my heart is a church

my heart is a church
I've pissed in the pews
the roof is bombed out
the candles are broken.

the windows are dirty
the doors are locked tight
the altars are built
of barbed wire and bones.

the wind blows through
the rain pours in
the bells don't ring
the dead don't die.

the child in the corner
looks for his shadow
his eyes are frozen
he cannot cry.

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