SUA YOO

assassination studies

Immortal fly
All your sisters are dead
They enjoyed sex and then starved
While you still lap
The sweat off the clock

The night peels at the edges
Its corners lift wetted
By stars salivating
Over meat on our fire

The beach becomes glossed
With the fat of the tide
Like your lips after dinner

Minotaur: I
Am the larvae
Of your most perfect thought