

Good Riddance

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I have never understood
where to draw the line between self-abandoning
and self-annihilating.

How easily devotion
becomes a blade;
how the body bends
into an altar,
then wonders at its wounds.

It is overwhelming
to love the warmth
of lying in your own ruins,
to trace the outlines of collapse
as if they were constellations.

I have often mistaken surrender
for an holy act,
Confusing the ache of breaking
with proof of my devotion.

And still, I will crawl back
to the wreckage i have built,
curling into the ashes,
finding a strange comfort
in misreading the borders,
where self-abandoning ends
and self-consuming begins,
loving, even now,
the warmth of my own ruins.