

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF IMPOSSIBLE HAPPINESS

Pain and suffering overlay darkness which has engulfed a barren, disaster-struck land.

Chrysanthemums taste like the subtly sugarless air of an autumn day.

Rumbling clouds leave footprints only possibly made by Him.

Chilly fog nips³ at my fingers with its frosty fangs⁶ and the numbness in my roots abruptly dives into my head, without any warning sent.

Within moments, exhaustion triumphs over my eyes and they begin to droop. My red cheeks drink in heat that emits radiating light that could only be of the Sun...
...yet, from where does it originate? In this pitiful wasteland, there is no source of warmth 'cept for your heart's—something I had already been robbed of.

A piercing scream is driven from my marigold lips and out as I feel the ground tremble in His presence, and a river-filled hand swallows and devours me whole. His layered voice swims within my ears.

I hear It in my head and I hear It in my ears. I feel It run through my veins, my arms, past my fingers and out.

Yet, dawn does not rise, no birds do sing, and no candle is lit.

For I am the single leaf that winter flirts³ with and embraces with ruby eyes and lilac lips in a thick forest of amethyst trees.

Life's lips tease me
And I close my eyes to the fee
Her every touch erupts an earthquake⁴ within
my withering body.
Soon, fire soaks up my eyes with an eagerness
I have never seen

And out of this fantasy I am taken
To find beside me only the crown of a Kraken⁴
Thus begins my frenzied search for a lover
One I see now of a weeping snowdrop's
fogging dust cover

But the flame of my candle had already been
whispered away
And surrender did I to the calming and
voracious decay

My only companions in this desolate and demolished desert⁶ of a realm are Him and the air that we share whilst we breathe.

His tenacious grip on my shoulder is the only reminder given to me of His presence, and as He speaks, His honeyed voice layers itself in my ears and I am quickly overtaken.

His voice is like snow¹—tempting and coaxing, and fearful and cowering, but dripping with purity.

And, as the windows to our souls are hesitantly unlocked, I feel His glassy moons innocently gliding⁵ across crackéd ice, with His bared soul kissing the frigid air.

Suddenly, I am pulled into a static dream, composed of Christmas Day's nostalgia.

I recall, with moonlit melancholy, that last I peered into my own eyes was in a shattered mirror that adorned the land⁵ I wandered on, the cracks licking at my heels with ravenous desire, and the greenness of it completely destroyed by the eclipse's shadows of red mixed with a boiling point's bubbles that trailed behind my feet.

My mother once told me my eyes were a day after a mucky storm that stole lives like a delinquent took pens and that they were sad².

Sad.

Three letters.

Like my name.

Am I sad? I ask myself.

But the Dark does not allow me an answer.

Do you hear me calling?

Please catch me
I'm falling

Please don't leave me

He is beautiful but oh so incredibly cruel.

Why does he not let me have what I want?

One thing is all I want. All I need.

I remind him of this.

“But I want you.”

His reply tempts a hungry fire, fed with wood,
within me.

Simultaneously, His words also douse me with
lightning-wrinkled water, and I realize that His
scythe has marked me as His, leaving scars on
my body that make me a glacier².

My silence reflects me on such a level that I
feel Dark’s hand stiffen on my shoulder and I
see his demons released from beneath his feet
and for a moment, I see his eyes.

His true eyes.

And I know he is me and I am him.

We share a life, untouched by innocence.

And I am my own nightmare.

For I am the monster that He fears and the
monster that makes me cry myself to sleep at
night.

I sense your desire to be free creeping upon me
like sleep¹

But I want you.

Please don’t let me fall through

You need me and I need you