

Hunter of You

By Matthew A. Michelangelo

I have aged a century in three years. I've turned sorrow into art, turned a haggard heart into a purple badge. Tried to create a life for myself by doing the upright thing—speaking out about injustice, and then pedophile elitists tore my world down. “Why” is the only question I'm left with now. I still cannot find the answer, it's closer than my next breath, further than a sunbeam in my iris. Please believe me when I say, I hate you so much, my love. No poetry will ever articulate the acrimony pounding in my veins. Escapism of any kind won't abolish the loathing I contain. No amount of hate will ever erase how much I miss you.

You know I detest someone holding power over me, so how dare you weaponize it? You use silence to control, just like those pedophile elitists. If you become one of them, I swear on God, I will launch the sea into the atmosphere. Turn the Earth's crust into a graveyard hearth. Make myself a super massive black hole and swallow up Savannah, Georgia, first! I will consume everything from galaxy arm to galaxy arm. I will leave Andromeda mortified; scare all the nebulae so much that they'll run, far, far away to tell the rest of the universes about the power I retain. Hunter of Life is what the aliens will call me, destroyer of all, creator of none.

Walking this waste-cleansed Earth will be you and me, only. Where will you run then?

The sad thing is, I already did that. It solved nothing. It left me exalted and hollowed out. So I sat, staring at a wall, trying to make friends with my ghosts, which solved nothing, either. They left me out, told me they don't recognize me. So I continue with my life, even though it's only been three years. Please believe me when I say I know it's been much longer. I want to go back to sleep. Send me back to Plato's cave. Sew my eyes shut with wool.

What injustice will I see then? You could lie to me again, and then you'd be happy again. I'd never have to hunt you again! Hunter of you? Please, I don't know who that'd be. I'm begging you, I cannot stand you having power over me. Funny how life is one big Catch-22, intercepted by another Catch-22, and so on. The people who think they need saving are the ones who usually don't. The ones who don't think they need it most often do. The salvation we need is exactly what we refuse to admit, refuse to accept, refuse. Surrender pisses me off. I can do everything myself. That's my lesson: release control. Yet, still, you'll swear it's only been three years. I hate being your twin flame- so, call me when you're being a brat, that's kinda my gig anyway.

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