

Confessional

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I wrote my death,
and upon its wings,
I flew into the darkness,
it carried me
beyond this world
into another.

And yet You seize my body as it passes,
and dilate my eyes.

Here, in the stasis of my life's closing argument,
You call to me through the split in space and time,
and corrupt my peace, and make me blind.

Romance.

Ties between the self
and another contained isolated spore.
My echo of laughter and of lust,
desire's burning heart;

You walk through my garden,
and see the mess I've made;
since that point of origin
of space and time,
when all things were divine.

Gravitas;
my plural exhibitionisms,
planned persecutions.

Ego's concentric rings;
and species' flare.

Harbinger of confinement.

Your flags set sail,
and wishing upon me
no other form of punishment.

I cry to you:
Please await the diligence of heart,
the changing scepter,
passing from one hand
into another's.

That my motives made manifest
could congeal and percolate
for Your blessed word.

Manifestation
of the sword
of truth,

Truth and Power and Glory.

I'm in a towel,
after a quick shower,
at 4:30am,
thinking about you.

My thoughts of you?

They run wild and uncontrollable.

From a simple word's
communication,
into much deeper
forms of merging
minds, bodies, and souls.

It is not sexual.
It is sexual.
It is not harmonic.
It is harmonic.
It is not devout.
It is devout.

It's not the matter between two people's blood that
frightens me, but the escape of the soul from its headlong
path towards God.

In my gut;
in the core of my existence,
there breathes a child.

A child with tantrum,
a child with a greedy heart;
but there's another voice,
overlaid,

The quiet clamor of decay.

Her heart breaks,
and mine is a mask
of insincerity,
debris coddles
and comforts
the hollow shell
that once was me.

Mother,
I am done decorating the walls.

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Mother,
your life is mine,
spent in the catacomb of your womb.

Before I spill out
into endless degeneration,
let me linger longer
in the daze of this eternal sunlit sky.

We were burning origami cranes,
you and I;
in the shelter beneath the rain,
all dry.

And I--

held mine out,
to a starless sky,
and rasped the name
of God,
I have hated
all my life.

But insincerity spills,
and topples the ranks,
of golden calves

Now the test of love,
now the opportunity for grace,
an endless storm of arrows
piercing,
deep within the heart.

Rain pours,
you and I know
the sparks that we have ignited.
As we look
at one another
through the fire.

I pray the rain,
to make me sane,
and bring me home at last.

My war is far from over.
In the trenches,
taking toxic fire.

Over the head of us,
the war planes swoop, and glide.

My chemical war.

Intoxicated by your breath,
kisses fused with laughter;
the dripping sweetness of your speech,
every moment
an intangible wasteland
devoid of vegetation,
as I settle in and make my hole a home.

Words like water,
from the sky.

And life begins,
in a drop of Your
remission.

And a calculated risk; Vatican exports
toppling desire

My meat,
the bones,

A cylindrical and contemporaneous mask.
A cyclic surgical
dystopian commodity.

My body
accumulates
a measure of
condensation.

And I strum,
without hearing a sound. And I strum.
And I strum.

Festering inside of me,
the sins that I have
committed since dawn's
beautiful rise.

And although I can
replace one sin with
the empty void of
love,

Only He can
cleans me with
His grace.

I have not
considered
all the words
of God; nor
have I constructed
my appeal.

Court rules heavy.

My appeal,
to be united
with my beloved;
and to conjoin.

We twins,

I am lost,
in the catacomb,
with the dead.

No light shines here,
only the dim beating
of my heart.

And I appeal,
with sentence
just, and swift,
that my thoughts
may turn into
projections on the walls;
and I may be released
from this little hell.

Pins & needles mark
the excess fatty tissue;

With no vow to bind me,
to her,
just a loose-
dappling
of sound and love.

No one is purer
than the Christ.

So my heart extinguished,
of love, romantic;
I wonder if it will ever
derail again
and set me wildly on fire.

Love, romantic.

Can I encapsulate
myself in some
prison until my time
is done, until--

The heart in its excess
bleeds the epiphanies of God.

Daisies and war,
Aminidab & cacophonous stretches burning out the light,
Drinks & candlelight masses;

A study filled to the
brim with every word
that proceeds out
of the mouth of God.

You are my echo,
and I, your plaything,
but we only last
as long as each
particle of faith
remains orbiting around
the sun of our experience.

And we will annihilate
this fleshy core of my
existence;

Echoes of the birth pang.

Dancing, winding, spinning sorcerer;
keeps mild transgressions at bay.
Dipping in the wax of a cumulative ghostly shell,
I crave to burn fiercely for a moment,
on this good earth; as a testament
of my devotion to Your prescribed commands.

My feud with my self.

Warring over untold chemical observations,
a mental hierarchy of slaves and masters, lovers;
a quarreling insight into the depths of love,
here do I dress. Here do I undress.

As the windows let in
Winter's bite; so I let in
the freezing blast of
asymmetry.

And when the heat thaws me,
I open up the doors;
to let the light and shadow in.
Everywhere is marked by the
translucent piss of pagan gods.

Thrumming,
ecstatic sores of Mercury!

The sour moon of Saturn's spin.

A diabolical edict;

A flash fire
in the midst
of Eden.
Only Hell.

Until the end of the world
meets us with its toxicity.

I am nothing.
I am nothing.

My love grows bland,
and a lover lost to dust and ash;
I grow cold,
and she devoid
of reciprocity.

At the shadow's ledge,
I peel my clothes off,
spreading my arms as if
they were wings to carry me.

Do You hear my falling?
Can You silence my scream?
Will You love me?

Five thousand miles apart,
with the seas between us,

Romantico.

I am tied
and bound
to my mistakes.

Mistakes in love,
past and present;
wherefore I do not hear
anything beyond our kiss.

The fragmentary illusion
of a marriage of flesh;
where the soul dies
in a rain of argumentation.

All my tools,
and a hunger
in my heart
to self-correct.

Forcing instability;
constructing chaos;
desolating the land of my illusory loves.

I spark to life,
as a bolt of inspiration
surges through me.

As God
reveals to me
my naked exposure;
and how horrendous!

It is.

In a post-apocalyptic segue,
between rifts of cataclysmic
orchestral chamber dysfunction
I bleed my violins;

And down in the depths
of a transgressive pit; broken-
heart, plague-boiling, cosmology

Never have I been
so corrupt.
As I am,

Create in me a clean heart, O God,

And vacuum
the dust of my pretentiousness,
wipe away the tears
of my regrets;
purify,
deliver my soul from the trenches of the dead,

Wake me from my slumber.

From the entrance of the tomb,
wherein the body lay;
one figure,

Cerebral
countenance regains
an anagram of God's refrain.

Count the number
of ideologies ingrained
within this scabby flesh;

Permuted time out of sequence,
out of death I find my meter
and my breath,
and catch a glimpse
of angel dust.

As snow
from Heaven
up above.

Count the whispers
of God, on one hand;
thou shalt know
what to do next.

A broken law,
may be forgiven;
but a shattered
heart, leaves no
room for
understanding
and repentance.

He speaks plainly,
He speaks in puzzles,
He goes West,
He goes East,
His commands
to be observed:

*Love God;
love your neighbor as yourself.*

These two are the keys to the wisdom of God.

Indistinguishable ideologies;
basic core tenets, obsolete signs.

The typewriter
sparks a flurry
of pulse and breath,

If I am a god,
my soul is spent
on paper, and ink.

Everything else,
an erasure of my time.

In this present moment,
keyed up calligraphic horizon;
burning with the flames
of anticipation
for inspiration,
and sleepless, manic mornings.

I am a mother of words.

Will.
an outward shove
of

Moral dominance.

I place my hand
on typewritten script;
expunging chaos,
drawing malcontent;

These words of mine,
spanning seas, galaxies.

As God demands,
every single spark
of human intelligence
curbs the silence.

And out in the hollow
of a voiceless night,
the stars bear witness
to the poetry I write.