

*How lucky was I,
to catch a glimpse of such beauty*

I flip through her.
My callouses catch ever so slightly on her corners.

On occasion, there are traces of more tangible neglect- loose crumpled bits; pieces of individuals who no
longer matter, forgotten recipes, and kisses from a past life.
All stained with sweet vermouth.

There are tears in here, just like there is sweat on my rings.

Smudged dreams hang off my chains; forsaken portraits of Elysium.
Purple eddies and wildfires of tangerine spatter my vision,
constant reminders of the contact lenses I am unable to remove.

My very own romanticized prescription.

And so, as I reach out into the middle of the night for all that I cannot grasp,
echoes of the once-animated plague me, peeling off the pages;
little murmurings of bliss fleeing my ventricles,

but painted forever in my mind.