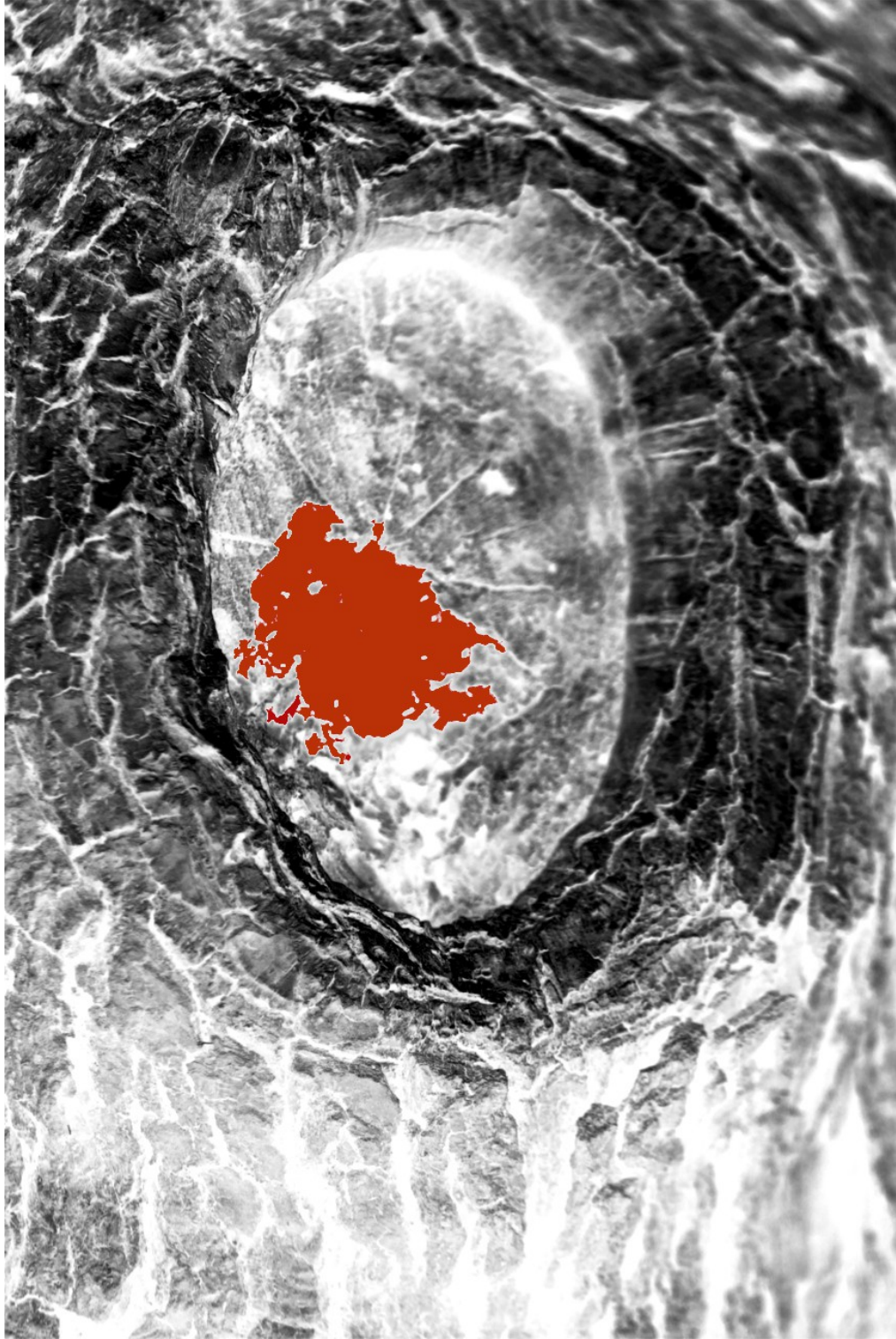


The Cutter

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journal for contemporary haiku
<http://www.bonesjournal.com>



first attempt a thin line rusts

no rest or calm the unsettled mind

rusted razor splats red on clean white

seeping red her white wrists a cracked soul

deep gashes newly hatched cries for help

emotion fleeting each new splatter

stripped of skin the tendon dangles a singular pain

the cutter wounds that sever a mother's heart

rusted blade shreds of self esteem slip away

across her belly white scars in parallel

at thirty-three no place left to cut

white bones the blood run out

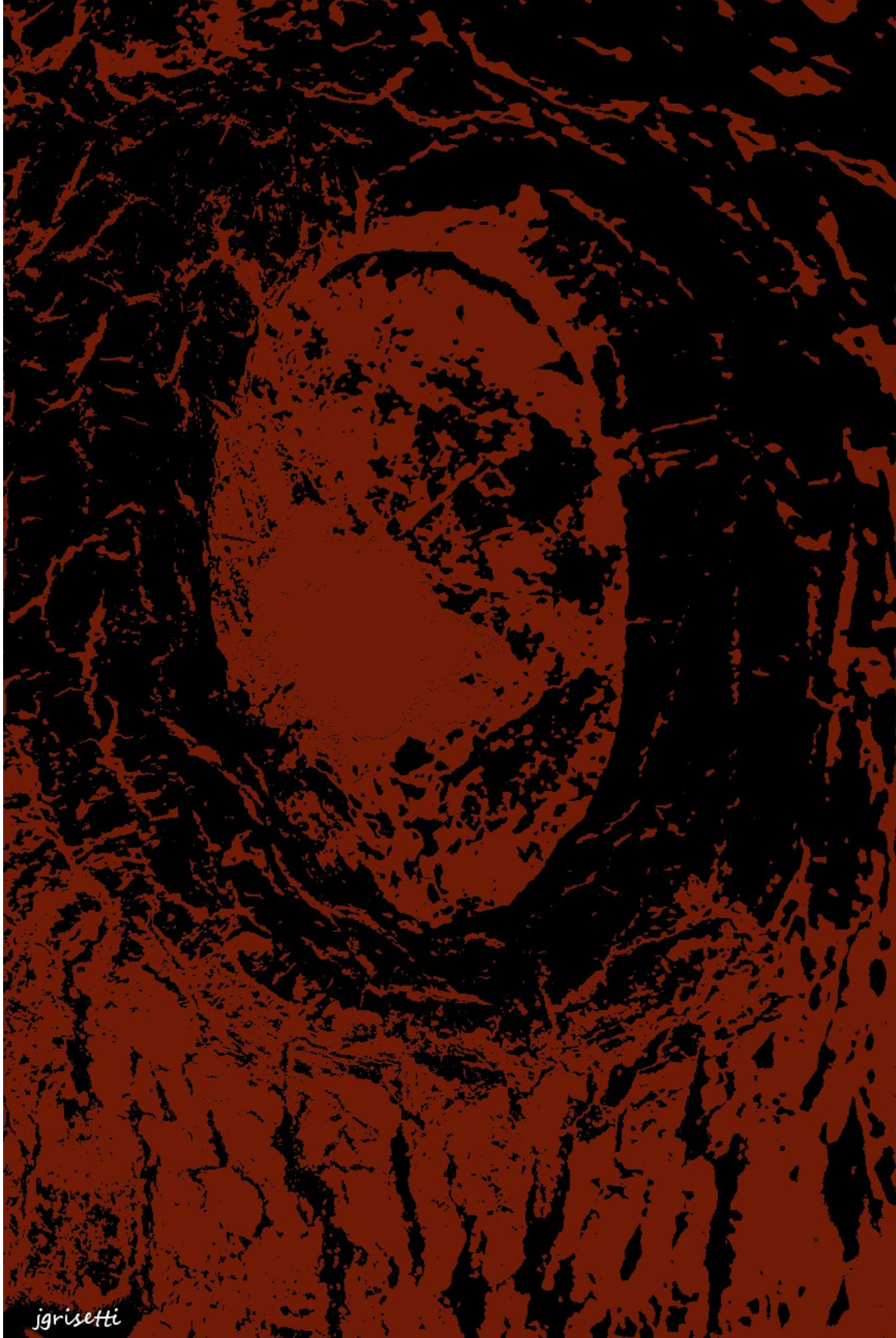
sanity slips behind the fog of relationship

slashes the flicker of a television screen

ribbons of blood on her arm an IV line

the penultimate slash a death poem

self death a final revelation



igrisetti