

Him.Her.Us.I

Intro:

This is a book of poetry I don't
love...

HIM

There is a light
Behind his eyes
That will no break
No matter how hard
You smash the bulb
Against the pavement

Her stories
Of selfish people,
He didn't want to hear
While he asked her
For help

Nothing more intimate
Than the moment
She takes his fingers
From between her leg
And to her mouth.
That knowledge of self
he seeks within her

"Maybe
You could
Shut the fuck up
And let me
Love you
The way we planned"

His dying was not an art form
It was public access tv wrestling
Driven by drugs and excess
He bound his own wrists
And laid down for the count of three
To breath bath water
Through tired, unfamiliar lungs.

The doctor told him
He was broken
But he could not help.
It was as he'd always expected.

When it's been two weeks
And you still think of her
You're going to have to chase her
Out your head
With shots of hard liquor or
Shots of lead

He woke up
To find the devil
Turned down his offer
For a deal.
He said "it's too late.
It's gone
And so has she."

I suppose
I must've been eating flies.
Each time I cough,
I spit wings from my teeth,
Tiny angels lost
In the mouth of Hell.

This thing
That destroys itself
In order
That it might survive.

His fingers work best
When popping codeine from it's pack.
They are clumsy at love
And leave bruises
Shaped like kisses
On your skin.

Sometimes
The only thing
Stopping him jumping
Is the fear
he might fly.

Some day
You might dig deep enough
To find
That under the surface
There is a hollow.
A-hole
Lot
Of nothing

At the bottom of all of this
You might find
You can bounce

It's only drinking bleach
That makes
This all seem so pure

I have vomited
In so many places
And somehow
I still feel proud
At that accomplishment.

At the end,
He will be
Clean
Strong
Pure.
So that means,
This all must endure
A little longer.

One day,
The top 40
Will feel as much home
As the things he finds in
Basement recordings.

Only the brave die young.
The coward keeps living.

I am trying.

I promise.

In the sound of rain
There is a space that
Carries that same tone
As you,
As your skin
As your tears.

I don't see the point
in writing shopping lists.
It's easier to just
take the receipt
from last week.

I am a sick man
Without my medicine
But this
Will kill me
In time.

"It's all okay.
You are asking
A lot of yourself.
Nothing is wrong"

"Not yet"

The beautiful thing
About broken glass
Is that it starts to
hold the light
A little better.

I used to look for monsters
Under my bed
In my closet
In the waiting darkness
But I found true evil
With bright smiles
Cooking breakfast in the morning
And promising it could love me
For everything I am.

HER

She thought
You were the most beautiful
Thing she could contemplate
Until she realised
How ugly
Her other thoughts were

Happy doesn't feel
As good
As her skin
tastes.

I've got
99 problems
And they're all
Shaped like you

She threads her keys
Through her knuckles
In the darkness
After she opens her door
Just in case
He deserves it

Though she was not beautiful
her words promised a beauty of their
own.

From within,

Her glisten spoke of diamonds

And the rosebush grown outside her
window.

He let her crawl

Into his bed for the promise of her soul

To find

All along

She was hollow

Keep drinking
Until you drown
The thing
That crawls
Inside you

You keep telling people
You're a mermaid
But
We know the truth
About the lizard scales
Growing on your skin.

And when you close your eyes
Her heartbeat still echoes in your ears
Her skin lips still tingle on your
tongue
Her warmth still fills your skin
But you can kill it
In time

A rose by any other name
Would still have thorns
To gouge out eyes

No one told you
Your fingerprints were corrosive.
No guards
tell you to stay behind
the velvet rope
And there are no signs
That read
"Do not touch"

As bitter
As the absinthe
That passes your lips
And the way you
speak the name.

Try to strangle
Yourself
in her hair.
Try to drown
In her eyes.
Try to smother
Yourself
In her breathe.

I have never
Known art
To move the way
she does.

Her suicide note
Written
In the letters
From her prescription.
Her,
Trying to kill
Herself
By outliving
Her will.

Softly
Comes the pain
each night.
Chained in my arms,
We speak of peace.

"I don't want to be better,
I just want to be gone"

Her heart
Is pure
Carved from
Ebony.
Each beat
Pushing
The wood grain
Until it splits.

The number of the beast
Is nothing found in the bible
It is save in your phone
With a love heart
Next to the name.

There are a thousand pretty girls
Who will all smile just the same
But only one
Is hiding
The tongue
Of a serpent.

Just because
this is beautiful
Doesn't mean
It cannot be a monster too

Every addict
Thinks they
Know better.

"I mean
Every lie
I tell you"

"How does it feel
Knowing
You deserve this?"

"I would gift you fireworks
Burning
And bright
Just to light your darkness

...

I know you're drawn
to the flame.
Maybe
You will catch fire
And burn
like one of us"

Even in the darkness
I can see behind your smile
To the spirit
You keep
Locked behind
Your jaws

"I lost faith
In any god
Who could create
something as
Flawed
As you"

US

Little kitten
You have fooled
No one,
The way you bare
Your teeth and claws.
I know inside
Is a tiger.
Show me
How you roar

"How can you say this isn't love
When it hurts like this"

You may be venomous
But I am filled
With poison.
Come bite me
And see which one of us
Dies first.

I could write a thousand lines of
poetry,
in the lines left in my bedsheets,
from the shape of your body

"If you leave,
I might be happy."

"Neither of us
Want that"

I am sorry

If I taste the way people do.

I am sorry

If I taste like plastic

Imagine if we stopped
And started trying to
Make this work.
We could be happy
Or so much worse.

This is a different shade
Of our parents evil.
A different tone of poison
calling itself love.

It'd be nice
If one of us
Could give up first

When you get low enough
You will see, they fly
Up above you
In Hell
Just as they do
In Heaven

"Should I be worried?"

"This is the way it's always been"

I never meant to hurt you.
It just turns out
I'm real good at it.
I am a mozart of your pain.
The artist finds their calling.

Dreams
Are a waste of time
When you are here
Every inch
of my nightmare.

S&M doesn't work
If we're both just waiting
To hurt the other.

They say the heart is a muscle
But ours are scar tissue.
They just don't move like they used to.

Neither of us
Knew we
Could hate something
As much
As we loved
Each other.

Does it burn,
The way we dance
Next to the candles
In our bedroom.

I am never coming back"

"Thank you"

We both break
In
The most
beautiful ways

When we lie here
Everything
Seems so petty.
Maybe we could
Stay here
And never leave.
Would we live life
On our backs?

That pet name
We share with each other
In the moments
We are truly ourselves,
Polite society
Doesn't want to
Hear the way
We scream cunt.

It takes a
Sharp knife
To pull out
Your splinter

The way we shout
We will scare
Off your friends
And then
We will be truly alone
With each other

Perhaps

We have gotten

So good at being hurt

That the distance could save us

It's much easier to
Delete a phone number
After
The authorities
Block you
From each other.

I

Thank you
For taking everything
from me

And

For taking me
For granted

And

For taking me
Away
From myself

If you came back
I would have nothing
But the surrender
And that sounds
So
Nice

Maybe I am not better.
Maybe the only thing I have gotten
better at
Is pretending I have gotten better.
Maybe this sensation
Is to remind me
How far I have to go
Until I can look back
And no longer see the starting line

There is a stranger's blood
Underneath my skin,
From the day I was born.
It's uncomfortable and keep trying
To force it's way out.
I keep topping it up with vodka
Hoping to ease the difference.

I don't remember your name
but I found you number
wrapped around Jane Austen's face
on the back of a ten pound note
after coming home from the bar.
You are a wasted chance
At another drink.

Forever
Sure is
a waste of time.

I have something
I will always remember you by
The scar on my wrist
From when you wouldn't
Let
Go

I worry
There are holes
In this happy suit I wear
And my mask has slipped
Too far down

I am trying to numb myself
Until I feel like home

I hope we can
Forgive each other
For loving
The only way
We know how

My broken edges
Have given me sharp corners.
I will not be mishandled again.

If you
Cut off
Feeling
For long enough,
You can make
Your heart
Turn black
And soon
It will drop off.

When the light goes off
There is a shadow
Fleeting
But it's in your image

I used to think I'd grow old
Now I'd just settle for growth.

It's okay to keep little pieces
Of the past inside you.
We grow upon the sediment
That makes us more fertile
On the inside.

How nice the rain sounds
All the way down here
Under the soil.

I wish I hated you

Enough

To let me love someone else

I have tried
Every form
Of missing you
Except from burying
Your body.

I cried myself awake again
Because I know what this day holds.

My memory hasn't been the same
Since I took the pound of flesh
That wore your scars
And tore it from my brain.

I sign my name with flowers
To remind me
I have roots
And I will bloom again.

Maybe the ache in my joints
Is my body
Trying to turn to face the sun.

I made room to fit you
In my heart
And now there is a void
I can't seem to fill.

I lost my sense of self.
Even though you're gone,
I can't seem to work out where I end.
All I can feel is the emptiness where
you hand once was.

Him.Her.Us.I was my attempt at Instapoetry. I learned a lot about the platform during my brief experiment, and it certainly helped my work find a larger audience.

I'm left wondering. Is the form sustainable? It's already showed signs of outgrowing it's native platform but as poetry reaches the mainstream again, is this how we'd want to be remembered? I'm a big believer that writing poetry should make you sweat, and often times this book felt too easy to write. Maybe I'm grossly overestimating my talents, or maybe there's a reason I'm not viewed by millions but this book is the final entry in my exploration of instapoetry. In many ways, I've set out to create the most pretentious book of poetry I could. It started off as a joke but in time, I found myself putting in work. I found myself scribbling ideas on my phone in the most unlikely of places; at poetry gigs, on bus journeys and on the toilet in bars. Writing this book started to take time away from my real book of poetry, so I lay it to rest and I leave to become the poet I've been trying to be. - Connor Sansby

Promise Me The Journey Back, the full
debut collection by Connor Sansby will
be available on Amazon April 23rd.

www.whiskyandbeards.co.uk