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Phenomenology

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ELLIE SWENSSON

Phenomenology

A lot of ink has been spilt

Ink like blood, like life stain

About why love ticks, why it turns-

Clicks,

knocking our bones.

What *I want* from you

Is the burning;

The

slow

burning,

the muted brilliance

We could not sustain.

Dust and ashes --

From what,

to what

We all return.

I am your unattainable;

You are my always.

“Can you feel that?” She asked *watching*

Me

drag.

“That’s the damage.”

Self improvement is indulgent,
Conceit and counterfeit

to your *flesh*,

but this self *destruction*...

Shone in the harshest of light,
I awe your scars.