

### ***Stardust***

I'm still waking up.  
Perhaps I'm always going to be waking up,  
Never fully have my pupils adjusted to the shaky rays of darkness  
And the glittering sparkles that the sun shakes off haphazardly.  
Waking up,  
It's always the hardest part.  
Forever bound to the limbo between squealing silence and scratched dreams,  
It's hard to know where to turn.  
Heat collides with chests, colors smolder into their gray tones that  
Match the bitter frowns that haunts your pallor.  
Running.  
That's usually how this all starts and ends.  
The in between, yes, where you cannot run is the deadly part.  
Running.  
That's the easy part;  
You know that it's your escape but the in between...

Shivering in your half embrace under shaking street lamps,  
The lights never warm enough to uncover the depths that crowd this slippery, black midnight.  
Muddled in your cat eyes, struggling to remember your name,  
Hands coiled around my neck, but no, no, can't struggle  
Because this is only caressing, not suffocation  
Never suffocation, never drowning.  
Shattering eyes, their tears, their colored glass spoiling the sidewalk  
Where blood should be pooling but it's still swimming too thick through our broken chests.  
Your blank smirk collides with my smile,  
Light seeping through the cracks in your shuddering nighttime madness.

Yes, my fingers still stroke your heart, the blood curdling in your body.  
No pain, no  
I cannot cause you pain.  
Yellow wounds curl into your boiling skin,  
The stars begin to snap in the wild.  
Cramped light scatters,  
Too much of it broiling in our corner of sticky blackness.  
Shadows hover around us, above us, behind us, in us  
And these damn street lamps can never penetrate our darkness.  
No, these stars exploding, even them,  
Absolutely drenched in their sparkling light,  
Won't be enough  
Because stardust will never be pure enough to unwind our corroded hearts.

### ***Bloodstains***

Hot, sour breaths

Sequester in haughty midnight shadows in black cities.  
Sticky pavement coils with the residue of sickly sweet rain.  
Bittersweet puddles ripple through small fissures in sharp backstreets.  
Where can you go when the moonlight stops reflecting her face for the world to see?  
Even she, picture perfect eloquence rippling through her gorgeous hair,  
Desperately clutches for the beginning stitches of privacy.  
Flooding streets, drenched in the soiled heat of a fiery night  
Cooks in some dark corner far from our bedroom.

Stained.  
Our eyes, our hearts,  
The streets, the windows,  
Our hands, your mouth,  
The ocean, the floor.  
It's all just a big mess,  
Seeping some spare black ink over it all,  
Snatching everything in its gooey, soft escape.  
The ink broils in the wake of dawn,  
The seal of the sun making the ink's mark as permanent as possible.  
Yes,  
Yes, baby, you're right.  
We're stuck.  
With your hand shoved in the belly of this growling, ravenous monster,  
Haunted by its charcoal heart,  
Wounds cinching around your skin,  
*I'm sorry.*  
I can't keep saving someone  
Who continues to slice their fingers on blades  
Shivering in your previous bloodstains.

### ***Hope***

Barter.  
That's all what this is, some constant barter in the snow white night.  
Ensnared by your flighty whispers and the crook of your hand,  
It's impossible to just engulf the ground we're standing on.

Low tones gurgle in the cackling echoes.  
A shriek meddles into a flimsy giggle as they collide,  
Splattering all over the lace that's been carefully sewn into our crocheted snow.

Forgiveness shivers under her folds of shadows,  
Sputtering along the curves of her cheeks down to the lines of her hips.  
Salt licks and snaps at the warm breezes.

"Where are we?"

I can't help thinking and (blurting) out  
As more ice pierces our design, tumbling around on the snow,  
Praying that morning won't thaw the steel in our bones.

"Who are you?"

Ponders and slithers around my fragmented brain;  
A kaleidoscope of moments murmur in blotchy, graying moonlight;  
A familiar voice whispers, yet it has no more substance than just a flicker of light that passes over your eyelids.

"What's going on?"

The hand scissors his way through my burning hair.  
The sun, her eyes beginning to gleam, shuffling.  
The shadows twist into seeping echoes; translucent ghosts dance towards a new horizon.

"What color are your eyes?"

A smile, a trickle of some life crinkles onto your stiff paper.  
A slight twitch of your hand, the curl of your knuckles as the cold stirs,  
One last gust stapling itself into our shadowy bones.

"Are we in love?"

Oops,  
Catapults after the tumbling, scratching phrase.  
Frozen words, stitched into shifting air, a gap hollowed out into a new fissure,  
A new rock exposed to the new edge of this forever fluctuation between cold and warm fronts.  
Broken, twisted words, crinkled, shifted, sewn together  
In haphazard lines—mushed, broken, mushed, fractured, pinned—  
Lines curling around too fast, trapped, stuck, *yes*,  
It's *us* yet there's so much distance, distance  
Teeming around a fractured, choppy, slippery world.  
The pressure circles, the snow, the snow, the snow, that crisping, blinding snow and the sun and us and  
our words  
And our beautiful words,  
Hopped me up on some new slice of hope.

### ***Our Lavender Sea***

Finding you, uncovering you  
In that dusty ash of that roaring  
Volcano was nearly impossible.  
Searching for your glowing veins in neon magma flows  
That scratched the earth's tender floor,  
I didn't know where else I'd find you.  
Seething lava entangled herself into harmless tree branches,  
Wound her charming knuckles around our  
Blackening hearts,

The heat eventually suffocating our hardening lungs.  
Thick magma screeched in the highest mountains,  
Covered in cool snowflakes,  
Gently dotting the sticky mud of a smothering love.

When the ash blew into the bubbling sky,  
It flung all the black away from the center,  
Away from the heart of it all.  
Grayness washed the white into a leaking ebony,  
Locked between shivering and boiling.  
Then the lava corroded  
Every place we had ever walked,  
Our footprints forever encased,  
Frozen beneath the broiling heat of some evil lava  
That happened to flow after the putrid ash  
Already had stabbed us in the heart.

Just keep adding onto this turmoil,  
Why not? Make it more fun, amuse your cackling heart.  
Running across the arid ground,  
Liquefied in dull, yet sharp, magma  
Growling at my bare feet,  
Digging into her back, into any part of her.  
On fire, my feet, blisters,  
Black ash, charcoal,  
That sweet scent of crystalizing flesh, coated in her poignant acid  
Makes her heart gladden.

Foolishly, I still run to his charred body.  
I know, I know I should've known.  
I should have stopped,  
I shouldn't have come,  
I should have just stayed at the safety of the harbor.  
But I had to see for myself  
That you'd rather burn and melt into her sick heart,  
Rather pick all your scorched skin off,  
Rather have her rot all the way into your exposing black bones  
And smother your heart into her glowering fingernails  
Than try to come back to make your way to  
Our lavender sea.

### *Stay*

Porous sticks tremble in a deserted forest,  
Locked into broken shadows of our lurking bond.  
These chapped, scabbed phrases bleed from our chorus;

Choppy clouds wished you'd respond.

Thick, snaking gashes crumble through our ground,  
Where are we even going to go?  
Shrieks ripple through you, shifting into another raw wound,  
What did you think you were going to do, say no?

Desperate, thirsty air, craving some different hue of comfort,  
Your hand just skipping over the disappearing puddles.  
Left without a clue, she ducks and curls into her shadows for light slumber.  
Your scratchy phrases were never anything to cuddle.

Stuck in her stuffy blankets of black ink,  
Thoughts spread and rumble around his wetting shoelaces.  
Heart stumbling over twisted twigs, he can't think;  
"Maybe you're my oasis."

Trees shiver as the wind barks, ushering in her black rain,  
Oh, these rivers crest and spray, having to obey  
To festering ebony shadows, trapped in another muddy stain.  
Were you ever going to really stay?

### ***Maroon***

There's no denying that we're a story with no ending.  
Nothing will ever satisfy what we would both qualify as a 'perfect' ending.  
All these loose ends and blank questions continue to reign over us, me.  
I sit here, waiting for your darkness to overtake me,  
To utterly engulf my insides, to gasp in your hot breath.  
Maybe it's all a show, maybe it's because I just want a desperate love affair,  
Maybe I just needed a muse.

Butterfly kisses swirl,  
Your knife tongue slitting under my porous skin,  
The red slipping over the white,  
Onto the padded floor.  
Imaginary kisses,  
Unspoken glares,  
My heart squirming in the howls,  
The invisible howls parading through our sky.  
Fingers almost touch,  
But your nails are too sharp, your fingers too cold.  
I keep telling you all this,  
That you're too much,  
Too much to hold.

Ice shards decorate the floor, your shoes slipping in red.  
Garnished in maroon, our ice sculptures complete the last written chapter of “us.”  
Adorned in the best attire, with button eyes glued to sunken faces,  
Plastic teeth seeping in dirty, wet secrets,  
Sucking onto their insides.  
But even inanimate things give way,  
Even they,  
The ones with stitched mouths,  
Find a way to suckle on these little whispers and they drown in dull teeth,  
Gurgling through the stitches,  
Till they splat their way to our speckled floor.

There's no denying that I need to pull back,  
That I need to immerse into some cool ocean  
And breath in some salty, cold air.  
You're too cold, too hot to feel correctly in the middle of the night.  
Even when the moon bathes you in her bright desire  
It's too little,  
It's never enough  
To submerge you fully into the midnight.  
Frost dances with the fireflies  
Lurking in your rainy eyes  
And all you do is push, push, *push*.  
Harder, harder,  
Maybe just *a little* rougher will arouse in some ice.  
But you just boil the sea hotter.

Those sick secrets disclose my biggest, most tragic lie  
I keep tucking into my chest late at night,  
Words that I scramble onto my notebook,  
Wishing that the truth never existed--it's too red, too swift.  
That you were too much.  
That's just it.  
You weren't too much, no.  
You were, never enough.  
You were never enough to hold,  
Never enough to slip into some real moment with you.  
There was never enough you for me to ever learn or even ever hold a piece of you.

Your absence is where I lived,  
Where I festered under your off-handed smirks and twisted lies,  
Tangled between your truth and lies to my face  
And my determination to believe that  
The maroon left on our ice sculptures wasn't only mine.