# A Sonnet, dude

drag your pointed fingers down the waterfall of my chest

I will allow this: inflict upon me sweet tortures of the deep

from the darkest cellar of your heart’s loneliest keep

crawl from beneath the covers, in the hiddenmost recess

there I will be waiting, blood congealing on my hands

and not only mine, for I must give and take in measure

procede stately and dignified, take our untoward pleasure

you will bind me and blind me, make unalterable demands

and the longer the heartache, the more divine the play

you would take me, remake me in the image of night

leash me and lead me and not let me run stray

for the darker the possesive absence of light

the more the eye burns in the exposure of day

and the longer then slitted against the sun’s might.