

The Lighter and the Flame

The lighter and the flame are two very different beings.

My irises are bold with splashes of orange and red.

I see sunsets etched into the grooves of your paper Mache hands.

My hips, curved perfectly arching into your musical notes and patterns.

Read me.

I want to paint galaxies behind your eyelids and breathe music in your flesh.

I am an enigma.

I am fire and ice and the sun and moon all wrapped into one spastic energy and if you read me, I will burn my soul onto your soft heart.

You will ruin me.

You will rock me into the sea of confusion and here, I will collide with infinity.

I see beauty in the way your glitter filled songs roll off of your tongue.

But not everything that is beautiful is meant to be touched, or is it loved?

My sheets cling to my pasty skin whispering secrets into my bones that my veins were trying so hard to forget.

My hands are empty!

And that's the problem.

Wildfires are not beautiful, though your mother may tell you differently.

So I try to lay perpetually still so as not to wake my gasoline lips.

My lungs are filled with smoke, my eye lashes are covered in soot.

The ocean is blue and I would say that you hold the depth of the ocean but flames are blue too.

Let me sear your powder pink lips so they match the black and blue of my flammable finger tips.

There are hurricanes in your nails that are pressed deeply into my back, I wish you could blow me out but no, you ignite me!

You are my handler and I feel bombs of heat passing through me as my spastic enigmatic heart combusts into tear worthy ethereal beauty.

I am waves of flames, flickering sadistically but still trying so hard to be worthy.

I am pain, and my daunting beauty is not the kind of beauty meant to be tamed.

Your paper Mache hands cannot contain me, your ticker tape arms cannot envelop me.

You tried to stifle the indignation of my flames, but it's dangerous to play with fire.

Didn't your mother ever tell you that?

Where Eternity Grows

There is a place in my chest that resembles the depth of eternity.

My eyelids are pulled back, stoking flames of shattered crystals.

My pupils are daggers,

Traitors.

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul,

But “they” forgot about us, the ones who have blinds over their looking glasses.

What about us?

They don’t hear us.

Our shrill cries are vapor, concentrated into their pools of youth.

Tell me what happiness feels like.

Is it filled with crescent moons and cotton candy?

Is it strawberry?

I died when the sun came up.

13 years and seven days ago, that’s bad luck you know.

There is ash in my lungs, long burned trying to inhale golden smoke.

There is a place in my chest that resembles the depth of eternity.

But when my heart lays down to rest, beats shallow, I see the sun.

So this is what contentment feels like.

When bodies and crescent moons collide,

When my opaque drapes become transparent and I see emerald valleys beneath your lashes.

Valleys where “they” do not exist.

Beats quicken.

There is a place in my chest that resembles the morbid shadows.

Clawing out canyons in my heart, reminding me that the sun is a lie.

Lilies do not exist in places where hurricanes roam free, where wildfires disintegrate into ashes.

You calmed my sea of storms if only for a moment,

But I have an eternity.