

After The Sirens, A Waning

You are what I've wanted at the closest,
at the furthest away.

When I was bound by compass marks,
You engaged me in the tallest grass
with the tines of a savage wreath.
(Oh, my savagery, my savagery!)

And in the convalescence,
after my heart was flayed,
divorced in a thick of thorns
and then began to heal,
You peeled open my wounds...
And I cannot accept Your offer.

Lover, I ache to,
but I cannot accept Your offer.