

want.

I don't want to.

I don't want to want you.

I don't want this wanton want, this dreadful, heedless needless need

indeed – enough! I have been through

this stuff more times than I can count,

have been unable to surmount this mounting unrelenting dread,

unable to forget

too weak to sleep or even just to keep

these thoughts out of my head.

so sick of being tired all the time,

fed up with constantly pretending I'm

just fine, or will be down the line, when, really, I am hardly standing anymore

have been reduced to a pathetic puddle on my bedroom floor.

and, tell me now my love,

what for?

I don't want to.

I don't want to keep on fighting

I don't want to keep on lighting lights that needs must stay unlit

writing words that never fit

never sit quite right on paper or my tongue.

songs that will remain unsung,

burning in my throat like fire;

all our vows and paltry passions piled up on a pyre,

spouting stifling smoke that leaves, while climbing high and higher,

blackened bits of unborn verses in my breast and in my lung.

I don't want this dead desire.

I don't want this whole entire doomed and dire enterprise.

I don't want to witness its demise.

lying crumpled on the pavement,  
asking myself whether "brave" meant braving each and every bloody war,  
facing every fear that strips me to my core.  
blazing pain from biting back the bile,  
strain from keeping up this frozen smile  
aching to go back to where we were before;  
to that perfect moment when we met.

and yet.

I don't want to.

I don't want you.

I don't want that version of myself,  
that perfect doll you fashioned in your head and put up on a shelf  
that dead-eyed thing that comes alive but by your touch,  
that thing you wanted both too little and a bit too much.

but honey, I am not that thing.

I want to be the song that other people sing,  
the bird that no one can prevent from taking wing.  
I want to soar, I want to rise, I want to climb the highest of the highs,  
I want to conquer new horizons, roam uncharted skies,  
will cut the last of these restrictive ties  
and you can hold on to the severed string.

I don't want you.

you're much too small a prize.

I want the world, want everything!