

David M. Castillo

## Our Tangled Eucharist

Meet me for communion in the morning  
and we'll build a new church  
on our intimacy.  
Our bodies and blood,  
pressed into one another,  
will become the rock  
on which we worship.  
A baptism of flesh that bestows  
the ecstasy in which we  
write our revelations.

## Wilt & Drift

There is no longer lightning in my eyes;  
The thunder in my throat has left me;  
Lustrous hair shot gray in an instant;  
My once rich skin has become wrought with pallor;  
Perfect cuticles are now a grotesque mess—

I am the hangnail I chewed off,  
    Dropped to the ground,  
        Left to rot.  
    Cut from my corpus,  
I wither and float.

Once Again,

I find myself on that precipice  
    Between waxing and waning—  
The upswing swiftly ended in my  
    Sleep under the guise of a dream  
    That I no longer remember.

The quiet of my new abyss—  
    A solemn requiem to silence  
    Despite the noise and confusion  
That still rattles inside my skull  
    —screams from the pit—  
    never dulled, never sated.

Every moment lost  
    to the perpetual nothing  
    that engrosses my illusory self  
another passing of the life  
    I lack the motivation to live.

**A Transliteration of Quiet Words That  
Were Sailed Across a Sea of Tenderness.**

Your broken voice cracked as we  
lay under translucent sheets; bathing in  
morning light; wrapped into one another.  
My voice was almost inaudible over the  
noise our bodies made through the fray.  
Our intertwined chorus of sounds roared  
as declarations of love on the calm waters.

Hot breath carried our contemplations  
To the windows where they condensed,  
and brought heavy air.  
Our lashing bodies felt the pressure rising,  
our sweet-nothings rained down in drops,  
And in a torrential moment we tensed  
together on the growing squall.

## Mud On My Shoes

My mind has been wading through  
the noxious viscera of anxiety  
doused with a heavy depressive  
paste. Floating is the more accurate  
term, but when something bobs on a  
surface it's granted the illusion of  
weightlessness. Instead, the further on  
I go the heavier I feel.

Like a child with mud on his shoes.

Eyes too wide for this world.

The cures of, "I'm always thinking of you."  
Or, "But, I love you, why are you sad?"  
are shot in the direction of my pain as if  
good vibes are the antidote for crushing  
melancholy, but the guilt of you wanting  
me to feel better just pushes me further  
into the darkness.

Enormous pupils burn out vision.

It's not my responsibility to feel better for you.

It's not your responsibility to make me feel.

## A Lover's Quarrel

She was always  
    A pensive lover  
of death —

An unrequited feeling  
    except when he came,  
so did she.