

Pedestal

*Glasgow, October 2022*

I love her, I love her being, her essence, her smell,  
I love her across stormy oceans and through the fiery mouths of hell,  
I have loved her since there was nothing, and I'll love her till there is everything,  
I love her with a burning passion, so much compassion, fit for a king.

Oh, how I love her, adore her, yearn for her and lust,  
This angel who has blinded my eyes with just a sprinkle of her dust,  
They make paintings of her, attempts to capture beauty,  
Not being able to appreciate her, would truly be a cruelty.

And yet, I do this, I am guilty as guilt can be,  
For she is just she and I am just me,  
She did not ask to be sprawled beneath a microscope,  
She did not ask to be held to perfect laws, breaking one to suffer the rope,  
And I've known it for a while, it's fucked up to pedestalize anything or anyone,  
Maybe I've always done it though because if I don't, I won't have a reason to run,  
If she's not perfect, then maybe she can put up with me, how sad to see,  
If she's not perfect, then maybe together, we can finally be happy, oh glee.

But that's not it either, you are cowardly, but that's not why you do it,  
There's something else at play here, some other missing piece that needs to fit,  
Try and track back, when does the spell break,  
Sometimes there is no spell, but one look is all it takes,

And even then, when you know of imperfection,  
You lie to yourself in impressive deflection,  
For she is perfect, and I love her,  
I would die for her if I didn't smother her first,  
Really though, it's just her smile, and a bunch of quirky little things that I shouldn't have  
latched onto but did, cursed,  
And now we're here because I thought that was love,  
Are we not in love? Then what is this thirst?  
I'm pretty sure we were in love, this is love, no?  
I feel like I'm about to burst.

And then when you tumble, yet still fall gracefully because you're an angel, down to the  
ground,  
I feel relieved and feather weight, like a lost young child who has finally been found,  
You're normal, a human, your skin doesn't glow in the dark,  
The only thing you're guilty of is nothing, unlike Marc,  
Till I learn to stop shining this massive spotlight, so blinding and so bright,  
I will try to stick to written words, and keep them to myself as best as I can fight,  
For if I do this thing I do, lest me damage naught but one,  
I do love her though, this angel, the one who glows just like the setting sun.