

## **Night**

A click of the light before I climb into bed. My hands search for your face, yearning to draw you in. In the darkness, it's easy to pretend. Pretend that this is something more, that this will last longer than a night. We fumble with our clothes, wanting to be skin to skin. The alcohol makes this state easier to exist in. Your lips brushing mine, filling me with hope. I can pretend that you want me as yours, that I'm not one of many. You don't know that you're the only one I've seen. The only one that's seen me.

The night shrouds my truth. Feelings engulf me when you're lying in my arms, trusting and asleep. At night, you call me beautiful, alluring, yours. In the day, you don't even see me. The hours of nine to nine are ours. The moon is our sun, the stars, our clouds. My body is yours to take, to do with as you please. Your body is mine to mold, to sculpt, to shape into the man I want to be mine.

The darkness makes us lovers. The light makes us strangers. I've begun to crave the hours when you are unashamedly mine. The night has become beautiful. The dark is my light.

## **After 12:00**

As my eyelids grow heavy,  
I think about the nights  
when I fell asleep next to you  
in my bed.

I remember the soft rise and fall  
of your chest  
while you dreamed of a far away world,  
and I knew I would dream of you.

Your strong arms surround me  
keeping me safe, warm,  
letting me fall into a sleep  
that's deeper than my love for you.

In my bed, I close my eyes  
tighter, trying to keep the memory  
of the touch of your body  
as real as the last night you were mine.

Dreaming.

## Thoughts

I never looked in your eyes,  
I closed mine and tried to hide  
from the blossoming hope  
that filled my heart.

If I looked in your eyes,  
I would see the slight haze  
shrouding your senses, your soul,  
that is completely separate from mine.

Distant.

We are connected,  
body, not heart.  
We search,  
we tug and grasp and pull.

Closer.

We find solace  
in each other's arms.  
Minute relief  
from the stress of reality.

Breathing.

## **The Last Time You Were Mine**

The last time you were mine,  
I entered the room that I had spent  
months imagining, and discovered  
it was exactly what I had pictured.

The last time you were mine,  
we watched television,  
and you didn't notice the similarities  
between us and the characters on the screen.

The last time you were mine,  
we spent ages dancing around what  
we knew was inevitable,  
wasting hours before we finally gave in.

The last time you were mine,  
I let you use me as you pleased,  
wondering if this would finally be the time  
when it would feel like you were exclusively mine.

The last time you were mine,  
I spent just a few short minutes in your arms,  
knowing it was the first time that  
you had trusted me enough to fall asleep.

The last time you were mine,  
I ran my hand through your hair  
and left in silence,  
knowing that it might truly be the last time.

## Away

You say I can't scare you away.  
Just watch.

I am a master  
of banishing the people  
I love.  
The people who  
love me.

I capture their hearts,  
cage them within my hands,  
then twist them  
with my words,  
my thoughts,  
my sighs.

I tear at  
the seams of  
our love.  
When I find  
a rip,  
I tear it further.  
I claw at  
the stitches to see  
if you  
care enough  
to have sewn them  
tightly shut.