my own.