

Poem for S.

For you are my passionflower in summer, my lavender in autumn, my magnolia in spring,
my past in winter.

How can I explain

To someone that matters, my pain

The sullen past

The sleepless nights

There where tears sunk

Their eroded path.

The shrieks in the dark

The laughs and the silence

Their voices claw at me a chunk at a time.

In the bed not quite alive nor dead

In somber meditation I await

For my body to allow me to stand up once again.

I walk next to theirs as their voices turn off

Their flickering candle of a life becoming just wax

And again under the shivering rain

With my bones turning to dust

As my shovel clears the gravel into graves

And another and another now they are a name without breath

A corpse that lays in tragedy among the dirt.

How can you understand me,

Who created so much hurt and pain

Who heard their laughter as they became dead?

How can you see what I saw, hear what I heard

Understand that were the mind agonizes so much it just fractures

My memory turns to splinters

Everything hurts when I think of anything after looking at their faces.

How can I love you when I know I will not remember yours the morning after?

How can you love me, the kinslayer of the Jorasco family?
I live in shadows awaiting the time your forgiveness becomes forgetting
Leave me to die
Like the hound that bit their owners hand
I deserve everything, the pain the tracking, my death
The freedom, forgetfulness, my blank minded descent into madness
Remember the Leonus in your heart, but not this mortal man
Whose blood stained hands will never clean
Who bears the mark of the exile as sooth,
Who will never laugh again
Who failed your love one more time.
Live my love, live a life worth living,
Remember our laughter on the green valleys, remember our kisses in tides and our bodies'
heat as refuge.
Leave, my sweet flower,
Find a person worth saving
Someone whose injury has a cure.
Live a Jorasco life my darling,
Leave this old carcass to die
I'll rot in winter to give you freedom in spring,
Your laugh will reach me there, in nevermore,
I hope then, as it graces me, that my muscle memory grants me one last exhalation to join
your song.