

the  
eternal  
sunshine  
poems



aaron's notebook

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## intro (end of the world)

The instincts I have trusted leave me drowning more than they have saved me, sent me flying, smiling into a horizon - my gut instinct is an unreliable narrator.

If this all ends tomorrow, where can I find you? Will you be waiting, patient for one last look at my face? Or, maybe, you won't think of me. Maybe I will watch the moon going dark, lovesick and loveless. The sun won't shine and I, lover, will think of you last. You are a factor, you, my fight or flight.

bye

Bottle in the footwell of some friend's  
car. My big coat. Music I have not heard for  
years. Escape from Alcatraz. Headrush of  
closure. The last closed door, the headrush and  
high. The world's longest goodbye. And didn't we  
try? Didn't we push the last limit, spaced out on  
the edge of a cliff, toes dangling like we were teasing  
the fall? It is over  
and over again. It is the cycles of loving  
to hate you. Escape from  
Alcatraz; the big coat I have tied and  
inflated, the bay I am sailing and the  
boy I am leaving behind.

# don't wanna break up again

I sleep with  
white noise, loud,  
television static for  
the ways I have been  
drowned out and I  
am the underscoring  
for the story of another  
man, another lover, another  
bed you will fall into and the last  
rites of my execution. Commendation  
of the dying. You will have to pry this from  
my cold  
dead  
hands.



# Saturn Returns Interlude

## **Interstellar, *adj.***

occurring or situated between stars.

## **Cosmic, *adj.***

relating to the universe or cosmos, especially as distinct from Earth.

*Or*

inconceivably vast.

## **Return, *v.***

come or go back to a place or person.

Each is connected, thin strings across a vast cosmos and the small miracles that occur between us and behind your back.

## eternal sunshine

Beauty in pain. Beautiful  
suffering, beautify the scarring and  
make it slick with glitter. Do not  
soothe me. Do not hold ice over  
burning wounds, do not  
fix the bleeding  
mascara. I don't want to forget

the fighting. I won't leave behind the  
crime scene, tape we tied to bows and  
I will think of you as I'm growing.  
I will find your bed in every man's,  
remembering the hardest ways I  
have become softer. Hating you comes  
in waves of anger and bliss -  
kiss me. Bruise my lip. Make a home in the pits of  
my poor and spotless mind.

# supernatural

I am out of body so  
the body can be yours.

There is no skin you cannot  
touch, tease with light fingers and  
trace the shape of your own name. Call me

your name. Conjure me and send me to  
rapture, souls intertwined when you wind  
my hair in your palm. Claim the ways I say  
yes. Yes, this is a bad idea but

no, I do not fear the fall. I have never fought  
the things that keep me up at night.



## true story

The origin story of a villain. The first crimes committed and the testimonies of the witnesses, *the blood they have seen on my hands*. But I was at home. The crime was committed and I was at home. This is the court of opinion; evidence has, frankly, nothing to do with it. Which story is better? The one that ends; *and then they buried the body, buried the bodies they have graced with their lips and paid service to, hid the ways they have been terrible and almost got away with it*. Or; they were not even there that night. They left in silence, they left with grace and they found peace in the sunset. They ran their fingers, clean, through grass and let the sun wash and dry them.

If I am a *killer*, I can take up more space; sentence and basket case. If I am not, the ending is boring. It borders on sad, it becomes as simple as; they saw the incoming crash and stepped away from the wreckage unscathed. *Villain origin story*; more worth the time it takes to read it.

# the boy is mine

Electric, erotic beating slow  
motion - strobe lights. Sound.

Finding places I have never found with my  
tongue, stuck between and behind your  
teeth. What a view. Look at us.

Look at you. Portraiture of  
Adonis. Look at me.

Confirm my beauty only  
in proximity to yours;

I match you, blow for blow.  
Even at your lofty heights, I  
have conquered vertigo.

yes. and?

Love the mirror. Kiss it. Lipstick stains on a collar, mark your territory. Love the loser. Love the loss. Leave a bite mark on everything but your tongue, let it free. Plead the fifth, except when you'd like most to talk about it, play each card you've kept close to your chest. God complex. Claim all the light can touch. Attract each brightest star.



# we can't be friends (wait for your love)

Lover boy roleplay; I will  
stick around. I will pick moments  
of silence, make them stunning.  
Oil on canvas in my head, the  
fine art I will turn us into. Why should it  
be real? Why should it be more than  
paint and platitudes? What more could you find in  
the Louvre? The lover departing.  
The parts of me that will always ache for you and  
the frames that hang empty, waiting for me to  
make the same mistake again.

## i wish i hated you

You stay and nurse my wounds, you stay  
the hero. I weep into a shoulder I  
have called home long enough to know  
better and you fetch my favourite mug.  
You love me with soft hands.

You massage the bruising, make me  
malleable beneath your hands and I cannot make you  
ugly. I wish I hated you. I wish you had  
burned the house down, left me coughing up  
ash alone, so I could've cursed your name through  
smoke. But no. You loved me until  
the death rattle. You loved me until  
our world stopped turning. Nothing is burning  
to the ground.

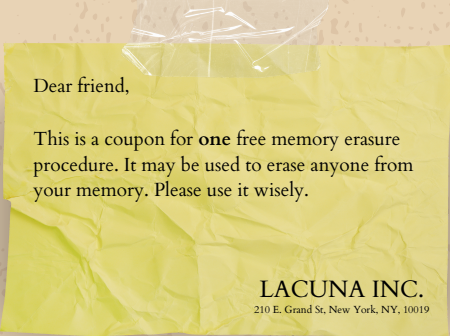
# imperfect for you

Inventory; tortured artist who  
sleeps no more than four  
hours, coffee snob, drunk and  
dreaming, predisposed to bouts of  
anxiety, screaming into  
pillows and deciding you are  
evil long before you are  
awake. Shake me. I will love you in  
my imperfection. There will always be space for you to  
paint my hearse purple. Take my heart in  
your hands. Sporadic beats that tell you, no,  
they are not healthy but, yes,  
they are trying.



## ordinary things (feat. Nonna)

No diamonds; just time.  
Take the frivolous, take  
the pictures of painted  
smiles and burn them.  
Take me for coffee. Tell me  
about work. Talk about  
the weather. Bore me to  
life. Every other moment pales to  
tequila soda in my living room,  
blankets wrapped around us as I say  
'what a life.' And something about  
the silence tells me we'd have it  
no other way.



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