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Carter Ford

To the instructors who dressed in lovers' robes to conceal their rods.

"When it comes to love

A lesson learned isn't learned enough."

- MS MR

I was asked
to describe pain.
With undying love's last breath,
my doddering heart muttered
your name.

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DISCORDANT

i am made
of chalk and you are
a whiteboard

Senryu

WHERE WE STAND

Am I the only one in this?

You say no.

Then why does it feel like it?

It seems like I am the only one who wants this.

You say you are trying, I don't see the trial.

Sometimes, you say I care too much.

The fuck does that mean? "I care too much."

You are complacent and motionless,
you don't reciprocate anything.

I've got to make up for that, I care for you too.

I care for both of us and that's "too much?"

I make plans for us, all you have to do is show up,
but that is "too much" -- you are lethargic.

I get it, you've got your thing going, but what about me?

What about us?

Please tell me, please communicate.

I am fed up and very close to calling it quits.

Maybe it is what you want, maybe not.

Just let me know where I stand -
where we stand.

HOW COULD I BE MAD ANYMORE?

I remind you of the things
you did that hurt me, you swear
it had to be another person.
I am benumbed to your innocence.

I should not talk to you in the first place,
you often find new places to pierce me
and taste your scent on my flesh.
How on earth do you forget?

No transgression can be forgiven
if one does not atone for sins committed.
You may not desire clemency, however
decency dictates you recollect -- everything.

DIABLA

you are the
evidence of hell's
existence

Senryu

DISSIPATE

You gave me vanishing ink
when you told me to inscribe
my sobriquet upon your heart.

If not, you would remember
me whenever your heart calls
out my name and you clutch it.

CORYZA

I was hysteric when fate
entwined our paths again.

The hysteria turned into
euphoria soon enough.

The mixed emotions clouded
all judgement on my path.

You knew how it would end, but
you watched me drown in denial.

You observed me catch feelings
as though they were a common cold.

You were my bane and antidote.
Only that time, you did not heal me.

Nature and time cured me, as they do.
They have substituted your kiss.

WITH ME

We made scrambled eggs and sat
in front of the TV. That evening,
choosing something to watch was
more difficult than deciding what to eat.

We binged “the righteous gemstones”
until we could no longer stay awake.
You said that night epitomised all you ever
wanted: to eat with me, be with me, talk

about your day with me and sleep with me.
It is unsettling how that night has become
a haunting memory. You said a lot to me.
And like a religious convert, I believed.

FORTHRIGHT

You were all I had
and you knew it.
I attempted to conceal

this fact, knowing how
such power at your disposal
would render you incorrigible.

I wish I could say my
presentiment was inaccurate,
but everything within me

would be rotten with falsehood.
The least I can do is remain
forthright with myself.

INTERMISSION I

"My eyes see me for what I am not

My tears make me feel nothing at all."

- Mortal Love

LONG LOST

We changed so much
in each other that we fell out of love
with whom we had become.

It was too late to revert to who
we were because we had forgotten
the person with whom we fell in love.

GAOL

The one with whom I am in love
has caged me. I am ridiculed
by everyone because nothing
seemingly stands in the way

of my liberty. They do not see
the barrier; it was not designed
for those who are positively oblivious
of stars disrobing at high noon.

Agony bathes in pools of impassive
enigmas, acidic waterfalls mask
the sound of tears. How could one
be trapped in one's own heart?

SHATTER

I get scared, not of losing
you; somehow, I am already
prepared for your parting.

It is why I can never love you
truly, I'd have to let go of everything
and tether myself to your embrace.

I have loved and my heart breaks
every single time it is touched.
You hear it shatter, and it crushes you.

DISREMEMBER

There is one, around whom everything
I forget. I forget lovelorn nights,
when deserts had more water
than my tear ducts and I cried dust.

I forget the times I was impaled
by despair, my heart was void of ardour,
and I died. I forget how I was resurrected.

I forget the journey to wholesomeness;
I get drawn back and lose my way, again.

She smiles at me, hugs me, and I forget it all.

SCREECH

I am alone for the first time
in eons. I hear silence, but
her voice no longer soothes me.

My being is overcome with the
stridulation of our time together,
yet my soul longs for your passion.

Solitude is but a stranger to me,
for my heart and home are filled
with lingering memories of you.

I CANNOT BE YOUR FRIEND

I cannot be your friend

- not while I feel this way.

The way I feel, I doubt

we could ever just be friends.

I promise I am not spiting you,

or I enjoy being distant from you.

It just hurts less when we don't talk;

when I don't see you frequently, either

in person, or your pictures -- anywhere.

I may have succeeded in blocking all

external reminders of you, but I am

yet to delete you from my heart.

It is the longest, most painful and hardest

thing I've attempted when it comes to you.

INTERMISSION II

"Hard truths bite my heels
These roots have no home
The only way I know you love me
Is when you leave me alone
Please just leave me alone."

- MS MR

ONE DAY

I fear one day, you will leave me
when I least expect it.

I fear one day, these sweet words
you savour will turn sour or acrid.

I fear one day, you will forget,
while I pretend to do the same.

I LOSE ME

You want me, I reject me.
You want me, I reject you.
You want me, I want you.
You want me, I want me.

You have me, I have you.
You love me, I love you.

You hurt me, I bleed us.
You hate me, I hurt you.
You break me, I hate me.
You neglect me, I lose you.

You leave me, I lose me.

HELPLESS

I keep dreaming, about you,
- about us, about what should be.

I wake up with a feeling and a smile
which reality wipes off instantaneously.

A seemingly endless torture I endure
because I cannot dictate what and how

your heart feels and sadly,
- I cannot do the same for mine.

OVER

Each time we met, you asked
if I was already seeing someone.
I happily responded that I was not
and felt I was right to have not moved on.

Naturally, I asked the same question,
hoped and prayed your answer would
correspond and you were finally ready for us.
You never were and you never will.

It took me ages to realise, but you see,
ours could have been a front page tale
in the book of the greatest love stories.
The time for us truly is over.

DECEPTION

I loved you so much that
I did not see an end to us.

I constantly found myself
envisioning our eternity.

It was not that I did not try
to see how the end could be.

No matter how hard I tried,
it just never came to me.

It was such a motivation
for me to be better every day.

What hurt so much was we
never had a shared vision,

especially when I was led
on to believe we did.

ABANDONED

I always knew
I would not be the first
one to move on.

I, however, thought
I would be the first one
to let go of the hurt.

It is apparent to me
now that I am behind
on both counts.

SOBER

I miss your drunken conversations.
I miss how you called on Sunday evenings
after taking two bottles of that liquor.
Two bottles, you were such a lightweight.

I anticipated your calls, so I cleared
my evenings, and awaited your dedicated ringtone.
Like clockwork, your calls came through, and
you called me the epithet you gave me.

You always started off with such excitement
that I often found difficult to match.
You frequently told me how much you missed me,
I said it back to avoid any awkwardness.

Maybe I did miss you a bit, I can't say -
but it was a scripted ritual I had memorised.
We talked about you, about him, but never us.
Then you would say you missed me again.

It was only when you were inebriated that
you recalled there was someone with whom
you felt safe enough to be vulnerable.
I wished you felt that way sober.

INTERMISSION III

Forgetting you was
my greatest triumph
and
loving you,
my greatest fall.

BROKEN

Sometimes, I doubt
anyone could make me
as happy as you made me.

Nonetheless, what I never
question is if anyone could
break me like you ruptured me.

It is not only my resolve that
will ensure it. No one can ever
break what was never fixed.

ONE MINUTE

I miss you sometimes,
the duration is hardly over a minute.

But that minute bears the weight
of the entire time we spent together.

I sit and cogitate whether we would
still be together if I had been better.

I wonder if things could have worked
out if only we tried a bit harder.

I also speculate if it were something else
that would have ultimately split us.

I miss how you were the one
who understood me the most.

You gave me space when I required it
and clung to me when I needed affection.

You did not completely understand me, even
though you believed you had me all figured out.

It was amusing watching you think you knew me
so well, yet it occasionally frustrated me.

You got on my nerves during those times,
but I hated confrontations -- I could not talk.

In spite of it all, you were a saint.
You deserved better than I could offer.

I hear the whistle of the blackest bird,
and just like that, the minute is ended.

REMEDY

time away from you
is the remedy I need
to be whole again

Senryu

FOUR SEASONS

I still can't listen to Shuba
without thinking about you.

I spent more than summer
with you, so all year round,

I feel everything I vowed to
never experience anymore.

Perhaps the beauty of three
seasons would not have been

lost on me if I only got singed
by the allure of your flames.

INSENSATE

The songs I wrote for you
remain as I am without you --
lifeless.

I fail to awaken them from
their insensate state with any
melody despite my finest efforts.

Their essence persistently
await resuscitation, lost in the
chasm that separate you and I.

I should lay them to rest because
without you, they remain passionless.
My heart would be their burial ground.

TO THE ONE I LET GO

I told my mother about you last night.
Right before that, I was hauled to the temple
of a star gazer, whose métier is cooking
and dishing out warnings and auguries.

This time, a different spice was appended;
its flavour was one that aroused my memories.
For the first time ever, through constellations,
our secrets were brought to light by stars.

It was revealed our paths will cross once more.
I am unconfident if you still dream the dreams
we once dreamt, or if you also perceive this
premonition when you look at the night sky.

I have not dreamt nor seen the stars since
I shut you out of the sombre doors of my heart.
My anguish lies rooted deep in the earth -
its withered fruits will be dinner if we meet again.

"It fades away when you're away
But I'm anaemic when I'm happy
I lose my way everyday
My memories of you are empty."

- Mortal Love

To knowing happiness without going through you.

Carter Ford

carterford.wordpress.com

thecarterford@gmail.com

Instagram & Twitter: @thecarterford

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