My dear Ana, you are as sad as you are beautiful-

as beautiful as you are blind to it.

Glorified and feared, you are, did you know that?

Oh Ana, you are never seen until you are all that left.

The butterflies along your bones hold you on your feet,

But what a minimal strength there is in bugs.

Oh Ana, please don't touch me!

I see your eyes in the mirror, your words coat the glass in condensation-

you are all I can see and all I can hear.

You consume me whilst I consume nothing.

Oh Ana, why do you love me? You're killing me.

The fingers down my throat are not mine, they're yours.

You're knuckles scrape against my teeth, bone to bone-

Oh Ana, where is your skin? You can't keep wearing mine!

Your insomnia weighs on me, Ana,

I spend every three AM begging you to sleep-

I’d sing to you but my breath is in your lungs.

You press your thumbs beneath my eyes and leave bruises in their place.

Oh Ana, you're freezing me!

Incessant shivering,

you cut my circulation saying purple is my colour.

Is that a compliment or a threat?

Oh Ana, my cryptic lover, you keep me to yourself.

How many of my bones did you break just to fit me in your arms?

It hurts, Ana, the dying!

Sweet liar, you said you could fix me, but you've cut me too deep.

Im wasting away in your company-

Chewing only on the words you whisper to me.

My nose bleeds and you catch the drips with your tongue.

Ana, Ana, ANA, you carve your name on my ribs as I count them.

You kiss the 33 vertebrae of my spine as my hair goes down the shower drain-

Your attention is a drug to me, colour me addicted-

I'll never leave on my own accord.

My sweet coup de grace, Ana, oh Ana-

I’m dead either way!