

### That You Will Remember Me

I will write every single memory in a journal of red—  
brand the pages in black ink until it bleeds through,  
staining my worn fingertips in liquid trouble.

I will bottle the memory of your scent, top it with a cork—  
a vintage chardonnay that will forever age with me.  
Bite the mourning melody between my teeth.

I will beg the devil, get down on my knees and bury my face  
in black robes and swear my soul to their basin of promise—  
loyal puppet just for their false prophecies.

I will tattoo the last glimpse of your visage into the skin of my eyelids—  
every night the absence of *why* will paint me in the  
erotic wines of madness, the taste of you.

I will tangle myself in the pure lies of tar that encase me in a sacred  
reliquary, fit to burst with amber and alyssums that  
bloom from my ever pore.

I will kneel before my gods, turn my face to their thrones and release  
a scream that burns within my lungs— chorus the prayers that smolder  
in the base of my throat, acid and smoke.

I will beg every higher being in our universe and the next and even  
to the stars beyond, I will throw aside my pride,  
beg until I have no more breath.

If I have to forget  
then please forgive me as I sin  
so that you will remember me.