

~ so this is love ~

i want it to be glorious.

i want us to douse ourselves in it

to take a match

in each hand

light them

and set ourselves

on *fire!*

our mixed ashes must

ripple and rumble

until we, two phoenixes,

rise

birthed from the pyre

of our own making—

it needs to be...ravenous.

and make us forsake all earthly foods

save the tongue-plucked cherries

that grow above our inner thighs,

swallowed and savoured

a sempiternal reminder that

we are the fruits of a supernova,

dual spheres of magma.

we will steal matter from each other

like two thieves in the night

gorging in tandem

lava—

combust

we

until

i only want it

if it's going to bring me

beyond the brink of destruction

and make astronomers believe

planets will form from we,

these dead stars' disk.

stars above, it must be r a p t u r o u s!

and *so fucking* consuming

that my lungs

become your air

becomes my lungs

fill faster than what

my breath can catch.

trust, we best be willing

to lean over balconies

sever our bloodlines

and make a pact

that our hearts may only

beat
at the same time
as each other
or else, leave us permanently breathless.

...i want it to leave us breathless.

because ~~to us~~ that is love.