

I Am A Bad Sapphic

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Ode to Sappho.

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When you leave,

my entire body collapses inwards, the exhaustion hitting me like a backpack of rocks placed on my shoulders. The light, airy, happiness I get goes, along with you, as you close the door behind you.

But when you return it always comes back.

The lows of being without you make me appreciate the highs so much more, the highs of knowing that you're here and you love me and everything else exits my head, stage right, as the warmth of your presence floods my body. One day, can you stay?

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When you leave, my room always smells like you.

It helps me remember that it wasn't a dream, that you were really here, in my arms, not just a cruel trick my brain was playing on me. It does that often, I dream of you in my arms, smell you, feel you, hear you, and then my eyes snap open and you aren't there, my bed feeling way too empty.

I used to love the space, but now I hate it, the sheets taunting me of the fact that you could fit easily beside me, but you're not here, you're never here, and just once I want to open my eyes to my dream becoming a reality.

Home

A home isn't always a place.

My home has a heartbeat, has piano playing hands softer than the look of the clouds, that I want to hold in mine for as long as I can. But my home always goes home, leaving me an empty house.

My home is a breathing poem, who can churn out beautiful words on the spot, instead of having to sit here and think for 10 minutes about how to write down the exact delicate curvature of his collarbones, the scent of him reminding you of a vast forest, an endless ocean.

My home is the only person I tell everything to, and it's so freeing. I have never been able to keep a diary, never been comfortable sharing my problems, but to his eyes I am an open book, a gorgeous hand-bound, ancient tome, with titles painted in gold calligraphy, and paper made from the finest fibres.

A home isn't a place, it's a feeling. That feeling of safety after you already thought you felt safe, that being able to breathe after you were already breathing, that voice deep down inside that tells you nothing could go wrong when you're wrapped in those piano playing arms, your home is a feeling.

And I've finally found it.

Midnight Daydreams

The only way
I get to sleep
Is to imagine you behind me.

Your little breaths,
Soft and deep,
I close my eyes so I can't see.

You're not here,
And I'm alone,
Hoping with my eyes shut tight,

That when we are,
Not through a phone,
You'll be with me through the night.

Elusive

I want your skin on mine, want the galaxy of your
body to collide with mine, soft like velvet, expensive
like silk.

You're the ocean, and I want to drown in you, sink to
the bottom where the life thrives, full of colour and
amazing creatures, discover things that scientists
won't ever discover, just as beautiful at the bottom
as it is at the top, where the sea meets the air, where
the blue grey waves crash and lap against the shore,
the white foam like a net trying to capture your
beauty.

You're the sky, and I want to float in you, watch as
the colours dance across you like mixing paint on a
palette, your hair softer than the clouds, the air thin
as you have me struggling for breath, endless as you
stretch on and on into the stars.

I want your skin on mine like a tattoo, stick to me
forever, a masterpiece on my body, stay with me, and
never let go.

Ramblings

I lost myself for a moment today.

I was walking to meet friends, jacket so long it covered my knees, red on the inside just like me, shoes clicking on the corridor floor, and my brain told me I was going to see you.

Smiles stretch across faces like duct tape, suffocating any words that attempt to escape, and my duct tape smile peeled off and fell to the floor, having lost its glue, and it was trampled by the group of young boys that pushed past me as I came to a stop, seemingly not noticing as it stuck to the underside of one of their shoes, they continued on in the loud manner they had first approached in, and I stood still in the hall for what couldn't have been a second, and my cheeks went cold and that smile dropped and I lost myself.

I lost myself the way a person forgets where they are for a moment after waking up, or after blacking out, or after a party, the way one walking down a street at 3am can't recognise the street they've lived on their whole life because they haven't walked it at this time of night before, it's the way you walk into a room and forget why you went in there, it's when you try to remember what you dreamt last night as it slips away from you or what that thought you just lost was, I lost myself in a happy moment for nothing but a minute,

heading towards you and our inevitable demise and those fucking benches that I cast my eyes away from, avoiding them like they'll infect me with happiness that'll be sucked away like a sickness, make me nothing but sad, a sad girl in a long coat, red on the inside just like me, shoes clicking on the corridor floor, brain telling me you'll be here but you never are and I am losing myself in hope, in thoughts of you so deep they feel 3D, like I could reach out and touch you and feel you and smell you but you're never fucking here and these gold coated eyes are so tired of not seeing you. I am in love with you the way coffee is in love with staining paper pages, impossible to remove, adding detail and scent and age, I am in love with you the way a tree is in love with shedding its leaves in the autumn, spreading its beauty to the world around it, letting itself be free and comfortable with letting parts of itself go, with letting go of what's dead and growing anew, but still keeping that same wise trunk and those same roots. I am in love with you the way the air is in love with music, with the notes on the breeze and letting itself be filled with beauty and sound and expression, listenable artwork, masterpieces of thoughts and feelings and human personalities, music is personality, even when you're trying to copy a song exactly, it will never be the same, there is that tone in a voice and the one note that is off, the air coming

alive and I am in love with being alive and you make me
alive and I have never felt alive before now.

I am in love with those lost moments, because it means
that I have something beautiful to lose.

For those moments, I am thinking about you and I am
so in love and then it goes to missing you.

And even missing you is better than not having fallen
in love at all.

Homesick

You've helped me fall in love with the ocean.
She reminds me of you, bright and glowing and
beautiful, and sometimes;
So far away.

I love the way I can still smell you on me after
spending a few hours in bed with you.

It's like you're still clinging to me, arms wrapped
tight around me like my ribcage, I carry you where my
heart should be, pumping blood to the rest of my
body, sometimes I want a perfume of the way you smell
when you hug me. Your hair. How your tongue tastes in
my mouth. Something to keep that smell around, long
after you've left. It smells like home.

Lyrical

Hips wide and protruding, soft skin and flesh and bone. You're so human. You're so alive. I love how you feel under my hands, pulsating and growing and rising and falling like the waves in the ocean. I love falling asleep on you. My head resting on your rib cage, I can hear every beat of that heart that loves me. I remember the light shifting slowly, music swimming on the ceiling, and then awaking with a start, to you asking me what's wrong. I don't know. Nothing now. All I had was an uneasy feeling that subsided as soon as I heard your voice. Your gorgeous voice that replaced the music and the light, between that and the softness of your chest, it's all I needed. I still smell like you. It never lasts as long as I want it to, gone by the time I wake up, like you were one of those dreams I can't remember, and I make my way through my days by knowing that it's getting closer to when that's how I spend every night, being calmed from my dreams, cloaked in your scent, I'm only making it by because I tell myself it'll be one day soon, within the next few minutes, but the lie resets every time I blink, I am in love with you. Human. Breathing and rubbing my back and asking concerned questions, shuddering and gasping and kissing me with all the strength you can muster, I am so in love with you.

Lepidoptery

I'm in love with a man with a golden brown eye, with a honeyed tongue and lips like flower petals. He sings me to sleep and lets me rest my head on him, knowing the steady beat of his heart is comforting to my ears.

I'm in love with a man with a smile brighter than the stars, with hands swift and dexterous, that I could stare at for hours, and a laugh that makes me smile with a warmth spreading through my stomach, like I've just drunk hot chocolate, spreading to my fingers and toes, I want to dance whenever I'm in his presence, let the butterflies go from my gut and flutter out through my fingertips, the wings beating in the air and swimming about my head, one gets tangled in my hair and the man I'm in love with gently sets it free, untangling the mess and stroking a lock behind my ear, his golden eyes stare into mine, and;

I'm in love with a man called happiness.

I could talk to you for hours, be with you for hours, hell, just stare at you for hours, and I'll be happy. You've infected me and now I'll never be able to let it go, I can't help but laugh loudly and smile wide and want to hug everyone I meet and it's because of the man I'm in love with.

The human heart is a fragile thing.

There are many doorways and passages, uneven floorboards and ramps to nowhere, in one part there's an entire library, in another, an old rocking chair. Its windows lead to more walls, its lamps illuminate impossible shadows, if you stop to sit the walls will wrap around you like ivy and you'll be left wandering the halls for the rest of your days. Go up the stairs and never look down, your hands the only thing to guide you, your surroundings no longer the thing to listen to, they'll try to trick you, try and block out the uneasy feeling you get when that door's locked and remember, it's for a reason. The human heart is a fragile thing and you don't want to be the one to break it, to leave its caverns dark and lifeless, stop the rush of traffic and peer over the balcony to the abyss below. The human heart will get you lost, will leave you breathless, and can house anything you can imagine. If you step inside its front door, ringing the bell to let the owner know someone is home, be courteous. The human heart is a fragile thing. One wrong step and the china will smash. If you walk its floor, footsteps soft, like socked feet on plush carpet, be gentle. The human heart will be kind back. The human heart is the size of two fists, yet somehow, it can hold my love for you.

You hang up first

Our calls always end after I love you.

After we've promised to eat each other whole, to regurgitate what is left of our hearts, the call ends, and I'm alone again. Left with your soothing tones ringing in my ears, throbbing through these bones that have never broken but ache like they have, I am all alone in a room of silent love songs. I have plastered you across my belongings, given myself endless reminders of that taste of yours, I am left with the image of a beautiful nude man in his bed, the small of your back and the softness of your hands, a man I wish to cling to, sometimes I want you to swallow me.

Keep me inside you, safe, I want to be able to stay after I love you. After we're both breathless and full again. I can't kiss with eyes open. I let my hands do the seeing, your jaw in my palms and your back under my fingertips, our calls always end after I love you.

And I don't know what that means, symbolically.

Necklace

I carry your heart on a string.
The sharp edges are fraying where the two are tied,
like it could snap if you pulled too hard,
I've already replaced the string once or twice.
Had to keep your heart in my pocket for a week,
wrapped my palm around it in a fist
whenever I needed,
your heart is smooth and polished,
roughness worn down
from the place where it lays between my chest,
the point is chipped and the hole too,
but still it stays intact.
I hold it in my hand
and it's almost like you're holding mine,
your heart sleeps next to mine,
your heart doesn't beat next to mine,
I carry your heart on a string.
Just like the way you carry mine.



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