

# ~ takotsubo cardiomyopathy ~

they say it feels like

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that tectonic plates shift  
and create fissures  
wide enough to  
swallow you whole

quite the opposite, in fact

it isn't quicksand  
nor an overlap of  
scrambling hands and clawing fingers  
craving to drag you  
under

no, it is a rupture  
in the laws of physics  
a losing battle  
between mass and energy

where gravity knows  
no bounds—

it is the feeling of your feet

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and your body capsizing  
gnizispac  
to mould with  
this wretched world in which  
you rise,  
climbing the clouds,  
your head facing the ground  
all the way

they say it feels like a cavernous well  
but the devil is a liar  
that chilly water is the fluid in your lungs, sib  
the build-up from elevating to  
such high altitudes

where dew droplets crystallise  
on your eyelashes and

your oxygen is slowly snatched  
while you ascend them six layers  
as punishment by this,  
a most wicked cosmos

to be honest, you should've guarded  
your rassclart heart instead of  
looking up and thanking the universe  
for blessing you with syrup and silver  
and steadfast loyalty

that love was on loan, little horror  
and the night sky tricked you  
into thinking those were jewels  
stitched onto a dark tapestry  
instead of black sheets  
stuck on using a roller  
and wheat paste

i wish i could've warned you  
the light you saw  
are just bullet holes  
we call stars.