

A Waning

After The Sirens

You are what I've wanted at the closest,
at the furthest away. When I was bound by compass marks,
You engaged me in the tallest grass
with the tines of a savage wreath.
(Oh, my savagery, my savagery!) And in the convalescence,
after my heart was flayed,
divorced in a thick of thorns
and then began to heal,
You peeled open my wounds...
And I cannot accept Your offer. Lover, I ache to,
but I cannot accept Your offer.

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