

where we are ghosts

(in response to richard siken's scheherazade)

this is the dream
where we are hauling our corpses out of the lake
with wave-capped limbs creeping up shore,
clothing ourselves in seafoam, sandcrumbs;
where our moonlit silhouettes waltz
around the room with melodies
clinging to our skeletons,
where we pretend that our veins are
not rusted over, that our lips are
no longer blue.

this is the taste
of forbidden fruit on our tongues
each time they meet, rotten peel
spiralling from the blade
and tangling into our hair, our limbs

listen, persephone's sirensong
from below our soles; decay-sweet,
hell-enchanting
watch, noonlight through the web of
our joined hands, filling
our hallowed souls

the ghosts are only haunting us because
we let them, the voices are only loud
because we've made a home for them
here, echoing through our
heads and heavy in our hearts

this is the dream

where you are kissing me hollow and
we pretend that it is love, where we are
telling ourselves that the voices in our
head are our own, where we are
all drunk on peaches and wine,
and the gods will envy us.