

“Heaven and Hell,,

Silence fills the air,
as I sit, alone,
among endless rows of graves.

I wish for heartbeats,
for laughter,
for tears.

I miss the noise.

But I know that I can't have it.

I can hear the footsteps of the living,
but there's no sound for me.

Silence surrounds me,
as I lay in my own void,
a void of life,
eternal and silent.

I will never know happiness again.

But I accept it,
lying here, alone,
among endless rows of graves.

It was fun being dead for a while,
to feel the quiet
and the peace.
I thought hell would have fire and brimstone,
but I guess that's only what they tell us.

I'm moving on now,
accepting my reality.
And I know that one day,
I'll find my meaning,
In the cold abyss.

But for now, all I have is silence,
a silence that never ends.

And I bet there's fire in heaven.

“Foolish Understanding,,

The things I thought unmeetable—unattainable—as if from Eden—
Forever luring us with what could never be pure in value as it might have been—
Or so we've all been told:
But why should my heart believe it this for so?
This is what I know!
My dreams!
As clear as the words of my own ears—
Unencumbered by notions of what I was or would be.
Just a child at that point in time;
Unaware of the traps or whims of foolish understanding.
Always trying, always striving.
And now, standing here--where was I standing before?

“Redacted,,

Routine is the devil of a stranger:

A death spell is different only in name.

18th century England--the rise of industrialisation,
the first factory system—the spilling out of a Satanic rage.

Alone, for I sought you everywhere.

In Spain, at five paces away from me,

Your torso moving gracefully like a flower blooming—

So perfect you were; I should have found a way
to grasp the beauty in it:

To be with you was to be good, filled with God's love,
But in that moment my heart dared leap out of my chest

In the frantic-ness to make time stop for us... To make us both strong enough to last
eternally— To love us amidst the world's fear of each other— It is not as easy as it seems...

It is enough that we are together.

You are here beside me. And that's enough.

“Close To Me,,

It's lovely, the number of times
you look down on me and forget to see,
as if from your corner of the sea—

 You could not hear once I begin to plead;
It takes a little time before you come,
To coax me back again up to the dreams.

 That there is no moon,
only we are nearer the stars—

 I am but asleep. And yet, here we lie: Far apart.
At some point I think to wake myself up,

 To make sure I haven't been lying,
And when finally I realize it's true—

 I find myself so faint; Holding too tight; Too cold.
I think it may be time for a change after all.

 But as things are today—or so it would seem—I'll sleep here alone under the covers awaiting
you to come, more closely to me at last...