

Back-pedalling into the black,  
but I can still make out the figures  
that will threaten my well being.  
The wind will rise and fall,  
but never sway from side to side.  
Progression halted,  
encapsulating the fluid weave of death like  
a garden that contains  
all of it's arrested offspring.  
We're afraid to force our legs  
to break free from the earth  
and take the first step  
towards our insecurity.  
Sleep away your selfishness.  
Slip into collapse, a still-like  
state of disregard from which you can't fall back.  
You never fully moved me,  
I've been embedded  
in the dust  
and my mind has been ravaged by war.  
Pray for farewell  
as if I was yours to lose.  
I would love to love you,  
if you were someone else.  
So forgive me for being unresponsive.  
I'm sure it's hard to train your ears  
to hear me crying out for help  
with my lips sewn shut by stitches  
of my own indeci- sion.  
So I'll speak in whispers to permit my throat relief.  
I bite my tongue, fill my mouth with blood,  
and swallow enough to kill me  
before I'm forced to lose more sleep.  
I would love to love you, if you were someone else.  
Am I fit to walk alone again,  
or will you save me from myself?  
Breathe life into me, be all  
that I can see or carry on  
without me  
and just know I wished you well.