

fragile life, in three parts

i. *wax paper memory*

the sun is the source of all loathing, *because it is the source of all life.*

golden breezes and lights too bright, civilizations built from  
everything that those before us hated.

and despite it all, we thrive, rising from the ashes *like phoenixes of a different generation.*

we thrive and we forget our pasts, sands of time drifting in the autumn winds.

*we are damned, all the foolish and beloved.*

and in that future, so close to our broken bodies, we will find immortalization in plastics,  
oxygen swarming our ungrateful alveoli, blossoming in our bloodstreams,  
creations of heart and soul lodging in our throats.

we perish at our own hands, *hoping that we will regret nothing,*

but we will regret everything, because wishes are futile.

*moments like gold are burning in our veins, and i am sorry for it.*

but for now, in this stagnant present, there is the wax paper of my mother's kitchen,  
flimsy and transparent as my lies,

a memory of bees and their honey- *my lips are sweet and stung.*

fragile sheets ripped apart, and for a moment we can breathe as  
children once again, folding cranes that wrinkled  
and never unfurled again, stuck as a fraction of a wish.

*there is a stagnant saccharine to your eyes, and in mine i can only try to count the stars.*

we will try to make as many wax paper memories as we can

before we die the deaths *that no amount of origami wishes can stop.*

and when our hearts cease to beat,

we will fall like birds that do not belong to the sky.

*the sun is the source of all loathing, because it is the source of all death.*

ii. *rebirth of our hatred*

we're drowning, weighed down with promises made to the past and the present,  
*and our eyes are blinded by the future.*

my lungs are filling with water, and they're stinging,  
stinging, yearning and crying out for an ocean of love i cannot provide,  
and there is nothing left but shredded ribbons of flesh *and the rebirth of our hatred,*  
*upon fledgling wings.*

from the rain of feathers and wishes, there came parasites,  
and they ate away at the fragments of our humanity.

*we were already wasting away, even if they didn't believe us.*

in the rebirth of our hatred, we only knew the blood of our own arteries  
and the darkness sitting heavy in the air.

*we hated and we hated so much that the world could not touch us.*

we're falling towards the bottom of the sky,  
a well so deep that *there is nothing but darkness grasped in our fingers,*  
*a well so barren that there is no light but our glistening hatred,*  
gleaming, falsely golden.

*in this vast emptiness, we befriend it with outstretched hands, desperate and cut.*

and even if our demons have been rebirthed a thousand times,  
there are still feathers in the air  
and just a little bit of light in our hearts.

to hope is to live, and that is all that we cling to, bleeding black.

*it is ecstasy, to know that we are nothing more than mortal.*

iii. *sea-glass light*

eyes so bright, we turn towards the horizon  
with a faith fragile and fluttering,  
illuminated with a thousand rainbows and a hundred wishes,  
bleeding gold, crying silver. *there are diamonds in our hearts, tenderly pulsing.*

*and those gemstones, they hold peace with cracking arms.*

we are wrapped in layers, not of wool or cotton  
but of gossamer so light *we could be flying. we are frozen to the bone, but it doesn't matter.*  
there is wind and there is the kiss of the ocean, gaping and wide, terrifying and beautiful.

*my starved ribs, outlined in sunset gold, are momentarily, fleetingly, gorgeous*

in my sewn-together soul, there is the cumulation of everything that has come before me,  
and in you i see the puzzle pieces of generations, *their disapproval and anger.*  
our ancestors' silence is everything but a blessing to our *cursed and damned souls.*  
in this sea-glass light, their spite does not ache the way it should.  
our hands are tight upon each other, grip slippery with the water of the ocean,  
linked and bound.

*if we were to be brave, we would say that we do not care what the dead think.*

let the deceased rest in their miseries, and we will find hope wherever possible,  
in this sea-glass light and the pull of the waves to the shore.  
this world is gradually sinking, dragging itself down with the weight of darkness,  
but we are still standing here, on this seashore.

our hands are clasped, blood dripping out of ocean-forced cuts,

bitterly joyous, basking in the elation of what we are not.  
we will hold onto this feeling until there is nothing left in this world.

*after all, you will only die once, but you can try to live forever.*