

Untitled

By Waheeda (Upper Sixth)

You are a wild forest fire,

untamed, voracious.

You set ablaze everything in your wake.

Your touch incomparable to Midas',

for he can only long to cause such destruction.

The kind that leaves behind paradoxical remnants of blinding light and derelict hollowness.

Your presence inspires a warmth in the soul, similar to a steaming cup of tea.

It courses through the veins,

and consumes each and every organelle known to man.

But once alight, you take advantage of your warm embrace,

and you suffocate those same organelles that once ached for your recognition.

You engulf and devour from the inside out, and leave in your path

empty souls that will long tirelessly for their limerence to cease.

They wish upon the stars in desperation,

and pray with a blasphemous holiness that puts angels to shame.

All in the hope that they will feel your fiery clasp once more,

if only for a fleeting significance.

But you, you do not dare glance back at the deformed effigies that once were,

your capacity does not allow it.

You can only search ahead for another morsel to manipulate and strangle.

For I fear, your monstrous fever will never be put to rest, satisfied, quenched.