

I Can Sacrifice My Self

by Ivan Reyes

The sacrificial tendency is a real ugly one
A pound of flesh, because it grows back
But gnarled and scarred
For you,
So you may smile or cry
Whatever you need

How about an ounce of truth?
How about I make a maze
And you walk through it
Until you get bored
And start to resent me
Because you desire my soul
But I desire it too

And I'll share it
When I feel safe
And I'll hide it if I don't
And sometimes some angel can see it regardless
And they glow for me and I for them and together
We glow and glow until the darkness at large
Beckons us to return to it for it feels ownership
To our light
And I burn for you
But you won't make your own light
Your hearth is damp
So you stay close to mine
And I burn till I'm weary
And I burn through the cold
And I burn with violence
And I burn tenderly
And I wonder why you won't

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/ivan-reyes/i-can-sacrifice-my-self>»*

Copyright © 2020 Ivan Reyes. All rights reserved.

I am a lighthouse for lonely men
Blind, hungry, cold, soulless men
And so are you, you just don't know it yet
But there's as much that I don't know
Or maybe you're not and my eyes are old and useless

Maybe you do burn
Maybe my mind is gone
Maybe you do burn
And my sense of touch is numb

The heart is a fighter and when two meet one must kill the other
Unless they dance
Like a cobra with a snakecharmer
But I'm confused
And my tune is not doing it's magic
So you bite
And then regret the bite
Because then there's no music
And I repair my wound

Covered in bandages I play on and on
I don't mind
I will be the music that never stops
For no reason at all
And when the flesh comes back gnarled and ugly
My song will describe it
And you will retract your fangs
While you dance to my lilting flute

And I will wait for you to sing of me
Or until someone else does
Because angels need to dance
And they don't really care so much who with

