

Mason

Thomas Daniel Valls

Last night you told me you were going to be married
That you'd found your choice
your settlement
That you'd known fear and
found the means of which to live with it
A chosen partner for the shadows
Except for the ones deepest in your skull
A willing commitment
towards the fires
except the ones you light with your feet
A tangible hold on purpose, apparently.

A determination towards happiness, nevermind to ride of grace
Your sincerity lacks subtly.

Scythe to my scalp
Rebar to my veins
Napalm your wax of Paris
The holes you're trying to fill in were dug with your very fingernails
Tears in your styrofoam cup, let it settle let it muddle a
molotov cocktail of sympathy and of drastic proportions
I've never trusted what you call reliant.
Thrown towards your subject of protest
I think that's me

The me in you
Or rather the you in me in the back of me
the me in you you only know for certain –

How you've hurt and betrayed
and laid it all on
me and with your sincerity you hope
and aim
for alleviation of your character
You think to tell me is to bury you, to command the pyre
to hold in what we were
what you are, once again, what I am
I am the ghost and
you can't dream the weight of these shackles that hold in all that is long and of knowing you, your
fists to my cheek one thing
the way you told me my days were limited, the same
But how I was New York

Fuck

Your sorrow and earnest degradation
of what's left of my heart
And lately what that's been
A yearning for more
The desire for cliffs and empty oceans of Moab
Looking at mountains as the reefs
they once were or islands belonging to a Jurassic sea
Now On my last night in heaven you spew me your words of Hell
That it is with him you've decided happiness
Though it's with memories of us you've preserved freedom.

God

Though how I envision it.
It.

Ours

You'd
We'd
Polished concrete.
White linen.
Irons.
A southern barbeque.

Rooftop in Red Hook.
We had dancing pandas

And

Finally
You'd rapture me

Yeah.

Sans shirt or contentment though I've always liked a tux

A B-n-B. Probably out of an AirBnB.

Edison bulb lights and mason jar tartars.

The songs we used to dance with brood
Now caricatures of our adolescence and not what either of us have remained.

That's as far as I usually get.

