

motor crash(and burn)

i am choking on fumes
of sanguine ignition

huffing thick
and oppressive

the exhaust is overbearing.

you covet an audience
much like petrol
moving too fast to notice
that fuel is finite

combustible lustre
warned me of one final eruption

but rather than skidding heartbreak
we are gripped by erosion

crawling towards the inevitable

true love, impounded