

I. Lust

Monday

*a virgin morning wakes in the afterthought of a carnal night.*

You taste like the dew dripping down dusky dawns, and

honey

your skin like raw satin on my tongue as I

*ache*

for you

your cheeks paint a shy crimson

as I spill like sunburst across your ribcage

*your flesh a dripping mouth for the animal in me.*

soft mud underthighs unearthed like a feast, I

watch you fall apart in

*monochrome*

the flesh of the church flickers in your iris, as I unravel

the innocence sheltered in your

bones

the room quivers in a disrobed haze

as a naked breast blooms like bruised

fruit

velvet sheets bleed dry

as we *surrender* to

the ungodliness of this

pleasure.

## II. Gluttony

Tuesday

*A deer trudges lazily oblivious to the lion in ambush. The deer is dead.*

Some nights my hunger for you

t i p t o e s

like a child's

heartbeat, other nights it morphs into

a python coiled around the child's

neck

my appetite balloons with your affection, and

I'm left gaping for more,

unable to quench the hole the size of your absence

anymore

I have grown to detest the mornings you leave for work

the *tick tick ticking* of the clock no less than a

bomb

waiting to explode

I wish I could pluck the thorns from the roses

housed in your hair

and fence you in them

but you wouldn't like that, would you?

but darling, the famine in my mouth

has only sharpened my teeth

as I lurk for a bite

it's scary how often you remind me of deer.

### III. Greed

Wednesday

*There's pleasure in knowing that you're only a fountain and I, a drain*

It irks me that you don't ask me about my day.

it's a blessing Midas never learnt to touch

hearts

but what I would give to see yours

embellished in gold, beating

*only when I want it to*

I bathe you in kerosene and

watch you *burn* just so

I can see you in the dark

I want you to spill yourself like a

r i v u l e t

onto my hands, brand

your devotion on the vermilion

where your hair parts,

I want you to mold a toothache until

it shapeshifts into a parabola hanging at

the hem of your lips

give me, love me, worship me, you

know better than to leave me unsatisfied

*don't you darling?*

I've taught you to rediscover your freedom such

that it fits in the ridges of my

palm

but tomorrow, you will learn to weave

obituaries  
of yourself.

#### IV. Sloth

Thursday

*I wish I could love you unapologetically, but my tongue can brew only so many  
excuses*

You never did understand, some days the sky weighs heavier  
most days my bed is a sympathetic mother  
birthing berceuses,  
cushions like cotton candy  
as the dawn ripens leisurely  
my feet resemble stones as i glide like  
tectonic plates towards the  
calendar, a date circled with  
a dead marker

#### *“Anniversary”*

I stammer my way around leaning towers  
of week old pizza  
takeovers, and soiled underpants  
as the stench of mold penetrates  
the filth on the floor  
papers rise like a high fever as I promise  
to procrastinate later  
my phone chirps *beep beep beep* as I fall  
limp on the couch  
I vaguely recall your name on the screen.

V. Wrath

Friday

*It's a shame you never did decipher what my fists had to say, it was poetry*

Purple has always been your favorite colour

so I'm only doing you a favour

it's funny how you seek

redemption

in the very arms that mirror a

noose

the spinelessness of your spine disgusts me

*"crack!"*

leather slithers across your tailbone, sleek, a

snake in its rebirth

as a scream lodges like fishbone at

the back of your

larynx

*now you know even red has a sound*

how foolish of you to think ice

could numb the protests of

a dented cheek, misshapen like

a hairpin bend

my anger tips over like overcooked

milk

as I slam your head (disgustingly large) on

the kitchen slab, a tooth

dies. your eyes go cold.

this should teach you to add salt next time.

## VI. Envy

Saturday

*The grass isn't greener on the other side if the other side has no grass.*

I like watching you sleep. your chest has a rhythm

*up down up down up down*

these nights I wonder if you still think of him, his

eyelashes, the way they fluttered like careless

tourists, I wonder

if his body recognizes the hollow

in the place of a limb- *you*, if the bend of

his earlobe still pines for the clank

of glass bangles

I never noticed you stopped wearing glass bangles.

it's quarter past two, the canopy of the

moon shimmers in my eyes

yet it's not the crescent you loved in

him

perhaps it's the little things, like the playlist

that tickles your smile when you load the

dishwasher, the cursives

on the letter you hide in the back of

your pinafore pockets, the little things

that make you love a man

unconditionally.

*But it's only fair that a heart that doesn't beat for me, not beat at all*

I like watching you sleep. your chest has a rhythm

*up down up dow-*

## VII. Pride

Sunday

*They say the perishable is ethereal. And they're true. We never do water artificial flowers afterall*

Tonight the sky is widowed, and her  
children have departed. but she will save  
her ache for morrow.

there are days when

I wanted to gut you

like the inside of a pineapple clean

until you were only a *shadow*

of my glory

I still remember the furrows on your

forehead, the hook of your nose

twisted ugly,

I was always the better looking one.

the way your stomach wrung itself like a

wet tshirt

when you asked for permission

to speak, I

was always the bolder, the parakeet

in your chest had long since

been excavated.

I take pride in my craftsmanship, how I

sculpted a lady from a dandelion, tinkering you until

your dignity begged alms beneath

my feet,

your only home.

I lightly trace your name on the stone.

perhaps I had tinkered a little *too hard*, but

even then

your skull bled in

symmetric colours and

you collapsed in a curtsy

and I knew

you finally deserved

*me*

your memory is inhumed in marble, as

I place a lone lily on your

coffin

*I will meet you on the other side, darling*





