

Desire (the Dawn & The Chrysalis)

Necare

If your embrace were a chrysalis.
I would weather callous frosts - or die inside.
A madrigal, slow-breathing.
Your pale shoulders and flow of hair.
Solitude, what have you done?
My lifeless fingers trace the surface.
For these lines exist in lithic memory.
In colonnades where light, weight, and form.
Shatter like a thousand breaking bones.
Above a sea of twisted limbs.
What have you done?
Fuck your beautiful world.
The doubt in your heart made no amends.
The doubt in your heart left nothing for me.
I often return to the frozen ground where I laid with you.
When I gaze across the fields I understand the beauty of dying
leaves.
And why the dying trees reach to touch a faraway sun.
And why I have become a forlorn wreck of fleeting intangibles.
My better nature scorched in the crucible that is you.
I hate.
Yearn.
Despair.
And lust.
Desire, what have you done?
What have I become?
I am nothing.
I am nothing.
Nothing.