

This Thing

There's some Thing that's following me.
Every step, every breath, every sigh,
it crawls through me, up the length of my spine, down the channel of my throat,
its wretched hands sewing pins and needles into my skin.

It changes every time I see it, this curse of mine.
Its teeth bared like rusted nails through its gaping maw,
it's hair, sometimes matted, sometimes tangled, sometimes snarled,
its irises just barely treading waves in a sea of red.

Its face, slipping from my grasp like water,
seems obvious to everyone but me.
I seldomly cry for help,
left trembling at the thought that they'll see it as I do.

In the night I am granted a moment of peace,
but it's slinking, shifting form follows me still.
Once I wake, I know we will meet again,
and I will lift my chin to receive its mangled form.

Sometimes I wish to tear it from my bones,
let the blood circle down the drain
as long as it means I'm free from its gaze.
I pray for it to stop staring at me so pleadingly.

It wavers in the mirror as my vision blurs,
salt scorching my cheeks as it watches me.
Its trembling claws reach to cradle me, palms like fire against my flesh.
I beg softly for its mercy. It whispers back.

Hornets

There are hornets in my head,
over my shoulder, behind my ears, beneath my fingertips,
wings battering against the insides of my eyelids.
Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing.

I cough up insects' legs in the morning,
I lift my lips to find needles tearing through my gums,
spilling out in blood and bile and wings.

They fill my chest until it's nearly bursting,
my screams replaced by their gentle humming,
beating against the walls of my lungs until my face turns blue.

I claw at my chest, ripping apart my ribs like lumber as they groan,
revealing a serpent's apple, roaring from inside its cage.
They dart out from inside me, their footsteps like ghosts across my body.

When it's all said and done, I zip myself back up.
I discard of all the blood, the sweat, the tears.
The hornets go back where they belong, rattling inside my skull.
Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing.

Heaven

I always thought I'd go to Hell.
I mean, how could anything else be true,
when devils seemed to have taken my heart hostage,
and all I can think of is you.

You never were an angel,
shit, you were hardly even kind,
but there was something so simply right about you,
that made you feel so perfectly made to be mine.

I wish I had an answer,
I wish you'd even showed you care,
but maybe that's just how this game is meant to go,
after all, we both know well by now that life is never fair.

But sometimes I still think of you,
your eyes, your lips, your smile,
I wish that I had fought just a little harder,
made you stay for just a little while.

But after everything, I'll still wait for you,
and when there's nothing left for us to say,
I hope that you'll still take my hand.
My darling, we'll dance in the sky one day.