

Back-pedalling into the black,
but I can still make out the figures
that will threaten my well being.
The wind will rise and fall,
but never sway from side to side.
Progression halted,
encapsulating the fluid weave of death like
a garden that contains
all of it's arrested offspring.
We're afraid to force our legs
to break free from the earth
and take the first step
towards our insecurity.
Sleep away your selfishness.
Slip into collapse, a still-like
state of disregard from which you can't fall back.
You never fully moved me,
I've been embedded
in the dust
and my mind has been ravaged by war.
Pray for farewell
as if I was yours to lose.
I would love to love you,
if you were someone else.
So forgive me for being unresponsive.
I'm sure it's hard to train your ears
to hear me crying out for help
with my lips sewn shut by stitches
of my own indeci- sion.
So I'll speak in whispers to permit my throat relief.
I bite my tongue, fill my mouth with blood,
and swallow enough to kill me
before I'm forced to lose more sleep.
I would love to love you, if you were someone else.
Am I fit to walk alone again,
or will you save me from myself?
Breathe life into me, be all
that I can see or carry on
without me
and just know I wished you well.