

The Love that Lives in the Dark

I like the way you move in the dark.
How you turn the open ocean into silky folds of a dress.
Waves that swirl around you as you dance with the lost tides pulled by the moon.
I know how your heart sinks each time the clawed hand of the past pulls you back down into the belly of the beast.
A part of you frozen in time.
A death you couldn't escape and a death you keep having to repeat.
You deserve a future too.
And I know as you sway in this sea of ambiguity, you try to calcify this piece of you so it may sink to the bottom of the ocean to join the dead.
To remain unmoving in the abyssal stillness and silty haze of a forgotten place.
Still there, it will always be there. But it would be a book's pages you will never have to read again, with no power to pull you back to its depths.
I know that the wild dance that keeps you afloat spins your head into a world of no up or down.
With no visible horizon, the darkness of the ocean floor and of the night disorient into one obsidian delusion. Blended together, but not the same.
One a prophecy of finality and the other a promissory note of hope.
Lost until a million matches are struck in that black sky and reflect those eyes longing for their place in the stars.
Unafraid, because you know that the dark is the home of dreams.
Your deepest desires found in the curious landscape behind closed eyes.
Seeds that you may toss into the fields of the morning you tend to.
A rich soil, waiting for the good work you do in the name of your freedom.
Liberating yourself is an everyday kind of thing. Like the sun, here to rise every morning.
There is respect for a heart like yours. And even after the day it plays its last beat, its spirit will live on as a testimony of your proclivity to survive and will guard the ways you have wandered.
The good work is the only thing that lasts.

The Weight of Blood

Blood remembers blood.

A deep wound settled into the marrow of your ancestors and was reborn into your own bones.

To rewrite the code that runs like glass in your veins is a heavy task.

Transmuting unseen forgotten pain into something beautiful, meaningful, and strong demands strength so pure it would be called witchcraft.

Healing this is not warm water, candle flame, or eyelashes on cheekbone.

It is packing the wounds with dirt and honey mixed with salt that pours from wide eyes.

It is making your bed on the floor so that the lightning that struck hundreds of years ago might find a place to finally ground.

For all that it takes from you to end a curse, so much may live free in return.

Your ancestors who have been waiting in disquiet like wires in a piano wound too tight, may finally rest to play their notes in harmony with every other string.

The cycle you break will tear a hole in the bag of wet sand on your back so that your spine may stand straight with nerves untangled.

With this, you may hold your future lineage close to your heart rather than at the end of a leather belt like you have known.

They will live ghostless, with no more venom in their marrow. Free to move and to love with an untethered heart, kissing each raindrop that falls into the ocean, so that the waves that crash into the shore are a blanket for those still moving through the fire.