

Yaseen Kader

[Maybe it's just the latent sign]

Maybe it's just the latent sign
Of some perversion of a submissive kind
Which three therapists and a college counsellor failed to spot,
But I feel like I want to be entirely destroyed by love.

Not like that.
I mean, sure, to be frank, part of me's always wondered
What it might be like to be tied up, or otherwise encumbered,
Or maybe forced to wear something restrictive,
But that's not even where I'm going with this.

I just mean that in my current state, 19 years and
Not enough months to make a difference old,
I don't wanna be told 'I love you'. I want it
To come and wreck me.

And I don't mean 'wreck' as in emotionally wreck.
I mean wrecked as in ended. Leave nothing intact. As in, if it doesn't kill me
I at least want to be rendered catatonic by the impact.

I want someone whose smile makes the sun fizzle out in modesty
So that the Earth stops spinning dead in its gait,
So that I'm launched 3,000 miles in a single second straight,
So fast that my eyes explode in their sockets,
And as I'm limping blind through Siberia,
I want her to restart the solar system with the light
That emanates always from her eyes.

I want her to cut me open at the waist with her clavicle
And put me back together and seal the wound with her mouth
So that I have a lipstick smudge scar all the way round my torso.
And as the seal starts to weep and my legs start to give,
I don't want her to pay any attention.
She's too busy cavorting around space, gay as Galactus,
Blowing out more stars with her laugh.

It's not that weird, right?

It's like how I don't enjoy a yoga class until my knees are at my ears,
and I feel like if I rock back and inch, I'll tumble and my bones will clatter.
I don't want to align my chakras; I want to them to shatter.

I'm sure it's not abnormal. Otherwise OK Cupid would think twice
About having one of its stupid questions to break the ice,
'Doesn't the idea of the world ending sometimes sound a bit nice?'

Everybody occasionally dreams of apocalypse.
Sometimes your routine just gets a bit monotonous.
But if a tidal wave as tall as the Empire State
Really is gonna come to make us all meet our fate,
You'd best make a bet I'd want that wave to be set
in motion by my beloved, her gleaming eyes wet
From the cold wind on a bench on a freezing night,
because let's not go home just yet, all right?