

paraplegic¹.

shall i compare thee to a summer's day?
may i tell thee how my heart's been flayed?

how the sun's beams are the daily
blaze of blades
that creep into my window shades —
 i don't leave my apartment
 (my cave).

shall i declare my sealed fate?

my voice will break as the
melted wax seal reveals
all the broken ideals and missed meals —

my worn heels are aching!
my face has been faking
every single smile i've been making —
the wounds in my heart are gaping!

*rough winds do shake the darling buds of
may*

with each strike of lightning,
i pray that God's eraser
can take away every time
our relationship was betrayed!

i am sitting and staring at the papers
you sent and signed —
how do i use the hand that
 touched you, loved you, knew you
to inscribe the end of a legal (loving) bind?

all of this combined has led
to my good name getting maligned —
just because i cannot sign,
 does that mean
 my morals
 are
misaligned?

tough skins do flake at the touch of a snake

as i sit and shake in the hot sun's bake,
all that comes to mind is the lack of ability
to find
a single loving month —

one without blunt confronts
and bearing the brunt of two flawed people
— our covenant impaled by the steeple —

but thy eternal summer shall not fade!

every spade ever been laid
to put my name to shame
was one of your miserable charades
(a cursed crusade!)
decades of dismay and disarray have
downgraded any ember of love or passion!

our relationship — a pathetic parade of
decayed grenades!
our explosion — spraying nightshade on
every fragment of my soul.

i will agree to sign the name
you curse with hate.

so long lives this, and gives life to thee
i will get myself back on two feet!

¹ Poem is from the POV of the subject of Edward Hopper's *Morning Sun*