

Alocasia

It's in the sweetness on their tongue.
It's in the air they shift
with their every move.

It's limbs and gentle teeth.
Their face as if by candlelight.
It's the way our cheeks flush.

It's the complete shatter,
the glass that pierces our hearts,
our faces, our eyes.

We blindly stumble around,
numb to the pain,
feeling satin on our skin.

Our hearts threaded on a wire,
blood dripping like scalding wax.
The unholiness, the rush;

is that what makes it divine?
Or is it the knowledge
that this castle will crumble

that makes it worthwhile?
We lie in deserts,
the sand scorching our backs,

We'd lie there forever;
so long as our
eyes see sunlight.

When that castle crumbles -
my god, when it crumbles -
the seas flood our deserts.

The salt in our cuts -
it burns!
Our charred skin does not wish to be cooled.

All the agony we have sequestered
bursts forth,
pulsing through our veins.

We crawl from the ocean,
drenched and haggard,
disgusting little urchins.

Leaving flowers in our wake,
we rise.
The salt dries and leaves no stain;

we are pure again.