She

As a daughter
I was told I must love sons
But their love felt like pulled hair
Crude jokes
And hidden bruises

They were given the key to my heart
But I threw it in the river

I didn’t realize I’d thrown my voice away, too

The key rusted on the river sands
And my tongue crumbled with it

But when I see her,
A remedy for my harp-string heart,
I can sing again
With golden melody

The noose I call a necklace around my throat
Disappears for just a moment,
Undone by gemstone hands

When I see her,
I am spellbound,
Almost unable to move as I drink in every detail of her

Oh, weary Tantalus, I never knew
The thirst I weathered
Until I tasted her

She is the sun
The moon
The stars
Crafted of magic
And fairy tales
The very image of beauty
How is it a crime,
To be enamored of her?
Bloody hands stifle Justice
As gasoline-hungry fingers strike matches

We could run away together,
While they light the pyre for us

When they hurl us from the steepest cliffs
We’ll fall like shooting stars,
Wrap your wings around me
I have found my shelter in your arms
Even angels had to fall
Fear not,
Our thousand watching eyes
Look on in silence
Silent ode to the departed,
They were afraid of our beauty

Exiled from Eden
We walk hand in hand
Fingers intertwined
Her amber eyes glint gold in the new sun

I have clawed my insides out myself
This is just an empty shell
Cast your spit and lightning down
What you leave charred and broken isn’t me
For she is my home

As you choke on the venom meant for me,
How wasteful to spend your last breath cursing us
When she breathes for me

My lungs burst with the flowers she planted
Orchids and roses
Spilling oxygen into my rotting blood

Hate poisons
Inside and out
Black tar clogging my throat,
Her climbing vines pick away the sludge
A filter for my sanity

Her voice rings clear like a bell
Against my shattered mirror soul
And while she picks up the pieces
She doesn’t seem to notice
The way her hands bleed

Is loving her a sin?
Look me in the eyes
As you cast the stones that clip my wings
Throw your words like boulders
Through opaque windows clouded with hate
And when you feel the sting of glass,
I hope you think of me
When you trace the scars,
I hope you remember my tears

You call me dangerous,
Polish my phantom teeth and claws
And push me to use them

Do not call me a monster
For it was you who had reduced me
To a beast

If I go to hell,
Surely,
I will drag you with me