

MY OWN UNDOING

Take this broken pen from my hand
before the ink drips into your eyes:
I'm tearing all your skin to write on,
turning you into a breathing poem
while you sink into the mud at my feet
and scream my own words back at me.

And I can hear you in my dreams
with the ink black on your teeth
as you tear apart yourself and me
and burn us both together here.
You're like a chapter lost in verse
while I figure out what we were,
a thousand poems in my words
and none of them can be enough.

When you sleep, I consume you,
soul's silver and body's weight
locked inside the cover of a book.
I'm devouring everything you say
with vicious blood-red eyes
in the shadows of a rusting moon.

And when I sleep you slice me
with the edges of my poems;
when I wake you confine me
in a cage of my own creation.
You hide your bones in inky silk
to live a life I never gave you
while blank pages strangle me
and rob me of my weapons.

You take the broken pen from me
and let the ink fall onto my skin,
burning at my skin like dark acid.
I scream poetry and you whisper
my own excuses into my ears
as I drown in mud at your feet.

~ *Miriam Joy*