

The Wiltful Hours

By Madison Evans

The beauty,
the perfection

pinnacle
to the touch.

The bosom
of hydrangeas

her soft
cleavage
robust.

How do I
compare to thee?

Such
creature

of lust,

pretty
pleasant
scheduled,

her nature
cannot be rushed.

But oh my will
is moldering,

trapped
in this cylindrical
glass
pot,

left over from the funeral...

swimming
in her rot.

Petals
flurry
down

her sleek
grassy
stalks,

and like brooks
babbling on rocks,

snowflakes
on mountain tops,

their infinitesimal
landings,

their tiddly
feelings
talk,

drowning
in the depths
of this
expensive
posey
swamp.

Suffocating

in this
thick heat

too dangerous

gasping
to breathe,

can't let
my
self
drift
uh—
sleeeep

creeping
voices
begin
to speak...

*Think of all the innocent ways
she skillfully cut you deep,
like white
calla
lilies
in a vase
danced on
like all your dreams...*

*the ivory trumpets
torn to shreds
by twinkling
glass shards,*

*woven together
with bloody stems,*

*you place
like a crown
on my head,*

*force
my face
into the
fragments*

*and tell me
to reflect...*

*all I saw
were tears
and blood,*

neglecting all my facets.

Diminish of

*my visions,
gifts,
deplete my
mystic charms,*

truly

deeply

ignorant

*a small book
wouldn't do
you
no harm.*

*It's a surprise
to see
what comes out of you*

*what's in touch
but just
out of reach*

underneath,

*the parts of me
with no air
to breathe*

*that instinctually
retreat,*

in your condescension

your lack of presence

that I have to daily grieve...

*You love my mind,
my inquisitive eyes,
the sit of my spine,
my lips,*

breasts

softness...

but not my sensitivity?

*Whatever the hell
that fucking means...*

*Based on your circus
of regrets
and shallow
sensibilities,*

*it's abundantly clear
you made your bed,
so I'll shut the fuck up*

*evaporate
instead,*

*I'm too long of a book
you'd deem
worthy
of being read.*

Fleetingly
I come to,

are you just a vivid muse ?

A humid
drawing
on the crystal
wall

a shadow
in the corner
of the room?

A presence, I

I know
never enough,
I'll never have enough of you...

for the hostile years
in my young life

you recklessly
wafted through.

I can no longer pretend

confuse

this spore
for a lily pad,

a soft bouquet
for a few days...

then
in those
wiltful hours,
the flowers
suck
their last sip
and all my world is your absence,

and I drink anything,
even that old
bottle of absinthe...

stumble over
grab my guitar

safe
at the piano
carried by the rapids,

my descension
into madness.

Deeper into the well,

those cavernous depths
inside
myself,

those blues

that lied
buried

their demons
carry me away...

lay bare my soul to take.

Yet somehow I'm still sitting here
at the bottom of your vase
savoring your dying drip
gurgling your
taste.