

Perhaps Then

You are mouthfuls of rain and eyes of rolling thunder, snowcapped emotions and she-loves-me-not conundrums. And I am feverish remorse and avalanches of white flags turning red under sarsaparilla skies. I would place dreams on the tails of comets and leave atmospheric burns across your skin if only we could travel to a time before the fireflies escaped and we trapped lightning in bottles. Perhaps then, you can suture the pieces of me that are no longer me and the fragments of you that separate our flesh from bone and love from lust and cauterize truth and hope back together. Perhaps then, we will collapse breathless and shaking, bare and breaking at Eros' altar and claim a heart that beats to the rhythm of forgotten fables. Perhaps then, with a steady hand and haunted heart I will chop love's martyrdom off at the knees so it can no longer run.