

Estranged Voices

I look up to both of you, do you see me admiring?
My eyes are open, and as wide as my arms waiting for you to pick me up,
calm the shouts and whisper and smile, that all will be well.

I see myself as a watered seed, with one strand of grass sticking me high.
And you, both whom I am in between:
are ancient pillars,
strengthened over decades and seemingly indestructible.
You've had grey days that would rain on,
through that you stayed strong.
But Mom, when you cry, your tears run over and on Dad,
crumbling him, travelling between his cracks, stretching them.

Now Dad you breathe heavy; pushing winds out wide at mom,
I see some bits ripped to fly off in various directions....
But my mom, is my mom.
And she's not complete.
Dad, your my Dad,
and there's so much of you at it's least.

I'm still here, do you see me?

<pause>

Wife

Hidden inside there's an absent place,
Separate and abandoned,
Longing for a heavy hand to scoop the air into a meaningful breath,
My jaw feels heavy
Memories clog my throat with words I wish I had said,
My teeth are jail bars blocking my exuberance,
Our musicality is mellow when it's not developing in anger and heartache,
Significant only for your sake.

Husband

Hovering above my body I witness the once strong assertive being disintegrate into a paranoid
crumpled heap, Limping with fear of not belonging in this duo
and not continuing as an example of expectation,
not a fulfilment of your imagination

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Wife

Our hearts have slowly evaporated into an air that accompanied every cold breeze,
Husbands
There's no fire in my lungs -
there's just suffering smoke in the aftermath of solitude

Husband

Your job title is your trophy
The comfort we achieve to stand still in.

Wife

My mind has in its solid stance been victimised,
You too busy for me, I'm too busy for you
We are a comprise of societies characteristics,
We declare depth even though we are distant
I understand it as loves in-existence.
Our love is now alone.

We stripped off every layer of woman I'd carefully applied to sample the woman I pretended to be,

You are less caring, less interested, and less committed
We have a weak satisfaction
I feel Hyper rejected. I am lonely
You used to see from my bodies perspective
I felt like you betrayed my skin with ignorance
Is my figure a failure?
My nakedness hides ready in clean soft silk for a strong arm
but lies like a corpse waiting instead of instigating

Husband

I am waiting.
There is this hostile detachment even with my palms on your hips,
The quantity in our love has replaced the quality of our love.
We talk in transactions from the repetition of our days
Our interest has faded
I must forgive myself for all the instigations
and flatulate pride hidden between the lines of our lost connection
from the war of descriptions we rapture.

The two of us do not know each other anymore.

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Wife

You silenced my energy In this constant fairground
With the same lights
And the same rides
And the same empty questions
With the same tempting comfort

Husband

This was a predictable retreat
I hid in this pattern
I couldn't ripple its routine in the face of Union
Or protrude with any difference

Wife

I wanted what everyone else had and wanted
I stuck in it for you in sacrament

Husband

I stuck in the moments when time was thin now it's thick with quarantine

Wife

Our reflections are moments with another,

Husband

Your voice is like white noise:
a condescending conversations whose cost admits
the performance of a headache
Your loud insults echo like mirror on mirror.
Our slander stands like stone statues
You are a stone Statue-

Wife

Don't you feel lonely?
The pillow nestling the threads of my hair does not cushion emotion,
and the room is always silent,

My chest falters; sinks into my back
where my spine thrusts my shoulders to the lobes in my neck.

Your finger bones hushed when I hoped your fingertips would utter "hold me" across my skin.

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Husband

They stutter under the quilt beside my corpse
in which senses wish life fulfilled.

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His tears formed melancholic rivers
She waded through the thickness to reach him
To touch him
To comfort him within his own despair.
He drowned in deep pools of agony when warm face greeted cold tiles.
He wanted to spend every waking moment alone within the confines of his bruised mind.
He wanted to pluck every tooth. Every molar, incisor, canine until his mouth filled with metallic
blood.
Until his mouth filled to capacity and overflowed.
Until the blood stained the very foundation of her marriage.
Nostalgic memories plastered upon his skull. Impossible to erase.
If only he listened.
If only she had loved entirely.
They are mangled in the wreckage of their marriage,
maybe then would physical pain shoot through his body the way her words pierced his skin.