

Does it make sense now? Now? Now?

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Watch as I unfold in your hands. My petals are timid, fragile and lilac awaiting for whatever is next on your agenda. You hold and possess my life as if you know what's best for me. Could it be that you're jealous? Could it be that you spiritually impaired? Could it be that you wish you were me?

No. On side A of your hands, you stroke my stretch marks as if you were gentle, sweet and caring. Side B, of course, is where your true colors shine. Dark and musky yellows, grays, and navy blues stir and blotch your skin as if they were vibrant and lively. The colors then streak away, draining into the fiery and intensive gravitational force that makes up the rest of your toxic and masculine body.

My eyes paint the signs of a maniac but my heart draws out a canvas of angelic saint. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have ever met the devil. If it weren't for you, I would have never met god. If it weren't for you, I would have never disappeared.

It's funny writing this, watching how you'll never understand what this means. You must be trembling with rage and frustration. As you should be. You deserve it. Every second, every word, and every single emotion has been poured down into this token taken from tree we first met and carved our names in.

I always remembered and love that tree. It's no longer there because I watched from afar when you set it ablaze and turned parts of its hollow bark into thin stacks of paper. I'd like to say I died that day when you did that. Looking at it again, has convinced me otherwise.

Have you found my body yet? Do you know where I went? Don't bother looking at the stars because I'm not there. I was never able to leave the ground. Think of the dates we went on. Perhaps that could help. Put together the first letter of the locations we went to. Does it make more sense now? Now? Now?