

A Kind of Eulogy

When you're in love, time flies.
Everything is possible.
Hours that seemed unbearable before
rush by you at oblivious speed.
You glowed.
I worshipped your disturbed and sincere soul
no one else cared to decode.
So passionate you were.
A creature of the night.
Cynically fearless,
you slowly self-consumed,
tempting ten lifetimes into one.
Either excessively ecstatic
or the sorriest creature on this sad earth.
I took for granted
those softly sailed hours
of a fool's triumph of celestial splendor,
And lost. Am losing still.
It so gracefully creeps into your heart.
An unruly mystery,
like you,
it conquers your every thought,
and dream.
It's truth
and profoundly changes you forever.
I remember.
Every day. Second. Beat.
How rapidly you rose, I fell.
Your essence carved in my mind.
Dangerous,
but devoted.
Broken,
but luminous.
Destructive,
but daring.
All the time.
The remnants of your every move
still spark the air in my room
with a deceiving glow.
I obsessively recall the images
of our brief,
but madly memorable
and memorably mad
moments
in my drunken sleep.
I am done.
Hollow.

But I am not sorry
for giving my all.
When I, too, sink into nothingness
after this desolate existence
tears with it my defeated dreams
and numberless nightmares,
I will embrace Your darkness.
Dissolve Destiny.
Disintegrate. Decompose.
Drained dry. I disappear.
For now,
I live to trace you.
With rage resigning,
and hate falling behind.
I give up.
Give in.
All the same,
when you're in love.