

I believe the ocean to be my mistress.

The wind is intimate.
covering the bareness
of my back like a light sheet in mid-July.
The ocean that bathes the sand
lick at my toes
and share her breath, masking my body
with a mossy tongue and salty fingers.
This is more than
you have given me.

I watch the ocean give and take her offerings
Like the love you give me.
Leaving recycled shapes on the shore;
or how you kiss the freckles
across my body
Like I am the scroll
of your past lover.

Maybe if I was your sea glass,
Rolled, tumbled, fossilized
to a smoothed coloured glory,
you'd preserve me.
Kissing the nape of my neck leaving trails of prayers and holy whispers
that bury themselves into me.
Pulling the veil
because I know when you close your eyes you see only
Her.

It's all right though.
Like the trout in the sea
I will entangle myself upon your fishing hook
fallen to your sinful bait.
I do not lust
for what your body gives
but for how you peel your oranges
and the scruff of your stubble against
my cheek.
just like the sand I lay my head on
in that midsummer day.

oh honey, why'd you have to leave so soon?

when the crows cry for dawn
and the cracks in my window played in the humid scent of dew
i renew myself once more.
within endless abysses of yellowing plains
the brisk wind of a colder season kisses my hands
and your arm guides me home.

i find myself touched by your partial glory
scars twist themselves across your body
begging your past to come alight
but you only see forward
towards a future that will requite your love back unto you

i was so sure I would provide that to you.
like the pour of honey
it seemed your stay with me remained endless
somewhere, however, the pour faded
sheltering itself in a slow drip
i didn't notice until the sweetness of us turned biting
the evening car rides were hushed of conversation
and the realization of how muddied the roads
were and that the clouds suffocated the night
as if a punishment for the stars.

no enlightenment filled me when you finally left.
but some early mornings
before sunlight spits across the blankets of night
i can see the wink of a star
and i have hope that you are content now.

The obituary of him and i

I used to believe that life only began when I felt your hand upon my side.
Like a newborn baby squalling for air;
I kissed the breaths you put out desperate for more.
I was untainted.
Craving the spontaneity of a first love that you birthed.
Then you cut the cord that tied us in unity;
leaving me to face a torment I should have never known.

With you gone, the sunrise became extinct.
And the dew that laid on the blossoms
drowned the fields.
Leaving the fevered petals sinking in the newly barren dirt
And my love tangled in the rotting roots,
cut from the oxygen needed
to thrive once more.

Death is a funny thing as it takes many forms.
Is heartbreak not a form of expiry
and thinking of you not a form of mourning?
Is my endless nights of unwavering pain
a form of depression or
a cry of dedication to the love i gave you.
When you left you took the entirety of me with you.
This life that you so carelessly began unsheathed itself into my killer.
Slaughtering the writings of my reality.