

Before Sunrise

O you, silent radiance!
How you press upon me,
How you wound me with your fire.

Unspeakable, ungraspable
Yet nearer to me than my breath.
You linger beyond my reach,
as my voice falls silent
And still you shine upon me.

The night is vast,
Its silence weighs upon me.
Yet, from within your glimmer stirs,
Like a flickering star.
Too far to grasp,
Yet too fierce to deny.

You are absence made radiant,
Presence made untouchable.
In you I learn to withhold myself,
To bow before the horizon,
That forever recedes.

To whisper yes into the abyss.
As your pilgrim.
Your silent witness.
A hymn to revere before the end.
A dawn that doesn't break.
Yet you rise.
In your unending flare
I cry
Yes, unto eternity.

Home

is where the heart is.

Mine?

In my chest,

Behind my ribs

Surrounded with veins

That keeps me running.

But,

It beats off-key.

in minor keys.

Syncopated grief.

Out of time. Out of line.

Too raw for that kitchen table small talk,

too loud for a mother —

who equated stillness with goodness.

She made tea when I sobbed.

As if heat could cure the aching.

As if silence, and a warm cup,

could replace years of not listening.

Not because she lacked love — but because her love had conditions.

Be quiet.

Be normal.

Be the boy who didn't ask questions—

She loved the version of me she imagined —

one who didn't feel so much,

think so much, *fight* so much.

But I did. I still do.

I didn't grow up.

I adapted.

Like a stray animal in a house

too clean for emotion, too rigid for chaos.

I learned—

how to mimic affection, nod through disappointment,

shut my mouth before I speak that made her cry.

Home was never safe.

It was just *quiet*.

A quiet that hummed with judgments unspoken,

with shame—

duct-taped over emotion.

And so I built my own.

I rebelled.

Not to be better—

No.

Just to survive—

Death.

Tomorrow

't wasn't the rain that soaked me.

It was *her*.

She engrossed me.

I could see her—

the one she stitched behind her eyes,

now out,

Like a wildflower

On a wall.

I saw her.

My hands,

traitors,

ached to reach—

her,

for the ache beneath her ribs.

The tremble behind her jaw.

But I didn't.

Not out of virtue.

Out of reverence.

To hold her now

would be to—

end the moment.

To trap the clawed beast

in language.

In closure.

And I—

I live in unfinished sentences.

So I mourned.

Like an abandoned sonnet

A pause too long.

A line half-said.

And whispered

with ache—

Tomorrow.

Let me hold her

tomorrow.

Nails

I crave her nails.
digging deep into my skin—
To mark me.
A flesh aching to be read—
gets
Written with sharpness
And want.
Only in that ache,
Do I exist.
An ache I want to bottle,
Savour,
Bleed with.
Thats when
She loosens.
I have to pretend
Not to like it.
But I do.
God, I do.
In that split second
I notice her—
What she hides.
A calm chaos,
Coiled quiet
Waiting to be found
Yet, terrified of being seen.
That's her.
And
I ache to see her,
I want to know her.
No,
I need to.

Undone

I watch over—
He was drunk.
A hiccup—
in his holy silence.
I'll sleep
Once he's sober
When he sees
What he has done.
But till then
He must be—
Taken care of.
Cradled with
Lullaby —
of crying children.
For when he's drunk
He's me
You
Himself.

