The Fabric of Your Skin

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Those tears stream down,
Unseen in the the pouring rain.
Salty, scalding rivulets
That trace channels in
Your lined face.

Is it pain,
Sadness,
And suffering,
Or bitterness,
Fear,
And anger
That crumple the fabric of your skin
In creases that surround your eyes?

Do temptation and betrayal
Squeeze a tormented soul
That flies up into the howling gales,
Shooting through the leaden clouds
To thunder through the tempest?

Eyes so stormy scream into
The reaching ears of my heart
And the sorrowful, cold-bleeding depths of grey
Pull me from my hidden dwelling and

Fly me up into the storm with you,
Caught up on your back
And burned with the lightning cloak of white fire
That flays the skin from your soul.

We stand oceans apart
But a kiss away,
A tiny breath of longing,
A need to wrap our hands
Around each other's broken spirits
Like the candle's flicker on the walls of darkness at midnight.

I stare into your storm cloud eyes,
Screaming back at your screaming,
"I know! I know! I know!"
But not a word can calm the roiling,
Not a salve can ease the ugly
That tears and gnaws and devours you from within.

Do you stare at me and blame me?
Have I flayed your heart with a scourge of devastation
And resurrected monsters that you
Once thought dead?
Do you hate the one who wishes to offer you
Comfort?

Because I stand here in this howling storm
Of your gaze,
And my arms burn with
Craving to hold you,
To wrap my arms and legs around your fear
And wring the pain away.

But all I can do is
Take your face in my hands,
Kiss your lips softly,
And lean my forehead against yours.

My heart hears your worry and confusion,

Pain and fear,
Hidden toils trying to cling to the earth
Instead of the glacial stars a world away.
My lips are throbbing with a hungry ache
To suck the abyss from your soul
Through your passionate mouth
As my tingling fingers cup your face
And release the man who is trapped and weighed down
By the terrors of the screaming skies.

This kiss should be your freedom,
But I fear it will be your undoing,
For freedom has been burned away
And sings its mourning through the skies of loneliness.

We stand in this rain,
You and I,
And words have no place here.

A single kiss
And sweet embrace
Is all that I can give.
It cannot change reality,
Nor calm the raging storm,
Nor speak words of comfort,
Nor bless the crushed and sorrowful heart.

But it can be your companion
Until your storm abates
For just a moment.
And in that single moment,
That fleeting, feather moment,
The torn part of your heart,
And the torn part of my heart,
Shall beat as one for just a breath
And love each other dearly.

And for just a single moment,
Before it slides away

And the storm rolls back in,
As we step away from our embrace,
The creases around your eyes
Are not pain,
Sadness,
And suffering,
Or bitterness,
Fear,
And anger.

It's just a single glimpse of joy
In the fabric of your skin.

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