

□ ♥ 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.