

For two years **Lindsay Stalone** *consumed*

For two years consumed of complication and regret.
I am red-faced puffy-eyed head-splitting jags of saltwater,
where tonight, in wretched exhaustion I curl into a fetal ball,
remaining here until serrated silence stretches between you and me
like the sound of snow falling.
It drifts around our shaking shoulders.
Intrinsically incapable of comprehending
your pain is unequalled, unrivaled, resolute to seek
the root of desecration buried beneath years of betrayal.
You are a black wave traveling across an obsidian planet,
enduring oblivion in pursuit of discovery why
every woman from mother to me has stolen your trust
and shredded it,
like the pages of this shameful journal, in which you discovered
my turbulent, degrading attempt to erase your ink.
You do not use the word love.
It is a malaise condemning you.
I sob for somnolence, die in the inertia of estrangement,
seize with grief for lost parts of my body.
Eventually, you cross the room, closing distance



My dog, penchant to trouble / Revealed a crooked maw / "My handsomeness will double / If I put this bracing on"

you've held for ten hours, to amend lamentation.

All your tears transfer to my cheeks
where cold fury and spectral fragility fail
to turn my possession aside.

I want to suck your abuse addiction dry.

You curl up next to me on the floor,
our two hollow husks hover together for heat
holding, here, corpses cradled in earth.

We lost nothing but context, stepping
into chasm paths, velvet bags, torture beds.

Choosing isolation from all anchors of identity,
you and I elicit raw monsters of ego
to waltz out for battle.

A holy war,

in which the only choice is to love aggressively.

There is nothing you can do to make me not love you.

Don't chase definition through the dictionary.

Right here, clinging inside a cathedral of fear,
dreaming consists of coarse supplications to God.

Love speaks of prayer together.

**"I want
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