

EROS/THANATOS

Do you recall a time when every touch
between us
didn't pass through our mutual miasma
of bruises and scars?
Do you remember the IV-drip bruise
you would touch
through my sleeve when we were in public?
Don't think I never noticed
how much you enjoyed the dead places on
my body.
The day my calloused fingers found your
allowance of scar tissue
(Et en Arcadia ego), I took no conscious notice.
It was you,
after all, and you and I were likenesses twins, and
if your cello-string
tendons were crossed with the misplaced frets of
razor cuts,
it wasn't so surprising. You knew the Mars map
of my maladies --
and your own, sequestered under sweater sleeves,
hardly came as a shock.
I let you kiss me like I'd cut those riverbeds into you,
I let you
take it out on my flesh, I let you smear
sick purple colours
onto my skin. I grew incredibly fond of my
fingerprint bruises
(and still you touched the place where the IV drip
entered, reverent).
It occurs to me now that we were both dying. It occurs
to me now
that you did nothing more than get there first.

-- Simon Creek