April 2018

Slow Death

Felicia L. Chisholm  
Winthrop University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2018/iss1/49
Untrustworthy, I am not.
Just deeply perplexed,
consumed by
love qualms in this labyrinth of longing.
My Past is back.

Should I trust him this time?
Please don’t expose me God.
I’m in a seeking season.

My gaping mouth like a ragged sinkhole and
concrete chunks in my throat—a restrained urge to wail.
Searching for honest answers from the Past
that my heart makes relevant to the present
and my soul braids into hopes of our future?

Gazing out of the same stained and smeared window,
stained like my heart, smeared like the sight of you.
You are back,
professing the inevitability of us.
Your utterances impeccable.
Your actions defunct.

Me needing constant reminders of your
spiritual repulsiveness
because your exterior is everything I crave.
Our history the epitome of exhilaration.
Longing for supernatural purge,
a murdering of the memories,
an asphyxiation to the lungs of this emotional roller coaster.
You are the Cancer and the cancer of us, thus making us cancerous;
yet, cancer us appears ideal.

This us-concept—a damned realization—unavoidable
over a decade’s breadth.
My veins still spell your name
and my heartbeat sings the staccato of your chuckle.
No one compares.
But
this dry heave

when near you
means something.
Struggling with the addiction
of carrying you within me. Undying hopes.
I force resuscitation of what used to be our spiritual dance
but now just suppressed passions and tingly promises
as clarity seems unattainable
in our perfect confusion.
I became a transcending one and you stayed mediocre.
It hurts.

this dry heave

slow death by felicia

This room, bright and
solitude-perfect.
My place for tears in an
evolution of sorts,
originating in naïveté
intermissions victorious
culminating in divinations.

But now a dark cave of guilt—keeping secrets
from my knight in dull armor.