

The Wash

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It's a spinning  
Spinning  
Motion  
Twisting  
Tautly  
Tightening  
Tension  
It's a can't flee  
Draw leash  
Retract  
All  
Sweet  
Intention  
It's a knot noose not new  
Notoriously  
Neglected  
It's a slight sight  
subtle  
Sign  
I should come to expect this  
I should come to reject this  
But your light be bright  
*Looming* luminescence  
The kind that leaves you breathless  
Step away from the Sun  
Icarus, don't test this  
I've come to slowly but surely ingest this  
Tried to run but got snapped back  
This boomerang-cycle death wish  
I pray for death with every kiss  
To escape this would be to languish in eternal bliss  
This sweet absinthe, this poison piss  
I Lashed myself for 7 years  
What curse is this  
Spinning spinning motion twisting tautly tightening tension?  
Honey, you shrunk my love  
Your shrink-ray shrinks away my essence  
In the eye of the storm, this magnetic field forlorn  
I've tried to keep my distance  
But your evil eye  
A perverse stye  
Not seemingly life threatening  
But a bubbling under turns bubbling over as all your hatred festers  
And all my hatred festers  
I nosedive into oblivion with no sense of self and no material wealth or worthy gain  
Though your accolades be drenched in my rouge pain  
This love be sick nasty  
This love be too taxing

-Tarnynon (Ty-yuh-nuh) Onumonu