



...

Is it normal to crave love?

Greedy love, jealous love.

To crawl beneath your skin,
to become a part of you.

To touch your burning heart
with my icy palm.

To be you, to become you,
to see the world through your eyes,
to feel everything through your hands.

It is madness, it is wrong.

You are the forbidden fruit

I must taste.

I have no choice.

No — I do. Always.

But only before you

my shields fall away,

become unnecessary, nonexistent.

I crave your touch

like a starving beast.

Obsession, addiction, intoxicating weakness.

You are sin — but the most desired one.

I come to you like spring —

tender, fragile,

the first to reach the heart.

Delicate, soft,

weightless.

At the cold dawn of winter,

I gave light.

Resurrection,

life within an embrace.

The intoxicating torment

of the night ahead.

I am a fragment

of your hidden mind.

You accepted me,

took me,

hid me in your warm arms.

I smell of your hope,

your guiding star,

wild rose,

ethereal essence.

A fragment of your heart.

An island of blessed oblivion

stolen from the gods.

Passionate desire,

the first ray of spring sun.

Purity.

I have come home.

I wandered outside my time,

outside my space,

outside my century.

A distant traveler

with a soul bottomless, pure, and starlit.

The first breath of the zephyr.

I have come home.

Soft, familiar arms.

A sigh.

Life, unearthly life.

Radiance.

Belonging to home.

Elysium

...