

## Ascension

Solace

I walked among the shadows with a glued-on heart  
and a strapped soul  
eyes shut, jaw clenched  
I felt around blindly  
touched the grimy enclosed walls that entrapped me  
oh the eured existence of mine how it pains me  
it writhes my being  
the ghastly pangs I can no longer bear bellow  
and the warped meadow eludes me  
sultry air surrounds me  
as my fetid wounds fester  
I longed for the sweet zephyr  
the incandescence of light

I have reached the brink

then unexpectedly what befell me was a silent light  
the seraph faceless stood still, a blazing specter  
as the owlet perched on the sedge  
a halo pierced the swirling vapors

and the murmur of her wings flooded the desolate land

she wiped away my surrendered tears

I have reached the peripeteia

## Moratorium

When we wandered through the wistful wilderness that day

did you see the red?

The denizen of the dreamcatcher

fueled by an interweb of nebula skies were red

Red foxen sprung about in the cranberry fields and

that red lidded jar of northern cardinals rising

and rising and then

no more

In the pit of the belly lay robes of red

nonchalantly placed

covered by red golden imprints of the molten ground that melted the frangible, blushing gown into

ashes

Adieu to the scarlet dragons

the swathed sambhurs

the waterfall of trepidation that flows into darkness

the sparked flame of ruby

July's red poppy turned black

when Orpheus screamed

And the pendulum of the chronic red velvet swing caressed the throbbing chamber one last time

3 A.M.

You know 3 A.M. like the back of your hand,

detailed crevices inside and out

you know the deafening silence surrounding you while you sit upright at the edge of your bed,

prairie-like

as complete, nocturnal darkness envelops you

you stare widely into everything and nothing as your thoughts parade in your head

over and over again with the “Mark, Time, March” command on loop

the non-existent patterns on the ceiling elude you

you can feel your weary, trembling soul begging you to spare it

— to simply drift off into peace,

to feel the sweet illusion of blissful visions

filled with endless pearl-studded playgrounds, marshmallow-topped-hot-cocoa, and heavenly

realms

to see the stardust that is you for you are a cosmic diamond

but you are dissected by the Demiurge

forever a specimen in the graveyard of the night

tête-à-tête with the galaxies of phantoms that strangle you

you simply lay alone with torturous voices as your companions

no one can cradle you at 3 A.M.

Beauteous

I've been broken so many times

I wonder if there's anything left of my heart

each of you has wacked at it and this whole time,

I thought what was inside me was a mere ice-sculpture

and once each piece fell

and the shards lay on the warm floor,

they simply dissipated

forever destroyed and never to be retrieved again

but my heart was not made of ice

my heart is the goddamn sun

—shining so brightly that none of you can even dare look at

let alone destroy

an infinite eclipse is what I am

you thought I was fragile

that you could just throw me up into the air and then precariously balance me on your

filthy fingers

but au contraire my love how mistaken you were

there's nothing fragile about my radiant heart

so full of light and love that no one can blemish

you made me believe that goodness was a weakness  
you downplayed me,  
underestimated the power of my heart  
thought you could just waltz in and out whenever you felt like it

because after all, I was  
weak,  
small,  
Insignificant

you thought you could mischievously control me  
but darling, I've been in control the whole time

my heart is  
my armor  
my refuge  
my fortuitous strength  
a warrior  
and nothing will destroy me  
your game will never be my kryptonite

you will burn to the ground  
and I will reconstruct my soul from your ashes

## In This Way

the poisonous vial cannot also be the antidote  
the vile, diseased tree bears corrupt fruit, cannot produce lusciousness too  
what is euphonious is not bombastic  
so why do I confuse your rupturing touch that  
mundates my body with harmony

I walk on the icy paths yet my eyes are filled  
with the view of golden sun petals as dirt embeds my lungs  
it is delightfully horrific  
your 9 dogs execute me  
Slowly

but I have been effectively bewitched  
enraptured in your charm  
with a wanderlust of you and your extravagant speech  
—each word carefully thought out  
ready to intoxicate me

footprints tracked on my soul my body  
it was inevitable- you and I  
you knew what I wanted and embodied my ideal image  
a limpid filled with virtue  
simple and strong enough to overtake me

when really, you were simply an invertebrate

you stitched the fabric of my imagination

I was picking at my cuticles, biting my nails,

scarred lips and song of emptiness

lethargic nights after we met

and that is when I realized I had fallen fully into your trap- I was your wind-up-toy

all of this was mock-love

I fell in love with madness

but alas!

the mask always slips