

Because Addiction isn't a drug

My heart is an inexorable cart on a solitary journey
seeking to meet my addiction at the door where knocking is sanity
I am an intoxicated lover questing death at the hands of my lover
but how do I experience death if life is all he has to offer?

I thought bodies are maps through which the heart finds home
But his body is not a place,
His body is a revitalizing meal for my hunger
every trace to find its form leads me to myself
if experiences are all there is,
then I am addicted to his silence
the sanity walking on glimpses of the universe
though, the universe has no name
I call it a medley,
the one I am still trying to sing into a single note.

He, is an addiction I cannot comprehend
a silent companion bemoaning my body
but skin is a mask, the one I take off each time I go searching
and like him, I am his addiction
entwining within formless bodies
the continuous conversation happening
at the meeting of my breath.