

Luster

Reaching through layers of your skin
With my downcast eyes, shifting
Nervy and anxious in the wake of you
Nauseous and sunburnt we both are
I save my retch for when you leave the field

We sit down together
On the sunbaked curb, and plant
Our soles in the dew-softened grass
Surrounded by loudness and immaturity
We cease our vacuous talks of all

Zoning back in and turning my head
To you, eyes turned orange and radiant
Idly rending the petals of a white clover
It's as if the sun, reflecting soul in your eyes
Existed only to complement you

The most beautiful thing I've ever seen
The most beautiful thing I've ever seen
You

You, growing forever, yet shrinking away from me
You tear into me with something agonizing
It feels as if I've been stabbed one hundred times
I reel back, racked with pain, screaming
And find that there is no blood, nor a blade
No evidence to justify me

The most beautiful one I've ever known
The most beautiful one I've ever known

You

You, growing forever, yet shrinking away from me
You tear into me with something agonizing
It feels as if I've been stabbed one hundred times
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Stand

To Coronis

A woman feels the weight of her husband's hand
He treats her like he did someone else's land
She brings, to the world, new life
He raises another sickened mind
A rarer law, now upheld
His choice between jail and a foreigner's hell

"He loves like no-one else",
She cries, with a dampened collarbone
Asclepius born still
In a hospital bed, alone
Where's her Apollo now?
He only mourns himself

A mother visits her grieving daughter
For the first time allowed in years
Been sober for slight a score
Undone it all now, in this dun room
A nurse only waits with the bill
He sees not the wrong his kind have made

"Mother, I'd trust you to live
But I couldn't take being alone."
Asclepius, born still
While his father drinks at home
Where's her Apollo, now?
He only mourns himself

"He loves you like no-one would"
You'd swear until he kills you
Does he live to uphold your name?

He mourns not the life you made

How I Begged You to Give a Fuck

“Dominick, at this point, um...

You gotta kill them, okay?

Uh, there's nothing else to do, but kill them, okay?

Um, they clearly fuckin' hate you for some reason, even though, like, you're clearly doing nothing.

Uh, I need you to kill them.

They need to die.”

I never begged you to be any less insecure

I only said that it wasn't ever an excuse

Today I didn't get any better than before

Tomorrow and the day after I'll be alive

That's it

Did I exist outside of my body?

Was my motion even detectable?

Tell me, what did you tell them all?

Was any of it even true?

Pray

We are candles and we are burning

We stand unsupported in the wind

We are liars and we are whores

But I melt my wax before my fuse

Okay.

But you feel used

But you feel used

You felt unloved

And he was there

I know you never cared

“Okay, but if, like, we’re being dead, dead, uh, like deadass,
Fucking tell her parents, dude, like,
Enough is enough, alright, bud?
Like, clearly she’s just a fuckin’ dickhead of a person;
Her friends are clearly dickheads of people for getting in on
it,
But clearly, she just wanted to fuck with you,
And just be like, you should go to her parents; you should be
like:
‘Hey. Your daughter thinks it’s fuckin’ funny to give me a little
pregnancy scare
Even though we only had sex once, and she fucking sucks at
intimacy, because she didn’t even make me fuckin’ cum.’
That’s what you should be like.
That’s my outro. Excuse me. Bye.”

I'm Not Ready To Close My Eyes And Open To See You Vanished

The day you leave will be a silent one;
I'll struggle to make watery eye contact,
And you'll just wonder what's happened.
I'll ask you for the fourth time,
If this is, really, the end;
You'll be sympathetic, but unyielding.
The pain will outweigh the joy,
For once in our perfect time together,
And your name will rack my cerebrum.
We'll stand alone together,
By that desk we've talked over many times;
The world will stop for my long goodbyes.

"I'll miss you like no other will,
Though I feel selfish to admit it,
But I can't feel any way but proud,
'Cause I know what you will be.
You'll be a great woman, out there,
Beyond the threshold of our sanctuary;
I'll know your name in five years' passing;
I guarantee you won't know mine.
You're the smartest, most driven,
Most inspiring, most commanding,
And beautiful presence I've ever known;
I fully believe you to be beyond us all.
Sometimes, when your eyes crinkle at me,
In some semblance of a reassuring smile,
I feel as if the word 'divine' was made
For you, by someone who knew only a fraction of your soul."

Your reaction? I can't predict for certain,
But I imagine it to be almost nothing;
You'd probably laugh; say you already know.
Our mutual friends would've left by now,
Leaving the room to my lament;
Leaving the room to an audience of one.
You'd shift uncomfortably where you stand,
Tucking a strand of that wavy black mass
Behind the ears that'd listen to me best.
"Maybe you'll see me at work," you say,
But with what money could I fulfill this?
I'd hide my selfishness and love you out the door.

"You know, now, for certain what I do:
That I'm not ready to turn my back,
'Cause when I do, I'll feel nauseous;
You're in the room with me, yet away still.
Maybe I should walk you home,
Like it was all one big date,
Just one that lasted months;
Months that felt a life well-lived.
You know you made it all worth it;
You know you brought me life,
You!, Fountain of Youth!
Sun-bearer, wielder of light beams.
The world is still yours; know this:
I could not stomach the sight
Of your empty chair, but still, I do
For what choice do I have, mi queria?"

Then, if you hadn't already,
(Knowing you,) You'd storm off,
Angered with the world again,

For allowing such a discrepancy as me
To care so deeply for what will never come to pass.

I will miss you until the day I know a reason not to.

Never leave. Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. Please.
Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. Please.

Intertwining Spiderwebs Lined with a Running Maroon Viscosity

You know when a dog scratches at a closed door?

I knew it'd have to end this way
Me and all my friends
They reminded me every day
But I held onto your promising shoulder
Because your hand was like an angel's
Was more loving than I ever knew
You said that you need somebody
But I'm less than anyone

But in direct insubordination
Of what was once meant to always come to be true
Everything proves itself right in the end
Here's my proof

The bloodied shirtsleeve rotting in my bed spells out your
name
I loved you, you know? You're running out of excuses to tell
me no
Just hold me for one more night and let me sleep on your
bedroom floor
Any pain is better than begging through the crack under your
door

It's not your fault
It's not your fault that you're the perfect woman
It's not your fault that I am starving
Or that you're a goddess hiding from me
Why does every person I love have to run away from me?

Would you care about me more if I was prettier, or if I turned
17?

That's a full course meal set out in front of me,
"Thank the beating", say the hungry

But in all that I have ever lived
Warmth like yours has never been known
Everything proves itself right in the end
I told you so

The bloodied shirtsleeve rotting in my bed spells out your
name
I loved you, you know? Every single sign in my head points to
your face
Just hold me for my final night and let me sleep on your
bedroom floor
All the pain was better than begging through the crack under
your door

I never said anything, it's not your fault
I never wanted much from us, it's not your fault
All I wanted was for you to look in my vicinity
All I ever really needed was one more embrace

The bloodied shirtsleeve rotting in my bed spells out your
name
I loved you; you knew that. The single most important figure
in my brain
Just let me bleed my final night out; let me lay with you on
the floor
This numbing fadeout is so much better than begging
through the crack under your door