

## Descent

Cora Poe

11/2020

His affection was soft  
A supple persimmon I sank ivory teeth into

The Sweetest of souls  
Wrap you in safety  
In the pine needles of affliction  
I felt a sharp pain in my back

A stinging tear tore down a now deeply lined face

If only I were not a faux hero in a foe's body  
I could create gentlemen not monsters  
The cycle continued without fail

You sharpened your teeth  
I cut mine

A demon deserved of banishment

I left you

You flailed in the dank misted loneliness  
Debarred elegance without name  
Malice without remorse

A blackened new moon  
Your memory is lost  
Your unmarked grave is a landmine

I watched water boil

You built walls around yourself too gradually to notice  
A dungeon of your own construction  
Your descent was too subtle too see  
Too inconspicuous to cause pause

I stared at the sink

You were a persimmon on my palette  
Sweet tang and sour pang  
Like all delicious things you rotted quickly