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Life Support

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Life Support

By Ammon Hollister

Gears and cogs grind my bones between their metal teeth, and drag me into an apparatus which strikes sparks in my kerosene blood. A steam shriek is all I can release as I feel myself breaking inside this accidental entrapment.

I hate you. And all the sweet words you whisper to me beneath our sheets, your breath the only source of oxygen when the sweat from our bodies clogs my throat. But the bellows of your chest still fuels my furnace with each exhale as I cling to your body and echo the three words I've wrapped around my waist like a chain.