



we're doing better than ever,
love light as a feather,
still standing in the pouring rain,
still sleeping by empty glasses of champagne,
but I want something more
than the stain of your shadow by the front door,
waiting for me to pull up, run up, and hold you in my arms.
I want you to test me,
make me yearn for your affection,
by locking your heart away and swallowing the key,
and if I lose my sanity trying to swim
back into your rivers of ecstasy,
so be it.

let my body ache,
let it pound and pulse and beat and hurt and ring
like my heart did when the phone rang for the first time
after what my friends labelled as a summer fling.

I want you to test me
in these very moments when I'm sat
across from you at the table
and slowly starting to forget that
you're the muse of your own fable.
you could get up and leave,
leave me to weep as only your embers remain,
leave me in agony like a bespoke bloodstain,
just me and my longing to hold you from a distance.
test me,
make me feel that you might have
just been a silent mirage in another life,
one that could have doused me in hopelessness and strife.
test me,
bury me in the bones of all the boys you've loved before,
and watch as I writhe in agony on the bathroom floor
from all the weight pressed upon me.