

The 4 Stages of Love

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A violent spread,
anemic ancestors
paralytic leprosy.

Cathartic vowels of separation.

How I miss the wounds of our love,
those inseparable moments of unhappiness.

With dirt divided,
I claim an infinity
of lice and harpies;
of cockatoos and dragons,
of fear of loneliness.

And in this fear of loneliness,
I press in against your skin
and puncture every point of pain.

Until loneliness is what I have become.

The sludge between my toes,
as this tropical paradise grows
more festering and less lucid;
with calm shores and bright, sunny skies.

Now the dim.
The wattage cut.

I've feces in the sand,
between my toes,
where acne grows and
habitual filings of tax records
shadow out the sun.

No more moon, either.

Just a keeping to the craft.
An incineration of silent nights.

Digging like an earthworm,
consuming soil.

My mouth is full of rot, and decay.

Regurgitating,
my transgressions
on display.

Somewhere during the healing hour,
a flight path breaks apart.

And our harmonic oscillations
cease to spin.

Decay, and rot,
coming from within.

The drop.
A calculated risk,
my never ending
pool of sweet destruction.

But back through
ages, and eons,
far from home;
where demons lie
in sheltered caves,
burning their fires
and their flames.

Where you are caged.

Leaving only dependency
on some otherwise extinguished flame.

Drop your curtain,
Love,
reveal to me your everything.

This is not a love poem.

This is the condensation
of lost love.

This is the track
without a train,
leading into the promised land.

And my obligation
to you, as I swore;
an oath,

To backtrack,
across the plains;
no mind for blisters
on feet, on rocky tracks.

Goodbye, Rome,
but no, I bring you with me,
to my home. Into the shelter
of my abode.

I make you tea for two.

Two breast fillets
and a cracked egg.
But one was saved.

The notion of this
water slide vacation
culmination
of

degenerative
thrusting
penile
persuasions;

Now I bring you
the best aspects
of a broken heart:

- 1) Torture
- 2) Devotion
- 3) The long, lost advocate of peace
- and 4) The nothingness that was as is out of bounds.

Feed the filth
to the hounds.

But let's break bread
and eat.

I am in lust.
I am in love.

These two broken aspects
of divergent thought,
And one must choose;

My heart,
a gradual
decay of emotional turbulence;

As I copy one
letter after another from memory;

My heart is split.

I dig up the dirt
you've planted me into;
stepping on dandelions
and daffodils.

Courting the weeping willow,
as it please you.

But I have:
 water,
 a shovel,
 and the broken heart necessary to grow

New love.

And no matter which way the wind blows,
let's be good friends until the end of time.

In the absence of your flesh have I sinned.

And when the wind
blew through
my veins;
and your hair.

Dancing separate scores;
to the harmful chords
of last night's annihilation.

How dare we dream to dissociate ourselves from culture.

Betting time.
Open your purse,
remove your shoes,
and walk through the open door.

We wed.
And I have not visited
this place of worship,
since our liability.

Setting the bar
at the cliff side,
opening up old wounds;
to let them bleed
into the salty sea
of your tearful eyes.

An ointment of lovers' last caress,
The last dance within forever.

Our secret exchange of saliva.

And that's
the history
of now.

What is now, but a fractured sentiment?
Segmented participle of soy at lent.

Tofurky,
baked the way you bake things,
perfectly.

The oven harbors
bad hopes and wasted dreams,
while you bore
fruits that are merely struggling to survive.
Or are withered,
and dried.

Oh, Gabriel,
recurring theme
of last night's dream,
persist for an hour more;

Before;
our household falls to pieces.

The violence
with which he
left our home,

The violence
with which you
left our home.

And now it's me,
and he,

He stands on his own feet,
but I am riddled with
antiseptic gunshot wounds;

Solar bodies
staring at the moon;
An advancement.

To take what
life offers,
when it offers
dead babies;
and detonated bombs.

I came into this world
destined;
to be an anti-art superstar.

An anti-art anti-hero.

A blue-winged soldier
with a dissident heart.

But you can fold me,
up,
pick me,
up,
hold me.

Cradle me with your plush,
and suckle me with literature theory.

Every avenue of thought now,
leads to either you, or your nemesis.

Language and beauty,
or music and power.

Moistened montage, s'il vous plaît,
cracked lips and a parched throat;
needing your fluidity of language,
your sparks of inspiration, your,

Humidity.

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In the other room,
I leave you laundry;
dirty dishes,
an unfinished silhouette of Mary Magdalene;

What a ruse.

While the dripping paint dries;
you and I,
nestled.

Expended;
perverted remanded.

Conceded, my love,
and my heart.

In this hypersexual concoction
where gaze meets glory;
only the holy can enter.

Fucked.

Fucking away at the bottomless pit
of isolation; torment; despair.
And you bring me closer to God,
the a microcosm of pigmented

Threads.

Bottled quiet songs;
they do not sing,
they do not play on the radio.

But our love,
is in the bass;

Booming. Colluding.
Introspective branches
of isolated glory.

Purity.

Here in the midst of an Apocalyptic Summer,
dreams flit. and seasons split the time it takes
to nail upon the cross.

Our sexual biography,
tapped onto typewriter,
placed on paper;

Spent.

Dragons rising from the Abyss,
oriented backwards from where the seed sprouts.

Time in discontinuum,
metamorphosized daggers digging in;
the ancient ruins of your cerebral vortex.

It rarely ever snows in Rome,

But here,
it snows for ages.

A never-ending flurry
of prophetic voice;
and semen.

God's sole and lonely passenger,
acting on a violent wind,
washing up disease and filth;

Wanting more than anything,
to let you in.

On the bed;
in between breaths,
your patient muse

A categorical array
of dystopian fiction.

I leave the light on,
to watch you reveal
your inadequacies.

As you dig into mine,
my flesh, my heart,
and pull out what desire has trapped within.

The desolation of my
repentance; the serenity
of my conjoined remainder.

She has thought,
as I have breath.

Who will reap these lungs?

Cracked ceramic filled with gold,
what sort of liquid will it hold?

The clear blue depths of whose soul?

I like to linger, with my finger
on her wound.

To press in & to hold.

To keep the blood from flowing.

Tentacles. I know where this is going...

Home.
A homophone, a homophobe;
an adulterous prefecture of pain.

Bathing in vanity.

And the shadows of the sea,
slide smoothly over our feet,
as we regain consciousness
and see

Tomorrow's dimly lit pomegranate sun.

And another moonlit night,
frigid and lonely,
breaking my heart.

As only, as certainty
picks up the chemical trail
of my insoluble surrender
to your lips.

An ovulation in iambic pentameter;
growling hiccups, whorls of supersonic strings
of words, of language curds & whey.

You greet me; as I greet thee.

And a flash of light
springs forth from our
pentatonic rage.

I give my worlds to you,
divulge my body's core;
my flesh and bone.

And as lust begets attraction begets attachment,

I find myself
glued to, and
hanging on
your words.

Theoretical calculation; persuasion escalation.

In semen's flowing forms, I find release,
I see the stars of heaven clustered in your eyes.

It is an anti-sensual penetration.
But there be no dilation without our consummation.

I want to prick
the finger and watch
as blood rises to the point
of my insertion.

Just a drop.

Most of our cerebral
conversation became
hanging fish on trees in the dead of Winter.

Our static and non-evolving song,
that carries through the ether.
So we may sing along,
our improvisational refrain.

As you were, I am.
And as we are,
we will not become as stagnant,
as we have been.

I give you my heart,
opened like a crushed violin.
To piece apart,
and love,
or hate.

But please do not ignore
my love's refrain.

With wounds still fresh;
I let you grasp my flesh.
And though my heart is buried
six foot deep,

What love it has,
for you will keep
the rhythm of its sound asleep
vibration.

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Still alive,
but hindered,
the love it bears in cinders,
and in ash;

Is yours.

The hollow sounding echoes of your heart,
they beat through time and space;
beyond death.

Where the cacophony of angels;
buzz like bees,
and mark

The Trinity.

The tram pushes past;
into the silence of your everything.

Hearts, stars, diamonds;
swirl; like a plague of locusts.

In this dedicated dream we share,
tonight is everlasting love.

In the forest, beneath the trees,
one succulent; and a pear.

Formed by perjury and theft,
a repentant soliloquy saves
all but the loneliest regret.

And I;
walk between worlds
to where the signs have no face.

And no clock begins to turn the time.

Here is where you and I begin,
now,
in the jaws of ever after,

Ti amo, ti amo.

Pilot light lit, in my fits
of rage and jealousy;
because you
wouldn't cling, to me.

In my dreams,
I am a shark
without a food source.

Hungry, naked, fierce and feral.

And I want your flesh.
I want to rend and tear
the clothing from your skin.

To breathe you
in.

To taste the hallmark taste
you've left me wanting
again
and
again.

But I won't replace
sin with sin.

I'd rather echo volumes
of emptiness and pain,
than touch you,
wound you,
and hurt you.

Still in the night,
the fireflies glow; and I
glow too. My heart alight with you.

In the caves of my confection,
your body warm and next to mine,
but not within vicinity; synchronicity,
meets despair. Troubles arise
and I can't bear to see you grimace
when the pain sets in.

Now we are alight;
with each other's flame.
Stage 4 may or may not materialize,
but I will love you all the same.

My breast contains the laughter
you have left me, in trails of tears,
roflmao.

And I guess,
it isn't sanity's precondition
to lose my love;
but rather to keep hold
of this deeply buried treasure.

And to expend my soul
in a way that glorifies
our Creative Prehistory.

And I'll bestow on you,
the warmth of fire in the chill of Winter.
show me your face,
[and don't worry what I will think],
so I may heat the outline
of your features.

Morpheus has destroyed Saturn's temple.
And this will be no fleeting isolated love;

Between her breasts,
in the ribbons of my machine,
lies a beating heart,
that bleeds.

We both bleed,
into each other's pool.

In the spas of the gods
we drown our sadness,
erase our worries.

Cease distilled sin.

How much do your thoughts weigh, my love?
Mine are heavy.
But you make them seem light.

Repealing all manner of loneliness & depression.

Abstention.

Today I believe
in the impossible.
Improbable.
Holy.

So when we pray,
each into each other's coffer;
then sending up our light,

Into the sky,
into the center
of the eye;

Where soul meets flesh, meets God.

The body of Christ
with my confession.

Our sinful progression.

Through space/time;
divining what belongs to us
as well as the divine.

Your head on my breast;
my beating heart.
Placebo sky rocket
down in the dirt of our hallucination.
We are conjoined twins,
giving birth to one baby.

I've been knifed through this beating lethargy,
slowly bleeding out.
Until you kissed my lips, and felt.

With cold hands,
my feverish beating heart.

And I too,
would revel
in your love.

My altered DNA,
hormonal repossession
of a deteriorating
fabricated thorn.

Pricking the sides of our transgressive sinusoidal curves.
At Pi, Pi over four, and 3 Pi.

All I want to do is hallucinate,
with you.
In this feel good frenzy
we call love.

But lovers break.
And I have no best friend.
Do you?

Grasp
my hand,
for I am lonely.
Kiss my lips,
for I am solely
responsible
for my gut's reaction.
To you.

Let us not love like lovers,
quick and easy, drowning in the mire;
but be as love's light messengers,
reducing our desires.

Never underestimate power.
Or the curve of your figure.

And what it would do to me.

But better
to stay secret
than to lose
sanity.

For your features corrupt and pollute my head,
with blissful, dreamlike fantasies.
And the more you expose,
the weaker I; in my
sanity's phase of recollection
permutation, and systematization.

I breathe.

Inhale,

exhale.

Corporate violence and sophisticated
conversation plays a role in our role
reversal. Rehearsal; a symphony of delicate

Transposition.

Preparing for Stage 4

Our love is a hashtag gone viral.

And its repercussive blows,
it is expended, rejuvenated, and explored.
I never will ignore you.

But bounty in a lavish age,
while girls play dolls and boys are gay;
this transformative reaction
to necessary inaction;
causes justification of an illusive strategy.

My mouth is so dry,
I am thirsty for your lips;
for the measure of your hips,
and my lock of your hair,
and a photograph of your face
to turn my emotions into words.

Run emotions into entropy.
And spread myself; these wings of love,
so I may carry the message of a dying star,
burning hot and wild in a black and frigid night,

Your touch drives me mad,
because I can't have...

You.

The shock
of firecrackers
lit on New Year's Eve;
while we drink champagne.

And I,
falling asleep at your breast,
dream.

Of new beginnings;
and birthing stars.

The cleavage near my face,
beneath your firm embrace,
a cup of passion, and of lust.

Hurry, we mustn't
worry; or we'll drown out
the lightning and the fire in the sky.

And I;
will kiss you before God.
and pray love lasts until death.

Exemplary concealment of emotion;
the biometric paradigm shift as passkey
yields to fingerprint recognition; to
curdled milk on the tongue.

You are young,
and I am younger;
so let's regain our
strong composure.

Idled in time,
stepped in rhyme,
to acclimate to
frigid notions of solitude.

You are my spark,
in the darkness of an unlit room.
Cell.
Hell.

And kindling cooks your mysteries,
prepared for the long trek into co-dependence.

Mastery over words,
over swords; of heartbeats
and impurities of thought,
could not
destroy
our transcendent fire.

