

## Loss

Her words tumbled from her lips like a waterfall  
and mixed with her salty, crystalline tears,  
forming opalescent stars in her dark and empty room  
that said, "I miss you".

The stars floated past the pale, chipping walls of her room,  
through the cracked, water-stained ceiling,  
through the dusty attic littered with tucked away memories  
and past the roof dotted with debris –  
upward towards the sky,  
catching the moon's translucent rays  
that dripped faint hints of light.

These stars danced with every undulation,  
every timbre of her soft, velvety voice,  
following every soprano and contralto that formed  
in her throat and climbed to her lips.

As these stars floated and swayed past the sky  
and to the gleaming, blinding ivory of the heavens,  
an angel dipped past the pillowy clouds  
reaching their hand down past the midnight sky  
in a desperate effort to catch the stars,  
so they could hear her honey voice once again.

## Façades

Supple pearl and silk strewn across valleys of skin  
Through billowing purple smoke and scattered erections  
Soft skin dances in the spotlight of 100 gazes

Eyes emulate desire, casting harsh fragments of grey light that  
Broke apart her velvet mask which oozed darkness of  
Lost hope and melancholy dreams

It pooled at the feet of a man who didn't notice the stickiness of sadness  
Which clung to the bottom of his boots  
That his wife asked him to take off before he entered the living room because "honestly, dear"

But he did notice the creamy pallor of lust  
The titillating, taunting, intoxicating aura of  
Affection that *must* be hidden under the folds and ruffles of eroticism

He surely noticed the drop of silk  
To reveal the niches and corners of her body  
Corridors and secret doors without locks

His eyes devour her silhouetted form  
His hands grasp at the ghost that dances with her demons  
His body throbs and pulsates with her precise movements

His cold skin yearns for a warm, liquid body  
Enveloped in the natural desire to feel something  
And bury himself in lust that didn't belong to him

The extension of his widened pupils explores her body, stumbling around  
Full breasts his wife didn't have and a pussy that dripped honey and  
Promises of emptiness

And when her vacant eyes met his in languid hesitation  
Both pairs of eyes silently beg for redemption and forgiveness and  
They realize they have nothing to offer one another

The only thing they had in common  
Was the grainy, white and black memory  
Of some melancholy dreams

## Coming Out

Women are ~~not~~ beautiful.  
They are the same ~~sex~~ as me.  
It is ~~im~~moral and ~~un~~natural to be attracted to them.  
I am ~~not~~ attracted to them.

~~I need to bury my feelings under heterosexuality.~~  
~~avoid invalidation and choke on repression~~  
~~like the good girl I am.~~  
~~What would everyone say?~~

Supple, sensual, secrecy.  
I want to hold her hand and kiss the tips of her knuckles.  
She catches me gazing and I stare at my cuticles, blushing.  
I need to bury my feelings under heterosexuality.

~~What would everyone say?~~

## She Was Pretty, But Sadness Was Beautiful

A lot of people think sadness is blue  
But I've seen sadness, and its white  
Not white as a ghost or blank as a page  
But creamy like marble,  
The pallor of a cracked countertop,  
Pale, black, sinewy veins  
Swimming through its milky façade.  
Sadness's skin is the color of death  
But has the plumpness of life,  
Forever suspended between the two,  
Unsure whether to live or to die  
Unsure which was better.  
And when you looked into its eyes –  
You see yourself,  
Because sadness's eyes are like mirrors,  
The color of ice,  
The color of crystals,  
A chandelier reflecting every side of yourself  
Every view of your life.  
Sadness was beautiful  
Until you looked into its eyes.

## The Mortician's Folly

Her body was swollen and blotted with black bruises  
Purple ink that bled past the page and onto her skin  
Bumps boiled on the surface like curdled milk

With little reason but a pool of empathy,  
He imagined he was her father  
Looking down at his broken and defeated daughter  
Whose body grew stiff and pale with the passing hour

His mind drifted to faraway places as he gazed into her glossy eyes  
Her stiff skin growing plump and pink with childlike innocence  
He takes her to see the horses, to the mall, to the prom  
He walks her down the aisle with her crystalline tears

But she was only a bride to death and misfortunate  
Her beaten and emptied body lay still on a cold metal table  
Her soul seeping and spilling onto the linoleum floors