

# Untitillated

by Sera Coleman

Bleeders drag themselves across  
white halls

confessing my insides,  
your insides.

Faithless butterflies that flutter and die  
in broken brandy bottles on Broadway.

All the while, the audience sits  
captivated, clapping, coagulating  
for dusty wings all brittle and bare.

Our lives blind like snow covered  
drives and

without my contacts,

I see you only in fuzzy tune.

I don't think I need you.

\* *"You will live."*

Someday. One day.