

Elizabeth Boguslavsky

**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