



I feel you in my bones,  
so much so that as I sit here by the dried riverbank,  
the noose you wrapped around  
my neck all those years ago tightens,  
a quiet, untold consequence  
of daring to die for someone.  
I stare in empathy at my hands,  
pity those nails filled with dirt from the hours  
I've spent tearing away the heart of the earth  
just to find another world where the concept of  
you and I exists,  
a plane where I could have  
another second or two to fall into you,  
and feel your waves,  
those violent tides,  
engulf me in beautiful miseries.

I've searched for you in empty ballrooms,  
but only found threads of your dress,  
pieces scattered about like the dust that has now  
settled on the windowsill we no longer lean against.  
I could call out your name,  
but every time I do,  
another fragment of me dies inside,  
and those empty chambers run red,  
filled with the blood of a slain connection,  
causing me to drop to my knees and begin to plead  
for the skies to open up and swallow all my sadness.

in summary,  
there is not a moment  
where my desire for you is quenched;  
it longs for you to long for me,  
to feel your sweet subtle lust  
creep into my peripherals,  
overcome me in a matter of minutes,  
and when your outline has  
completely possessed me,  
I'll speak to the stars in tongues and  
ask for you to awaken from your grave.