

Lover (2863 words)

*A sick and sinking city,
At the end of the world,*

At the end of the world we will see the greatest wave of lovers. Lovers to understand the constant desire to succumb and sink, to give in, to lay down to the weighted emotion. To hear the cacophony of the day, grinding, to know harmony is arbitrary. Running from a shattered wind, to resist and reconcile with our participation in this oppressive system. A call not to piece ourselves back together too quickly, only to find we have rebuilt what we wanted to stay broken. To know ourselves to be unfractured, the opposite of a fragment. Together, in alliance, to push our hands into wells of emotion previously unknown. The deepened hunger, the brute in us, self-feeding, serving, gorging. Under the ordinary aches & generic depression. From all the chewing and the spitting and the running, to the sparks of the dialectic and a resistance to restoring pathology to function. To stay incompatible to the system. To use a forefinger and thumb to pluck the wishbone from their chests and crawl up into the space of elbows and knees. To give our bones to shelter. To melt the ghosts, we know to be made of plastic, and to see their eyes with mine. To hold a stare between two still wet bodies – desperately strapped to one another. To strap together for the fall. When you fall, there is no white dove, and there is no fanfare. You will be met with a grease stained ruffle, seeped in disgust and fear.

From the room of radiance, to the un-light, to the trail blaze where roots twine in secrecy, to the fading light, to the final drips to the not quite longing, where the sky drains to milk white cloud and the final crow swoops alone. Where your eyes blur into saccharine glaze and sound fades out. Where a silence shatters it all, left in a numbed down, rinsed out, impassive, apathetic light.

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Longing;

To be shot with a silver bullet,

two sharp iron spears that had been heated in a fire.

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The city

You wrote to me of the city, of the city and its health.

In a sick city, it is all sick. Sickness is contagious.

Our bodies, their institutions, the infrastructures, twisting into one another, leaking, spreading, cracking.

Ground creeping, like ivy, these bonds can support. Ground creeping, like ivy, these bonds can choke.

We twist, melt, coalesce, infect, until we all drip down the same plug hole, gurgling together in a sticky flow. They hate that. You love that.

Our bodies, wet, silken, connected.

Under the sinking of politics, and the fragile decadence of capital, the political pitchfork snakes hissss. From the ground, we climb the ladders, getting caught on hooks, falling and collapsing into the boot crushing backs. Stepping through shoulder blade dust and shards of shattered glass houses, poppy red threads snag on thorns. Just getting by, becomes herald, strewn up in false valour, a sold-illusion, consumed fantasy, I'm a pedestal beauty queen. Everything is strong, strong, I am not strong. Plastic swords are swung wilding against the invisible. A pin point, invisible. Cloaked in the words 'celebratory', 'heroic', or 'hero', no time for 'normal', 'daily', 'hurt'. Seeking survival is both basic and eloquent, wear your; *safety helmet, seat belt, jean belt buckle*.

In this life, the moon is sick with sorrow, dripping tears of fog. Auburn ash sparks of a singed grief, fading like the words you do not have yet. It isn't just furious flames, it is a waxen haze of a continuous dull ring dripping through your ears and humming down your chest. The colour of a sad purple. The shallow dance to the faltered rhythm, of a deliciously butchered, bloodless, baseline. A lick of salt, corrosive on the flesh of your tongue. The word 'someday' mined to the shell of 3 vowels and 4 consonants.

Someday, somewhere,
in a tower,
the wolves are sheltering to sleep.

A tower offers the ground nothing but a shadow.

The air is hungover, the air is balmy and thick. A thickness that you swallow every morning until your throat is clotted and full. It is hot against you, and yet your skin is still cold. It is hungover in its sweats and shakes, it is hungry to take you all.

In that hangover, I asked you to close your eyes, to listen with all of your body. The gates around us, matchstick containment, picket fence, steel. In the walls, shallow pipes, churning the liquid of its city, gurgling with collected secrets of sin.

I tell you how the walls are listening to you, to me, and now when concentrating you will feel their soft breath falling on your neck. Attuned to all direction, they are around you. Sighing. Words will dribble of idle tongues and the walls will catch them.

Listen out for the faintly audible noise of syllables sinking through plaster cladding, an interior cloying of saturation, the rhythm of a tap dripping onto foam. Outside, fat and heavy condensation droplets roll down the peeling wallpaper, dripping in a nervous, sultry, shameless, sweat. It sounds like murmured voices and stern handshakes.

The institution is crafted by language, but it is too dense of its own doing, they say, a broken utopia, a star-spangled sheet sky, dressed up in a grim reaper cloak. The meaning has dripped away, purled down that plughole leaving only the rotten oozing core. Severed barbed tongues, lay twitching,

lashing, washed up in the tide, spitting out regurgitated phrases. They treat it with sticking plasters and hushed voices, it is bad, bad medicine. The many-handed levee attempts to hold the flood, but the material is so sodden, so wet, so full, the weight of it is unable to sustain itself. This levee, a flood bank, a rupture inside, a spill, a sought regulation, a low-lying wish. As it starts to spill you are lashed with a nostalgia of an old echo, of a blue light, of what should be simple, of what is illuminated and laid out in a path. But it is not that simple and the open jaws lore over, waiting to snap teeth closed. You lay, blanketed under weight of a black sky, a black sky that is a gripping shadow, and a shadow that is both the deepest and the strongest.

Nestled, there we find ourselves cradled and simultaneously rejected. Spat out, coughed up as we cough ourselves up from our depths. The part of the self, that fractures and falls away again, again. Split from ourselves. Within ourselves. Unwanted.

No kingdoms, no futures, no fetishizing.

We have to know ourselves as wanted, as whole, as deserving.

This time in darkness is sacred and obsessive.

This world cannot and will not go on forever.

To you

I want to crawl down your throat and sleep in the vibrations of your voice. I want to hold your vocal chords still. I want to steal your language. Wrestle the tools in my hands. I want to take that tool and break that tool, and use that tool and drop it on my tongue until it dissolves. I want your unproductive love, the depths of a deep blue sea, the holy release of water onto a parched throat. I want your words, your travesty, light and hope. I want to let your language pierce into my skin. To be ravaged by the system that floods through your blood, keeping buoyant the beat of your chest. I want your weaponized spores, that drool over white blood cells, and the sunlight that pours through open lips. The coded confines that unravel, erode, hijack, steal. cowboy. You, losing control over your tongue as it drips in spit and syllables, locked in jaw. Pain as hot, blue hot, the hurt of almost, tasted, felt, experienced. Wild shaking eyes, panting breath, to be both nauseated and seduced. Shaken by the throb of a deep heartbeat that holds it all together. To tease the questions out into veins, to examine, to splice and scream with bloody lungs until I have no words left to breathe. Debauched and threadbare, left coughing back tears, melting away into a flaming sky. I will stand, open mouthed, flame backed, desperately griping those veins, tendrils dangling from my fists. Black eyes smattered in gloss, deep dilated pupils holding your gaze with everything I have got, and in that moment, with my eyes on you, with the rest of it fallen to ashes, the sky crumbling away and the horizon burnt to nothing but a whimpering waning ember, smoke so thin it is not even a signal, not a single part of you, not a single look, not a single tendril of your very being, will be able to be held at a remove. No remove from a weeping tableau of the feral, of humanity, of desire. Of being smeared in sweat, in kisses, plastered with dust and dew. Flashing through hope, seeped in warm calves, running through long grass, sticking with rain. It's heavy droplets slipping down pea shot green. Returning to mud, earth, soil. Pleasure demanding presence, we are desperate animals, wild animals. Lost mothers, wiping away tears, as they freeze like icicles sculpting against waxen blushed baby cheeks. You are the heartbeat, you are the pulse, coming to me from a clouded glow and as you rhythmically beat against a greenish light. I'll lick the dripping sap, greased with my buttered fingers, spreading into a sickly yellow and today's light will melt, exude, dribble away, its force, perishable. Our yearning turns into playful biting, mouth stretched back. You, looking up at me with a light smirk, that day you showed me your fangs. Fangs so sharp I lay wilted, limp in my own stagnation. A licking light hovering, shines orange, lionizing through the baby hairs brushed up along the back of your neck, illuminating your edges, allowing you to glow. You are a tiger, a lamp, a molten phosphorescent flame. Hot, blue hot. Trembling I'll reach towards you with my index finger, my hand-held hovering in the shallow static electric hum, and quivering I'll slowly begin to trace your flesh into a singular sweeping pictorial line. A beautiful line. A thin line. That line, palpable hung in the air shaking while my hand retreats in horror. That hand then fumbling, grappling for the bone handle of a butter knife, cold knuckles colliding with floorboards, looking for anything to release this line I have drawn, crossed, this tension, this space hung between us. Fumbling with my hands and locked wet eyes, I'll be frantic, I am lost, drowning. Fast fingertips landing on nothing, a heavy tear stumbles on my waterline, our shaking eyes still strapped in lifeboat lock. Held together, locked. Until, in one heavy sweep, one dropped tear, in one weighted blanket, in one breath, in one fall, one answer, one powerful line, at the close of a chapter, the velvet matinee curtain, cloaked against the window of a *maybe*, of us, falls.

Your hands, your words, on my body, so audacious.

I'm sorry, I don't want to talk,
I want to cry.

The Real

I'll say – I will attempt to hold integrity, when I don't know if I am whole or in pieces. *I don't know if I am whole or in pieces.* Learnt movement, like shapeshifters in the codified system, threading ourselves through needle holes. I'll let the candle burn low. Fall through, whilst wrestling with. Falling up and down before arriving at a porous divinity, for the spit to lie on fingers, before the end of it all. Finding our edges, working from within clouded skies. Co-opt the language of systems, of states, of liquids, bending concepts to our will, as we orientate bodies in the physical world. To overstretch into the skin, or unravel. We are all connected, and you, me, I, vulnerable. A grey paper sky melting into pulp, like mulch, and the tragedy castle shapeshifts into a brittle, empathetic illusion. Your words pull hard on my desire, as the mantle of safety shifts. Desire so elastic, transformative. The containment of energy that has the potential to give.

Running in the tail end of light, with the severed tongues and shoulder blade dust, beyond the burnt orange horizon, further than the oceanic depths. With the voices of angels, and arms of guardians, a spark of starlight dazzles through my open eyes, and from this bright white blinding blur, you reach me with a gentle, extended, open hand. When our bodies are pressed together, taught tight hard, and my ribbons and ropes have been snapped, whipped into the wind in a harsh sound, a sound so sudden and true it stays ringing, cutting into a silence that had held you so tight. When I have fallen to the sky with its lashing cries, and crawled out of the lake, and snapped the gold necklace from my throat. When I have said goodbye to the walls with their pipes and their words and their language which does not fit, language that is too sharp, unforgiving, too tight. When I let myself get so small, that I could swim in the palm of your hand, losing my edges as I bathed in the viscous gel of your sweat, my skin so dewy and devotional. The day I ran back to you wielding a sword, a butter knife, stumbled tears, pearly drops dribbling down my chin. These ruthless tides, as I coughed away from a self within me, coughed it up, again and again. In that day, I both held & lost my integrity. I both lost and learnt. When I have coughed, swam, kissed, screamed, fallen, rejected, recalibrated, trusted, loved, learnt. Then, then I will know.

Queer

A radiance like ripples, when you throw a stone and it spreads both inwards and outwards and changes things. A verb and a noun and an adjective it can be embodied and lived and felt and heard, a place open to interpretation.

This fire, this heat, this speed, now molten on me, housed *within* me. Forever and always - arriving. I'm nervous, I'm revving, edging. I will know it is a treasure exhumed. A place of placeness. A place where something can and will always grow. Where you are building castles in the air and building bricks on the ground. Where we are in love, in idleness, heartsease, my little flame. The flames licking waxen blushed baby cheeks lighting pleasure on your face. It comes from the tongues of a many headed beast, the breath of an angel, a deity, coaxing you awake. It is knowing you are awake, alive, attractive, wanting. A burgeoning confidence, goodbyes to expired concepts, crumpled receipts of past dress ups left washed away, discarded. Taming, skimming, lifting the thicker off the top. Learning it's a cycle, a becoming that comes again, and again. And the thicker substance created through separation. Undoing, holding tension, holding light, holding each other. Knowing, breathing, moving. It is bumping eyes, bumping courage. Bumping breath, bodies. It is lived, felt, shared, individual. It's the blood clotting before it leaves the body, as it tries to save you, me, I. It is an attraction and a being that can never be static, always morphing shifting leaving shed skin casts and ghosts in bedside table drawers. The skin so whole and empty and papery thin. Signifying a season of the body of us. It is radiance, it is sunlight, it is in its lightness, a breath to blow a flame, candles for birthdays, eulogies, calls for prayer. To blow. Skin on skin, wrapped in cotton, tangled up in lace, the presentation of submission, of towering columns, the last epithet to fall, as the levee breaks and it begins to flow and flow and flow in terrifying and magnificent crashing waves. It is kicking, it is fighting, it is Power. Life, cycle, lived, shed, grown, *kiss kiss kiss*. From the solipsism, to the collective, to the community. To wings singed by the sun. Pleasure in a burning speed. Firecrackers. Flowers, roses seeping behind your eyes. Eyelids smeared with a milky wet purple, blotted with black spots. Eyes that I could swim in forever. Eyes that are fluid, gorgeous, contaminating. Liquid, *fluid*. It is learning you have forever. Learning forever means nothing. Yourself and others. Turning to dirt and crawling back up again. Making the world. Falling under the surface, being the surface. Claiming your surface. Growing up into, out of, and through. Lungs filing with air, chest rising, eyelashes fluttering open, jaws standing strong, *a wing on each elbow, unfolding, peeling skin from opposite skin as forearm stretches like webbing*.

Flight.

Cloud song

On a rich voyage for better things,
A welter of cloud encircles the earth,
A sycophantic drapery
The watery moon cries sentimental, weeping gentle lullaby,
Tumbling silvery tendrils of dream plasma,
Carried in a light wind, they dissolve on impact

Flesh seizes its residue,
the territory of desire, thirsty
my body a spring field, desperate for water

at the end of the word

I know that
As you said

we will see the greatest wave of lovers.