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*I think your tears are beautiful
Pearly iridescence trapped in a watery world
Infinitely preserved as they are
Encasing your sorrows within*

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Falling

Falling

Falling

There is some perverse joy in watching you
Watching as your eyes flash dangerously
Your lips pulling upward into an impassioned snarl
Glistened over with wetness

Moreover when you grab my arm
Twist it, tug it, and almost break it
Fury clouding your expressions perfectly
Just the way I want it to

AND I LAUGH.

Yet harder
Yet louder
Yet more pleased

You are the only one who can do this
Tear me from the grips of normalcy and convention
Drive me into a corner with your red, red lips (blood red)
Your words cutting sharply like needles of rain

Because I love it when you hurt
Your despair excites me
Crying and yelling the unjustness of everything
It all started with me

AND IT WILL END WITH ME.

Let no one else see your angry visage
That is mine and mine alone
You are MINE, my possession
My object

You may live only for me and no one else
I will shackle you if I have to
If you deny me your screams
You will never want to deny me again

AND I WILL WATCH YOU.

Break down, my precious; let yourself be for me alone
I am your master; you are mine
You may not smile unless I wish you to
But this I will never do

Your shuddering figure – so delicately delicious
Imprinted forever in my memory
For as long as I live
You will live as long as I

Have you seen the lengths I go to preserve you?
Upon countless racks I have bottles all labelled
One for every occasion I spill a tear of yours
One for every tear I date from the start

WHEN DID IT ALL BEGIN?

You used to love me – I cannot have that
You tried to save me – I am in no need of saving
You wanted to leave me – I will not allow that
You: I demand you scream

You will never leave me or forsake me
Every dagger you plunge into yourself
Only makes me shiver with unmasked pleasure
Trembling with delight at your tear-stained blood

AND I WILL STORE THEM.

Smiles are disgusting and foul
Tainted with the superficialities of happiness
Joy, what joy?
Joy is for the weak, those who cannot withstand

But you are strong
If you are not, I will make you strong
For nothing of mine will be less than others
And you are MINE

Before you I will stand as god
Let nobody lead you like I do
I will command you as I please
And you will do well to obey

AND I SAY

"Scream."

And you will scream for me
Your screams are the most beautiful
The sharpest, most piercing sounds that
Drive straight into my heart

Unlike those weaklings whose cries are blunt
Weathered down by trivialities like love
And whatever is sold by the world as good
For their goodness amounts to nothing to me

You shall not smile like a fool
Your eyes shall not remain dry
Your mouth shall freeze in your cries
You shall be MINE

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And you are mine.

Mine already.

Mine forever.

All mine.

