

i have toiled
in the soil

a labor long past
enjoyment

reverent
in its filth
contemptuous
in its fruits

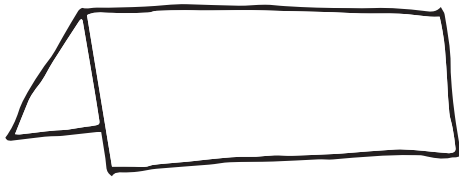
my face
forever smeared
with dust and mud

cleansed only
by my sweat and blood

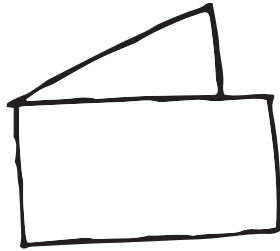
a taste
oh so sweet
the taste of my sin
still hangs
on the edge of my lips
a nectar
pulled from the flower
buried in the snow

penance
for a sin never committed
but oh so lovingly
repeated
the wicked get no rest
or so i'm told

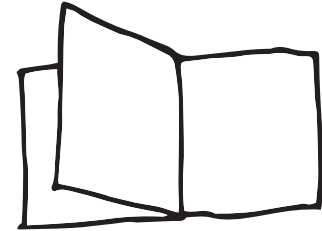
my arms ache and burn
with every handful
my lungs torn
ragged with every
desperate breath



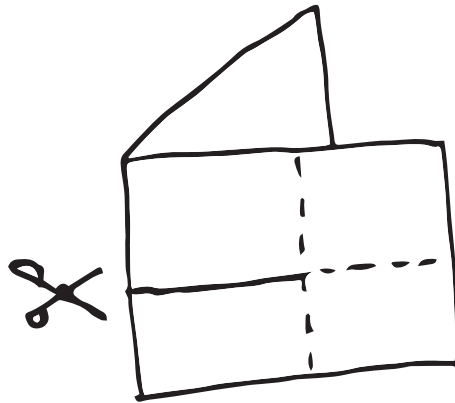
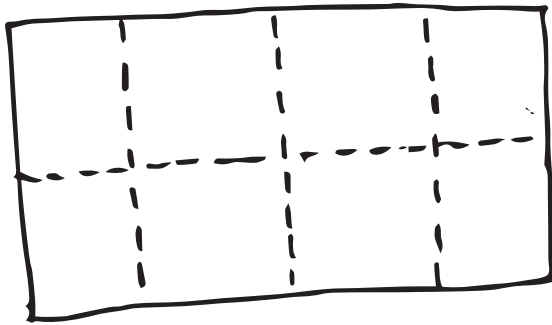
fold



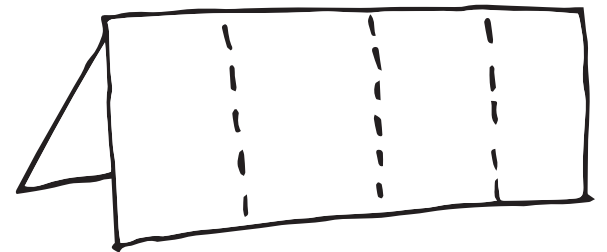
fold



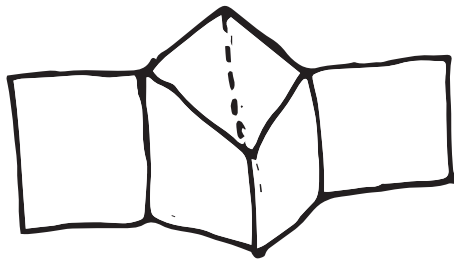
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold