

In The Dumpster Behind The Clinic

Cancerslug

I want you,
I need you,
To have my abortion
And then I will know that you love me.
My darling,
I am longing,
For something so strong
I want you to be the mother of my death.
In the dumpster behind the clinic,
I'll always remember the sweet things we found.
In the dumpster behind the clinic,
In bags marked as waste, such lovely things we found.
Build me up just to tear me back down.
Waste
You tell me you love me,
But show me somehow.