

BLOOD MOON SINNER

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Blood moon sinner
wasted in gin,
they wandered the night,
crawling to gutters.

(Gone. Gone. Going.)

A bullet and
a platter,
the sinner holds
the trigger-

(Silence.)

Sworn in red ink,
silenced by alibis.
They're purging
asunder the sanctions.

(It's done.)

Turn to winners,
taste their pride.
These half-hearted saints
feed on their body.

(Obsession.)

Choke on the vices,
breath in the virtues-
Crumbling-
Crumbled-
(Succumbed.)



This blood moon sinner
 turned saint.
These half-hearted saints
 turned sinners.

(Sacred disorder.)