

we lugged our sorrow,

held our tainted ashes for seven-hundred and thirty days,
waiting for the night to fall and become morrow,
praying to disembark from our selfish ways.
when the sweetened sun would caress our faces,
our hearts still remained in hidden places.

with open wounds in hand, we searched the corners of the untouched land.

scavenging for hope,

foraging for closure,

anything to unbind us from this godforsaken rope.

when the clouds lay still,

and the rain trickled downhill,

the flowers awoke,

and the trees danced like country folk.

we found unexpected healing and solace, in this evergreen and euphoric palace, a utopia freshly soaked and revitalised. the ingrown mattress, showered with damp jewels and petals, rooted by a heavenly heiress, the garden herself. like fallen fruits, we lay idle, overwhelmed by the truth, here in the garden's bed, our vows were resurrected, and we promised to say farewell to the ground we once tread. a fabled reflection of our growth, a piece of poetry for the trees to whisper,

a dirt-stained and remembered oath.

we lay by the shoreline,
swept away by moonshine,
the fluorescent glow of the peeking shells,
bewitching us with visionary spells.

here by the shoreline,
love created my bloodline,
who left behind a humble abode,
a place to run to,
a positive affirmation,
a welcome consolation,

when the wind calls for us to leave,
we'll struggle and we'll heave,
tearful as we drag our drunken days,
reminiscing on our youthful ways.

of what has come and gone.

we'll spread our red wings,
and follow the sound of the planet's harp-strings,
wherever it may take us next.

a seductive invitation, a subtle inclination, of thirst and desire, illicit doings by the campfire, a chance to devour my woes, and melt away into the meadows. harbourer of lust, lying woman made of angel dust, you invited me to walk amongst the weeds, and listen to your polluted speech. a subtle invitation, a seductive inclination, of peace and prosperity, and self-love found verily. the weeping willows speak, in tongues of antique, whispering incantations of gold, and a sacred truth to be told. the reach of their arms, prolonged and loving, exude a nurturing charm, warm and trusting.

heath and heather, struck gold together, when they collided. they drank in the daylight, and kissed in the moonlight, until they turned a shade of strawberry. embarrassed of what they had become, they stashed away their rum, and fled to the forest. their forbidden touch, had become too much, and they were swept away by love. heath and heather, would die together, killed by a poisonous lust.

when the fog rolled in, my heartache would turn into sin, a glass of insincerity, would splash against my rarity, staining my windowpane, falling into the arms of the night train. all alone in this rusted carriage, my bandaged hand scribbles a mistaken passage, 'i don't know who i am anymore'. over the bridge, and under the ridge, my agony did accompany me. will no one save me?

will no berate me?

tear away my fake smile?

stand by me for just a little while?

when our hands connected, our hearts were mended, stitched with a golden string. we met by the bookcase, enchanted by our portraits, our feelings travelled to magical places, and you climbed into my fortress. but there's so much to be uncovered, much to explored, but my conscience implores to know, how steep is your love? how deep is your touch? how much is enough? before we fall.

listen to the sound of the stream, and run to the rush of the bream. your insecurities lag behind, providing you with a chance to find, but not secure, an opening in the raging river. your wounds beckon for closure, and your mind crumbles under the exposure, nakedness to your seething past, and the brokenness from prickled glass. scream if you need to, cry if you want to, anything to let go, and jump into the water. let the water drip through your sweatshirt, show us that you've been hurt, but you've grown, and want nothing but true happiness and love,

even if it's as small as the eye of the mourning dove.

history had a mystic way, of painting all my pictures grey, stealing those moments, without providing condolence, leaving me with dethatched limbs. those countless hours, caressed in the flowers, my mind can't ever retrace them. nor recreate them. this anxiety, it cripples you, it can turn away your brightest days, and scar you in endless ways. but I won't conform. I won't give in, I'll tell the world that I've been forgiven. I'll chant my story to the stretching orange torso, listen to the backdrop filled with nothing but my echoes. I'll stand tall in the canyon, bask in the setting sun, sleep amongst the banyans,

knowing that I've won.

a beating heart and an anxious smile, a crowd of emotions that were so juvenile, with pondering eyes and a constant flush, my mind was trapped in an everlasting crush. with your lipstick-stamped letter in hand, the silverbells question if we'll ever be more than friends, and etch our names into this lovestruck land, or will my feelings be silenced by this note that you penned. my friends continue to doubt my sanity, and gather and comment on your vanity, but they don't know what it's like to be lost in your eyes, they don't know what it's like to run after a girl with a guise, who under the surface,

wears her pride like a small town, and is simply looking for warmth amongst the trees.



it's time to leave, wipe my sweat on my sleeve, and etch my name in the wooden gate the trees helped me to grieve, and the flowers helped me to conceive, a healing and prosperous outlook. slumped by the wooden gate, the wind has decided to speak my fate, there's joy out there for me to find, but there are places and people for me to leave behind.

