

# DIVINE INTERVENTION

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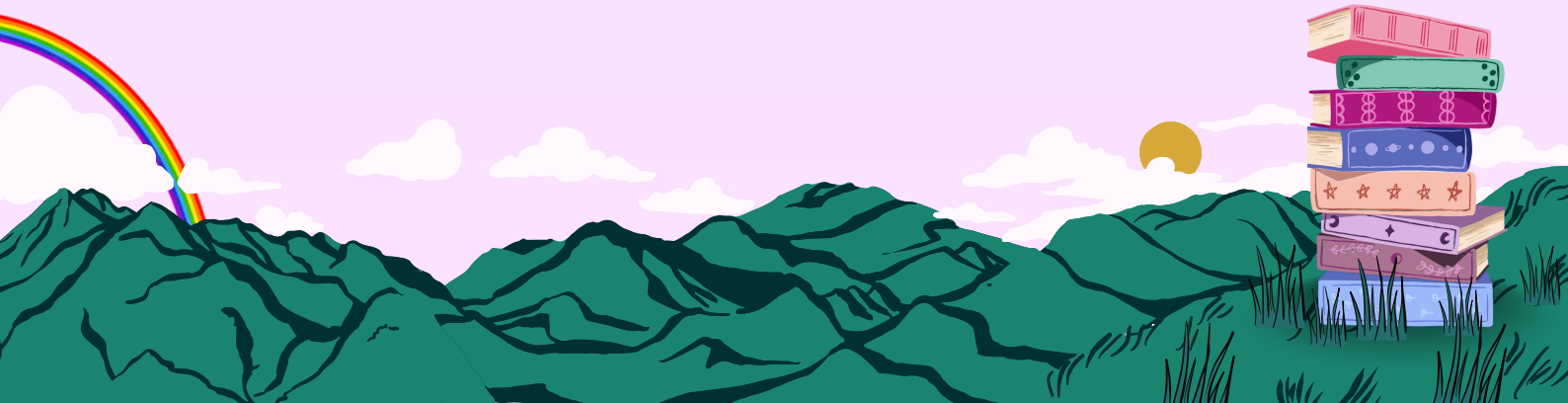
I must be made of carbon-carbon,  
To endure this re-entry,  
Constant ripping of stitches,  
In order to be perceived,  
As something close to human.

Broken bones never heal,  
Under emotional calluses,  
Still my parents cannot look at me,  
For I have chosen to be guiltless.

Grab my throat again,  
Make me cry,  
Make me bleed,  
Make me unable to stand the ticking of clocks,  
Make me flinch at the mirror,  
At rimu floors.

To You I'm a write off,  
Munted,  
The most horrific child.

In repairing my skin,  
In altering my voice and my hair,  
I have committed the greatest sin,  
I should have been content to lie,



To never change,  
To spend the rest of my life in misery.

Just for You.

I am not taking back my decision,  
To only live for myself,  
Turn every one with my DNA against me,  
I still will be,  
Entirely blameless.

I shall empty my pockets,  
Of coins I don't have,  
Let the bank have my future,  
To be divine creation,  
Moulded clay.

I will love the universe with true skin,  
For the stars I will kiss my own flesh,  
For the ocean I will endure You again,  
For the children who are my kin,

We are deserving,

Of.

It.

All.

