

Poetry Series

Mary Huxley

- poems -



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Mary Huxley()



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The Architecture Of A Ghost

I have memorized you
like a prayer whispered in a burning room.
You are the ache in my marrow,
the silver thread stitched
through the dark of my lungs.

I do not just love you;
I am haunted by the version of us
that hasn't even happened yet.
If you leave,
I will be a house with all the doors left open,
waiting for a wind
that smells of your skin
to tell me I am still alive.
Even in the silence,
I am screaming your name
into the hollows of my own chest.

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Yours, Always

Let me hold you one more time,
I'm fragile,
My heart is racing, and I
Can barely breathe beneath the weight
Of all I feel for you.

The night is quiet,
Yet my soul screams your name,
Yearning for the warmth
That only your arms can bring.

Stay a little longer
Let time pause,
Let the stars witness
This fragile moment
Where love and longing collide.

Hold me close,
Let our hearts speak in whispers,
For I am yours...
Now and always.

Mary Huxley

Jailed

Jailed in my own mind,
Scared to walk forth,
Handcuffed by my own thoughts,
I'm sentenced to infuriation.

It was this same day I killed my own happiness,
I was cold inside,
I burned with great rage,
Quenching for space but the pace and speed denied me chance.

Now in a death row,
Being sentenced to murder of my own emotions,
Looking around in my chamber,
Here I am confidentially waiting to be executed,
I already made my wish,
Hope I will conquer this inevitable death

Mary Huxley



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