

display of love – 2022/10

isabelle

CW: suicidal implication, toxic love presumably?

To Herostratus

Beloathed,

You, who spat upon my hands.

You, who danced on my dream.

You, who trampled my hopes.

I remember you:

I remember your cacklings.

I remember your writhings.

I remember your catharsis.

I condemn you:

To a life of obscurity.

To a life of boredom.

To a life of defeat.

I hate you:

I hate your ambition.

I hate your despair.

I hate your hope.

I hate your—

Warm fire

to chersiphron

beloved,

but,

weren't your hands burnt?

from the fire

weren't your

dreams

lonely?

and your hopes

so misguided?

remember me

bringer of my fame

your witting foolishness

your nimble architect pen

your ~~beautiful~~ disgusting

beginning

I condemn me!

to a death of infamy

to a death of *ecstasy*

to a death of **victory**

I Love You

and so I must be my own **self**

I must spread my **name**

I must become the anti-thesis of **you**

I must burn this dull pain

To The Reader

Not Yet Met,

Hearing of this display,
the beginning and the end
Do you believe, in any way,
that one could live without the other?

hod – 2021/09

sasha

CW: suicidal implication, abuse themes

*forgive me
let me be forgiven*

*i know, no matter what i do
it will never find home*

i beg of you -

*i know, no matter what i say
i can never make my way home*

i need you to -

*i know, no matter what i feel
i will never feel at home*

can't you see? you must -

*one by one, an untied noose at a time
i will string together this mess*

no matter what, i know you can't -

*with every nail being the last in my coffin
and the foundation built of nothing*

but i know i can -

*i don't need home
to come my way and free me*

*look at me
look directly at my heart
have you found it?*

fear, mostly – 2020/10

sasha/isabelle

CW: angst

*grounded, white and pleasant
the colour of that emotion soothes
sturdy and trustworthy
put in yourself
put in others
put in the future
put in hope
incandescent, it brightens up the room
but as is true
the brightest point of a shadow is in its middle
and that same
grounded, white and pleasant
becomes overwhelming, blinding and foreboding
surrounded by a shadow
sturdy and hated
put in yourself
put in others
put in the future
put in powerlessness*

incandescent, it burns through me

loveme – 2019/10

???

CW: angst, loneliness

*fingers along your neck
a kiss on your hand
lightly caressing
those precious legs i know so well
slowly touching your cheek
the one that i look at every day
and your chest, so soft
sharing intimacy between my touch
and your existence
loving you
to the point of sickness
and regretting two things
that your kisses
are the cold surface of a mirror*

red – 2021/08

sasha

CW: partner death, grief

*if red is the colour of love
then i understand precisely why
we fell in love when we did
the still red of nature's end surrounding us in warmth
cozy and languid
the eyelids falling
the voices quieting down
i felt the warmth of your hand, still
coloured red
the thoughts soothing out
the future slowing down
i felt the warmth of you, still
coloured red
and with the times moving slowly
with the love beating slowly
i woke up without the warmth of you, still
with white beyond my reach
and far
far too much red where you were left*

scar me – 2021/01

sasha

CW: incestuous implication, sexual themes, reclamation of sexual trauma

inhale, hitch your breath
don't move. eyes on me.
exhale, the edge cuts deep
move. closer.
pain sinks deep into you
i want to mutilate you
leave my mark forever
close your eyes. lose yourself.

break me, in ways irrevocable
the way you're eviscerated
give me mine.
cruelly bomb my mind

bite me, sister
bite me, mother
bite me, mirror

give me a scar

distance – 2021/08

sasha

CW: angst

the distance from you to the nearest star
impossible to grasp, i assign it
to the meaning of my heart
from me, to you, an atom
from me, to you, the whole universe
flickering in and out
it ties me in ropes
and i wonder
how do i unravel me
until i can breathe
and you can breathe with me
...i love you, either way

hate me – 2019/10

isabelle

*what do I look like to you?
tell me in some pretty words
pretty words of the crimson evening
when water simmers like blood
do you hate me already?
or was it not enough
tell me you do
it will be easier to defend the devil if you do
what was it you demanded?
i don't know
i told you i didn't know
and now you hate me
and i know*

uranium 238 – 2023/03

sasha

CW: suicide implication

establish a link
with a nearby particle
uranium 238 to 234
non-fissile, it lives
its half-life measured in numbers
that are too far away to think about
chance by chance
it splits, helium astray
uranium to thorium,
 she has sinned
by beta decay,
its protons return
protactinium to uranium,
 she repents

still
chance be chance
thorium to radium to radon
 in polonium, to lead
 helium by helium,
that's where it returns
begin at actinium
to heavy grey lead
begin at thorium
to lead, to lead
and a bullet
[to the]

attempt a different route
to thallium, we go
this time, this time
surely, we go

stably there
but
if protons decay,

then,
to none. to none
and a heart
[gone]

like fish – 2023/10

zeta

CW: child abuse

*children, like fish, do not speak
they patter about,
and they ought to be taught
how to be good, be sweet,
be quiet*

*children, like fish, have no fists
you ought to protect them
keep them safe in a house
after all, will they fight back?*

*children, like fish, can not fly
nor flee, nor run, not particularly fast
fish can not blink
fish can not feel pain
fish can not think
and fish
do not complain
they do what they are told -
they gather up into a school
and they are taught:*

*they are annoying - they are loud
they are slimy - they cry too much
they are gunky, and they smell
and they rot fast outside of water
a good fisher throws them back in.
after all, children, like fish,
ought to know how to swim*

veil

sasha

CW: derealisation

a veil exists,
at the edge of the universe
cross it, and you'll find yourself
in the same world as yours
with only the knowledge that it isn't really
the same people,
the same words,
the same life.
except, of course
it's not yours. it couldn't be. it will never be.
that fact remains
down to the atom
it is the same - except for you
you may find that
to pass over, is easy
but coming out, to reality identical
insurmountable