
Happy Birthday,
My dearest Remiel,

Meaning:

I am not blind to your vibrant palette, the seeds begin to blossom into purple hydrangeas, holding caterpillars on your palms,

Loving you are,

You are my weakness and a dark desire, you are a forbidden apple. You give me a joyful scare. A desire I cannot oppress. My purple veins that run with the red blood, the pulse. The Ink.

“I love you.”

You are the earthy smell of fruit, mango smoothies—a burst of warmth and sweetness, yellow, my favorite color, the color of joy, color hues of honey

You, you, you, Remiel, my, mine—close friend, mortal enemy of my heart’s walls!, and weakness of my mind.

I’d kill, spill blood of those who do not know what it is to bleed for you! and not spare if it meant for you.

Satan and Lucifer live in my mind. I am your jealous and defensive boy. The fallen angel painting.

Strangling your heavenly father, I despise the ten commandments.

Belphe, Belphegor.

The white smoke of my breath rose into the cold Christmas night; you are no demon. I swore an oath to shield you until my last breath. I am your knight.

When I lay my gaze on you, you make my universe spin in harmony, and the planets within my head—Venus—get in rhythm and sync with the Earth. Most importantly, my heart is in tune. Mine on my left side and yours on my right, embracing each other, complete. No void. No hole. No empty space. Meaning.

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Dogs,

You and I will forever-walked-down this path, . .

Lingering through Earth. There is so much for your heart to understand.

. . . I am not someone you can easily get rid of.

I am someone who will stay here until the very end of times.

Holding your heart at hand, . . . You are ethereal, loving-love

And Cupid angel of passion looked at you and told me,

“ Wild wilderness, Untamed plants over growing in a lonesome planet,

You are stranded, Looking out from my eyes the sky is filled with stars without a single trace of life. “

Passing by, I'd like to walk down different places feeling dirt on our feet.

“Travel-Traveling East ! What do you hope to find past the Wooden Bridge? What do you so deeply protect?”

Passing by, the train station that will take me miles away directly to the footsteps of your door hoping to meet.

“You are stranded.”

To return your **heart,**

so. . . you can be complete.

—

—
A child must learn to tie their own shoelaces,

Bullied and battered, roughened fingers and the slight bloody lip.

“Skip-skip-skipping!” the spaces that you drew on the ground **for me to follow.**

I propose to you my endless friendship!

unyielding through time’s relentless pages.

, May the crawlspace between my heart be comfortable for you.

, Erasing your “disgracing” permanent wounds.

“Do not cry any more!” We. must not cry anymore.

Safe in each other’s embrace,

I’ll hold you with such a tight grip,

My nails **will**—might leave marks on your skin.

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