

Angel, before you fly down | Sophia Centurion

look at me as I am, an apathetic lover
white knuckling every goodbye.

See a rival worthy of fight
or flight. Heed the wanted signs listing

the names I was known by and all my
reckless crimes. They were scattered by

good men and women who expected better
from me. Not this screeching siren,

swimming the Styx against fate,
crawling out

covered in pieces of saints.
Invite disdain, for your sake.

If you hold me I will bury myself deep
in your chest to live forever. Prepare

before you fly down. Let your heartbeat pick up,
and your eyes blur red until you're buzzing, unsure

where to aim your fists or hands or breath. Hate me
first, to make love possible. That line is

fragile and crumbling—a match
burning until it only leaves behind the fire.

Before you mistake me for someone who
will bring you peace, study the scratchings

on the walls of my tower
only decipherable through a fever.

Sir Brave and Bright, fit your jagged
edge to mine, see if you can save
a ghost, hold her hand
in a playground. We will

find solace in the silence
on swings. In the dark

I tell you the chronicle from
the beginning, and you deem me good.

So I join the rabble of selfish narcissists you can't help
but love.

The ones that would ruin the world,
for that little bit of heaven.

