January 2018

Nevertheless

Maria Valladares 6457945
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions
Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol14/iss1/19

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.
The architecture of my bones was shaped by emperors and kings,
So cast forth your arrows, knives, and poisonous things.
You were the spark and I was the flame,
Yet my dying embers were not yours to reclaim.
How easy it was, to set me ablaze and watch as I burned through the night,
The crackling of my soul and smoke from my heart was a gift in which you would delight.
I would defy the universe just to pluck the stars from their place to create a bouquet for you as a memento to take,
But my defiance reflected vanity when you did not bow to pick up a grain of sand for my sake.
My soul bled a myriad of shades for you whilst my heart congealed words to weave a syntax as a token of my lust,
You became the Sun, the Moon, the Earth and every other beautiful, beloved thing in between,
So much the wax of my wings dripped without ceasing and I failed to wail as I plummeted into the impatient, cerulean ravine.
Your soul became my mirror, and I admired your persona, for ecstasy kept me alive to love something divine,
And when I saw a fracture or a crack, I would tear up my fingers to pretend you were whole, ignoring the truth that your reflection was never supposed to be mine.
You became the Sun, the Moon, the Earth and every other beautiful, beloved thing in between,
You are the pyre and henceforth it is your turn,
To rest easy with the spark of your creation, it is not fun to bum.
You are the pyre and henceforth it is your urn,
So step forward, be responsible, and wait to see what your betrayal brings.

Nevertheless | MARIA VALLADARES