

Words

Part I

We met
Words became our meeting place
You seducing me
With your wit
And I, capturing you
With lavish stories.

We danced
On alphabet paved fields
Our common ancestry
Weaved into an oriental rug
On which we tapped our feet
To the beat of a novel routine

Our hearts, skipping
A thump, thump, thump
Each time
I completed your unspoken thoughts
Or you
Read aloud
From my unwritten manuscripts.

We slept
On prose ornate carpets
Lulling our apprehensions
With the sound of our breaths
Heavier and heavier
Me inhaling you in,
Exhaling, my insides
For you to inhale.

Our connection
Like a breath of fresh air
Brushed against our skin
Lifting us
Above these surroundings

The landscape of busy bee
Mediocrity, disappearing
Making room for our one act play.

We bathed
In the sound waves
Of sweet speech

Turning
Rudimentary fragments
Into a cherished fetus
Growing
Infantile sentences
Into paragraphs
Melting
Into a symbiotic song
Words fulfilled the gaps of our narrative.

Our infatuation flourished, nourished
By the exchange of our fluids
By words
Flowing back and forth
Through the umbilical cord of our dreams.

You planted seeds
Made out of vowels,
And they germinated
Elongated confessions of love,
Blooming
Inside my inept womb.

Blindly we opened ourselves up,
Stood naked, trembling
But willing
Exposing
The inner organs of vulnerability.

And you reached inside my carved body
And I reached in yours
Tied our veins into knots,
Twice bow-ed to each other.

My heart pulsating
With your praise,
Your blood circulating
The promise of my devotion.

We filled our bellies
With lyrical phrases
You feeding
From my admiration of you
And you feeding me
With your adoration.

We spoke
In a newly discovered language of our own,
An archaic tongue
Understood only
In long, sweet glances
Lip-locked, full melting embraces.

With each confession
Stitching past wrongs
Into delicate needle work
Sowing epic love poems from Hallmark clichés.

We set out to crochet
Strands of our identity
Making complex patterns
Creating an unmapped attachment.

Part II

Then--
There was a disaster
Between us.

It was not a sudden
Earth rattling, shattering
Cataclysmic volcanic eruption

I didn't see
The lightening
The full throttle roar
Of your storm.

It might have been a cancer,
Perhaps, a tumor
Growing
In the shape of mistrust
Festering
Deep inside
Our now entirely meshed flesh.

We attempted
To salvage our bond with speech
But no longer were our words a bridge

Instead
Words dropped like shrapnel
Blew
In every direction
Spreading
Misunderstandings
Passive-aggressive remarks
And cynical laughs

Your "Ha! Ha!" 's
Splintering
Into our now open wounds
Shame, infecting
What might have been
What could have been.

And no longer
Were our words
Medicine to each other.

I should have sown up my lips
Rather than shout
In desperation
For you shouted back
Louder, louder, louder
Deafening cries
Followed
Each echo of disappointment.

I stepped into mines
Disguised in the shape of excuses
Walked on blades;
The sharp edge of deception
Slicing our battered skin.

Our bruises showed
Everyone could see
Our shattered egos
That dissolved
Into circles
Around the eyes,
Around our trembling lips,
Purple, blue, blue, blue
Saturating rosy yesterdays.

Guilt,
Manipulations,
Me blaming you,
You blaming me
For the failure of words.

And now betrayals
Are blowing us limb by limb
Tire track handprints
Leave their marks

A slow motion
Train wreck
Moves us
Into an exhausting defeat.

My mouth, foamy
From the disease of envy
Only vomits demands
There is no redemption.

You plead with lies
I shriek
With expectations.

The venom of your jealous rage
Smudging and smearing
Pain on our flesh.

Sorrow grows like weeds
And words
Like a pair of heavy, rusty garden scissors
Trims
The frayed remains of our potential.

We struggle, wrestle
Attempting to set ourselves free

We try not to allow our entirety to shrivel
But in the process we have torn out our guts

Only scars remind us
Of what we once were.

Side Note:

In the fireworks
Of our war
I saw that I had never loved You!
I had loved a fiction.

You were a myth
Stenciled from the conquest
Of my demons

And now,
I am crushing underneath
The erect sculpture
I carved out of your silhouette

Your fall
From atop the pedestal
Is too steep.

In the midst of this debris
I am lost.

For no longer
Can I recognize
The patterns of your diction.

The cinematic version
Of us is caught
In the spider webs
Of broken promises
Chased into a high corner
In the solitary cells of memory.

In its place are sighs,
Sighs
To signify regret.

Part III

But this--
This was not how we intended to end...

In the playgrounds
Those early days
We dreamt
Of becoming one single dying star

The friction of our dancing bodies
Was to ignite us

If we were to end
We wanted to incinerate
Rather than lie cold like a corpse

Our desires were to disarm us
Take us
Create a state of
All encompassing madness

That's how we wanted to be annihilated
Become tiny fragments of lust, devoured
That's how we wanted to accumulate
All of one another:
Together turn to dust
And "puff" disappear into thin air.

But there was a disaster between us
And now
I am making love
To the memory of you.

Part IV

Yesterday,
From the corner of my eyes
I saw you passing by

I spoke in rhythm to you again
But words turned into cold stone
With sharp edges that left marks on your skin

You recoiled in self-preservation
Taking steps backwards
The gulf between us widening
Wider, deeper, longer
The distance is too far to swim.

And within each empty space
Another ocean grew

Between us now
Flows rivers of contempt
Merging with a sea of regret

Misspoken words
Dance in a puppet show
In which I play lead, hanging
By marionette strings
Moved by the monsters of our past

I called out to you in primitive sounds
Sung from the depths of my throat
Punctuated by drowned remorse
So much is lost, so little gained
In translation.

I leaned forward
Attempting to crack your aloof expressions
But the dirt of demolished plans
Stained the white sheets of my intentions

And now
We lie broken and fragmented
Under the ruined citadel of our union
Mocking our self-inflicted
Self-induced tragedy.

From the tears of our separation
I am left severed and incomplete
But I want words that can act as clay
Mold us
Into self sustaining animals again

So I wait
For the burden of forgiveness
And Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring...
To renew
Our skin

Above us still hangs
The ceiling of possibilities
A chapel painted into "What ifs?"
Looking at me
In the absence of your answer.

You are too afraid to hear my voice
For words have yet to make
These towers of baggage
Into a stream
Carrying me
In a basket
Towards what we could still be

To Be Continued...