

Ashley Anderson

City

'The night sky twinkles as you glide
the back of your hand among my porcelain skin,
so much gaiety in your eyes.
Beholding a masterpiece amidst the stars,
your breath so sultry,
so delicate against my ear,
you spill no lies.
A city in the dusk,
igniting your love beneath me.
Sun setting and rising with you;
our lips touch and tastes like honey,
full of succulent need.

'You are a whole city in me,' I whisper.'

Release

'In truth, we drink not for taste,
not for enjoyment, but for release.
The release of pain, of infliction, of broken pieces.
We are intoxicated by the feeling, the vibrations, the numbness.
You were my intoxication.'

To Burn

I held the flame above the horizons,
feeling it prickle along the hairs on my arm.
The graze I felt, the heat, the intensity –
reminded me of your touch.

I burned for you, but you blew out my flame.'

Frightened

'There were days filled with pain and longings,
full of abiding tears, unwavering gloom.
Yet he still observed the beauty that was rooted within me,
anxiously biding to bloom.
Days full of burning, destruction, pouring,
feeling in extremes, waiting to be seen.
I told him I was scared, fragile,
but nonetheless he lowered to his knees
and spoke like the world was his and he was made for it,
desiring for me to be in it too, so serene.

He uttered to me closely, 'I'm frightened of the ocean.'
I whispered back; 'I'm frightened by my feelings for you.'

Raindrops

'When he told me he adored the feeling of rain;
the smell, taste, sight, and the way it made him think,
that was when I knew rain was my most favorite sensation.
He stood there, drenched in the cloudy presence
of raindrops trickling down from the sky.
Drops plopping on his cheeks, his hair, his palms.
He manifested so much beauty, radiating so much happiness.
That was when I knew, rain wasn't just rain anymore.

It was so much more.'

I was risen in love with him.'