

A Warning for You, My Love

There comes a time
When prose succeeds poetry
And at others – conversely pales to it.
To which I've found myself perplexed,
And utterly startled
By the fact
That you still wish to associate with me.

It appears that I love you,
And I regret doing so,
But more so that you that you love me.
I'm not entirely sane,
Or intelligent,
Or courageous,
Or even kind.
I'm charming –
A curse put upon me by blood.
All wicked beyond belief.

But, a charm:
One that befouls and confounds
Rhyme
Reason
Reality
And ruse.

For how I profess myself wise
To only become a fool myself.
Compounded upon itself
By the fact that I'm an atheist.
And lo!
I can manage pretense,
To create a silence more deafening
Than the bedroom you most likely are sat in.

As such,
This poem
Was to serve as a warning:
There is neither hidden meaning

Nor inverse rhetoric at work here.
The mere fact that I would
Describe such thoughts
In artful medium
Is nothing short of lunacy.

And thus,
Leaves us here.
I'm no good for you.
But I can make my existence
Only for you.

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