

## **what we are**

your friendship is the soothing prick of a thorn,  
and the cooling heat of a rainy summer day  
i think we are opposite in the perfect way  
you act as a muse, an inspiration.

you hold the sharpest fragments of  
my mirror in your tight grip,  
and you smile as the blood runs down the white of your arm.  
peeking past a wrist swaddled in darks  
and rich neutrals, so it does not leave harsh stains,

just the remnants of what i implore to you as  
your tongue spits its honesty onto mine.  
ungracious truths break down as  
though they biodegrade throughout time.

we plague each others  
essence with fervent love,  
the nescience upon which this  
palace of amity is built.

we cannot see the mountain behind the fog,  
we cannot see the sharks in the ocean  
we only see the moments elysian.  
we hide from a truth that lays bare  
before our tearful eye, as that is who  
we are, each undeniably human

your dulcet scissors hack my heart into ribbons  
until it is laid out to you as sheets  
and sheets of rouge and sky fabrics  
and to these honest cloths,  
we are a pair of delightful moths,  
scrambling, diving for a yellow flame  
and hoping it will swallow us up  
and burn us alive

i think we hope to burn together,  
in a fluttering embrace  
the coarse of the sand and  
the fluff of the dandelion  
opposite, together