

# You've Been Living in

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## IN PROGRESS

You've been living in my mind for five years time  
Laughing, meeting on the street  
I've told you my secrets, we've cried together, and I've come to trust you more  
than any other.

...

You've been living in my mind for five years time  
Laughing, meeting on the street  
I've told you my secrets, we've cried together, and I've come to trust you more  
than any other  
I've discovered I love you.

...

You've been living in my mind for five years time

.....

My assorted, perhaps sordid fantasies are beautiful at best, and certainly so  
to me, but at worst perverse perhaps.  
Can it be that you don't and wouldn't love me.  
Can it be that my idealism is just a disease?  
(

You've been living in my mind for five years time  
In a divine if uncertain fantasy  
I am Goethe's Werther and Hector Berlioz.  
I am the passionate, sensitive victim hectored at unbearable and hurled about  
by shallow society.  
But nonetheless absorbed by Aphrodite and nightly in white and azure rapture  
through revery ascending ecstatic to heaven.

( I am an unsightly slug itching to crawl on your skin and you're terrified that I'll snap, or explode covering you in pus.

My earnest aspiring is taken at price of your pain  
to say nothing of my unchaste derangements  
And yet its a habit I know I have failed to break for half a decade  
And so here I stay  
Bearing this shame  
Going insane  
Staying awake to escape the wet dream in which the subconscious uncautiously rapes the ideal while the real stands at a distance unconsenting yet unrelenting in the eternal pressure of their recurring presence in the dark and light chambers of your mind.

You've been living in the dark and light chambers of my mind  
and I haven't the heart tonight to drive you out.  
What? You want to leave?  
No! You mustn't leave! You can't get out! I'll bar your flight!  
I will drown you in a sea of fantasies of ecstasies which if you found out you'd censure me  
eventually rending me from your side and from your sight  
and attempting to enter my mind to put an end  
to my most well guarded flights of fancy if perchance you even care.

Oh I hope in ardent flights of fancy that perchance you even care  
and well go through starlit nights romantic where we're dancing in midair  
And I'll go through scarlet nights of passion while entranced drunk on your air  
Though I know perhaps there's hardly slighter chances if it actually holds in fact that a chance is even there  
And yet I hope in ardent flights of fancy that perchance you even care

If perchance you even care...  
If perchance you even care...

But what if perchance you really care?

No!—stay away from that train of thought—  
my deranged fantasies can plainly only cause you pain.  
I'd fain refrain but I've taken hold of by hope.  
And while its practically hopeless  
I don't actually know this positively,  
so I stay Lonely  
pausing on the edge of movement  
choosing to wait and to lose opportunities to pursue you.  
Going insane  
Staying awake to escape the wet dream in which the subconscious uncautiously

rapes the ideal while the real stands at a distance unconsenting yet unrelenting  
and yet I hope!

And is not to hope to expect an a sense?  
And is not to act in a sense more (sensible?) and honest than to steal these  
fantasies?  
Yes—  
to hope is to expect an a sense.)

( So in innocence at last perhaps it is best  
if I hazard the test,  
take action, Express  
my presently bashful Interest and intent to act to beget  
feelings of attachment  
beneath your amaranth tresses  
Request your assent  
(to caresses (gladly dispensed)).

yet I fear that inaction will let  
Accident get  
past me prevent me from acting and wrest  
past the extent of my grasp  
every last chance to manage to settle  
this matter engendering thence  
(disaster immense as (this vast and majestic) Western civilization's collapse and  
descent into anarchy)

lest that happen  
I'd best press the question  
to get past this obsession—and I grant I'm obsessed—  
Which like a cancer has festered in the recesses of my head.  
Half of a decade of minutes spent sillily waiting for glance or a gesture  
Meant to signal willingness for a chance at romance and adventures together  
the waiting, inaction—the tension is killing me  
Filling me with perhaps rasher and restless feelings,  
And at last begetting plans in my head  
To act on this mess of passions unfettered

I'll hazard the test

Perchance you'll reject it  
Perchance I'll suspect that  
an amorous jest  
and there descend, lest I have to repent of my fantastic error,  
irrevocably into madness pathetic  
Evasive and stagnant-pathetic yes.

Yet this is slanderous text,  
Blasphemous text!

It can't be correct  
That my fancy arrested by  
an as fair aspect as this  
can err, impressed by merely a shadow,  
Deceptive appearance

as fair aspects as this  
Can't verily exist in  
anything less than perfection

(And at Anselm's suggestion my ideal cannot be treacherous  
Phantasms, backstabbing ever  
Increasingly Painfully in candid presentation  
of fast Evidence in reality against themselves

It has to be best

The ideal must Actually exist and physically

Perchance I will kiss  
your tangible lips

Perchance I will kiss  
your tangible breast  
I shall with you  
perchance, in a fit of passion  
I am Ecstatic, and yes,  
at risk of brashness  
have sex  
if I'm granted success)

a staggering breadth of  
fantasies dreamt over half of a decade, Imagined pleasures  
and fast fading memories  
shall be added to yet by  
actual events,  
which are as clear to sense perception as my blissful images stand in conception

all is happy and best

I will ask in a second

I have had you in heaven for half of a decade and shall have you terrestrially for half of a century

at last I will get Answers ( all is happy and best will be granted s )  
All is happy and best I will hazard the test there's a dance in my breast as I ask and the answer is no. )

Oh! everything is unquestionably best. You've accepted my question with yes. All is as in spring and we will dance as we go through pastures of plants silver, gold, and red.

Oh! I know it has to be so. All is happy and fully good. Nothing can be wrong. I should die if your answer were no. It can't have been so. It can't have been so. It can't have been so

Oh! Shall my Quixotic hopes be rotted so caustically? The rope of these ideas in my mind being knotted so tautly for so long around thoughts of holding you I cannot just undo. I'll further pursue solely to hold on to my perhaps idiotic rope of a notion. If only you loved me...

It has to be so.  
I'll ask it again.  
The answer is no.

No! Soberly I behold my goal a chimera. My era of golden emotion comes to a terrible close. You're very opposed to my notions of a wide open future where the only two should be I and holy you.

No.

No.

Your answer is No.

You've been living in my mind for five exalted years time  
but it's but a stone's throw from the sublime  
to the ridiculous  
so with Napoleon I see my hopes extinguished thus  
as I began to think them in their spring of budding into fulfillment.  
this shade I'm in it brings a dusky gloom.  
Oh, to let go! To give up that which has consumed my soul!  
Is it not to annihilate my whole mind?  
A suicide more to be feared than final death for  
The hole it in me leaves I must go on living with  
)

...

(I wouldn't

though I've given you a place on a pedestal its sensible eventually to let you go but this is hell more so—to know that my vision of beauty is illusory, ephemeral. To know the truth That this pained earth may have a dearth of the purity essential to the ideal life.

I should not have wished you different to have you love me.

You're just a shadow on Plato's cave. And though I've given you a place on a pedestal its sensible eventually to let you go, and The essential attributes of you I love, I discover in myriad others, a kaleidoscope of virtues and beauties. And while very sad of this loss of you truly I am, of my inspired hopes collided so bluntly with truth, without slightest hope of change, I see a whole life is open to exploration beyond waiting for you. And flying solo I eye below me vast silver, red, white, and golden pastures of endless and sublime splendor.

You've been living in my mind, for five years time laughing, meeting on the street, I've told you my secrets, we've cried together, I've cried alone, and gotten over you.

You've been living in my mind, My platonic concept of beauty I see you in the )