Deterioation

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It was a cruel twist of fate to fall in love the way I did
To fall in love with a ridiculous, beautiful dream of a man
And for Cupid to dangle him in front of me
To put him just out of reach.
My fingers can almost reach his face—
If not for that small sliver of sky that divides our lives—
But I would not wish the sky away

I would not ask the sunsets to soak up their colors
Empty them upon his fingertips
So he could trace the pigments across my skin
Smear crimson on the tips of my cheekbones

Coat my eyelids with sapphire blue
Cover me in evergreen forests and snow white stardust
He could caress my body until I was worthy of the Louvre

But no—I belong where I stand
I am forever to remain an actress in a silent film
Moving images lacking sound and color
I open my mouth to speak
The caption on the screen does not match my lips
Lies of summer and car rides and midnight kisses
When all I feel is winter and tile floors