HE WANTED "SOMETHING SHORT-LIVED"

unheard rustle of cells assembling
traitors conspire
in the soft spaces or bone
alcohol slices through the liver
he has a hole in his heart it scares me
laisse-la sombrer dans sa maladie
makes a hole in the poem
she's going into the hospital for more chemo
before going to the States
police torture the prize was it to Togo
medical torture both natural
cells swarm like insects in the bones
why don't you just finish me off
the poem ends