

□ ♥ THE DAISY CHAIN ♥ □

“I want you  
I do”.

I picked them like daisies  
From a field strewn of “maybes,  
In all I have prevented  
I’ve relented  
For you  
To view.

I held each word in my hand  
Hoping you could withstand  
How ineptly I’d strung them together,  
Whilst wondering whether  
They'd ever drape across your collarbone  
Or fall back where they once had grown.

The ways that I want you  
Are not simply to give words to  
Or to think through  
The way that most do,  
It's to feel instinctively  
Untypically,

It's physically free flowing  
In gazing and in knowing.  
It's precariously unconscious  
Pleasingly thoughtless,  
It's “I want you to want this”  
Whilst you’re unresponsive,  
And I have never been able

To word or to label  
Any part of who I am  
An immovable anagram  
For you  
To view  
And misread  
How I need.

You are a cathedral  
My reverence unequal  
As I listen intently

And predict my own entry  
Always on cue  
How my body seeks you.  
Plucked from the air around us  
From the current that makes sound rust.  
Arousal of inner voices  
Instigating all my choices  
That pulled me here,  
Past every fear,  
To feel this,  
This realness.  
An echoing of desire,  
Drowning out the choir,  
To lay a daisy chain at your altar.  
It's no wonder that I falter,  
When you never make a sound,  
Yet off your walls my words rebound.  
I've tried to think instead of falling,  
Only to find my words were stalling  
Over how to speak them clearly  
Knowing you'll never truly hear me,  
Or return what I am feeling  
In the honesty of kneeling  
Before you  
With the courage to adore you  
How I do,  
Differently.  
Unwillfully  
Deliberate,  
Unconditionally  
separate.  
"I want you  
I do"  
In isolation and in meeting,  
In closeness and in retreating,  
How I'll take you and how I'll leave.  
Tepid liquid runs to breathe,  
Tenaciously,  
Ungraciously  
Over curves and blushing skin,  
Pulls me skywards from within.

Both blood and I were made for moving  
Rushing, swelling, flushed and bruising,  
And all I ever stand to gain  
Is snapping like the daisy chain  
I made for you  
To view  
In what's hidden,  
And forbidden  
In all intention  
To comply with convention  
And to fear consequences,  
While I'm carried only by my senses  
Over every boundary and line  
That isn't yours or mine.  
Openly exploring  
And defiantly ignoring  
What is meant to be,  
What labels make of me  
To fall where you exist,  
In the places I have kissed  
& Sealed with my fingertips.  
My gaze fixed upon the lips  
Where nonreciprocal intention drips.  
Filling up my lungs  
The voracity of tongues.  
Enduring,  
And luring  
A piece of me outwards  
Without words.  
Only watching and listening  
Softening and stiffening.  
Stretched and taut  
In feeling and thought.  
Intentionally,  
Sensually  
Intact,  
Exact.  
I open  
Before closing  
For you  
To view.

I can't word each feeling  
Rising to your ceiling  
And I resent this.  
My apparent ineptness  
In giving you  
what they tell me to:  
All of me  
Constantly  
Responding.  
But all I know is absconding  
And fading,  
And persuading you I care  
Is as much as I can bare  
Before I'm held captive  
In my maladaptive  
And faulty need for protection,  
Dissolving all affection  
And saturating our fragility  
With my flooding inability  
To stay  
This way  
For you  
To view.  
I'm surrendering a piece  
Specifically formed to release  
The tension  
In suspension,  
Temporarily given  
& necessarily rehidden  
When once more I retreat.  
And in defeat  
I'm a coward,  
And I've scoured  
The inadequacy of language  
To be adamantly anguished  
And unequivocally hopeless  
To find you were the focus  
That renders me wordless  
And my clarity worthless.  
Still, I mount your walls  
Where my longing falls,

And I roam your nave  
As I assiduously crave  
To be equal  
To such a magnificent cathedral.  
I long to fill up your space  
Like a bouquet of daisies in a vase  
That is broken,  
Before the words I have spoken  
Invite me to remain  
At the centre of a snapping chain.  
And if there is an outlet  
Then I am without it,  
And I know as I enter  
You'll leave me here at the centre.  
How your silence devours  
Wilting words as if they're flowers.  
Petals wither before descending,  
My voice reverberates before relenting.

“I want you  
I do”

But how do I explain  
From the centre of a snapping chain  
That I don't feel in sequence but in separation  
And in the frequency of each sensation  
You bring to my attention  
Defying laws of comprehension  
As they go.

How could you know?  
I am fluent in adoration and in devotion  
That is lost in translation and found in emotion.

I am committed and devout  
In meaning and in doubt.  
How I want you belongs to me  
Like tepid liquid runs to breathe.

It is undefined  
Not crossed or underlined,  
At least to me if not to you  
It's not something to subdue.

But I do adore an ending  
Pretending  
To be a start

Because what is "complete" if not apart?.

I'm reduced to labelling

And disabling

My ownership of wanting you

By responding to

A congregation who

Can't hear "I DO!".

And as intensely as my feelings peak

I cannot bring myself to speak

To ask you

To construe

That I want you to

Want me

How I want you,

Differently.

Unwillfully

Deliberate,

Unconditionally

separate.

And as I leave here on my own

Where once I'd made my feelings known.

I will no longer come back to

The place I once attached to you.

Where I once sought you

And I had brought you

The daisy chain

I had made in vain.

I hope my fading voice remains

As consciousness retains

And sedulously clings

To the little things

We are to remember

And how you left them at the centre.