



I stand there on the muted shore,  
shirt bloodied and hands muddied  
from the sins of three versions ago;  
those skinned sapphires that now  
lay at the bottom of a bottomless pit.  
should I join them in the trenches of that darkened abyss?



no,  
I'm too far gone to rebreathe the air I exhaled on some random  
afternoon laying in the arms of the one I once thought I loved  
while PJ Harvey was playing on the stereo and everything.



see?  
I still ramble about her,  
even when she was the one to drive that dagger in,  
leave me behind and dive into some  
deep, blue and forgotten sea,  
and some days,  
I swear I can still taste the salt in all her fallacies.

I feel the water at my feet  
and the arms of broken clocks caress my cheeks  
as time slips me by and the thought of calling  
her mine again takes me to uncharted highs.  
so I surrender to the moment,  
baptise myself in unspoken devotions  
to feel the gentle brunt of her sea push up against my body  
until it aches like no pain accepted before.

I hold my breath and dive,  
straight from the shore and  
into the waves of storms braved before.  
am I wrong for craving the kind of love hidden  
like undiscovered creatures on the ocean floor?  
am I right in thinking I should swim to clearer  
horizons where the shipwrecks linger no more?

I know you see the things I see,  
perfect oceanic fantasies,  
so I dive into you and you dive away from me,  
tasting the salt of the violent sea  
as I beckon for us to become one body.