

Want

“*What do you want?*”

“I want to chew on your bones // to go back to 2008 and stop her from going to that house in Brixton // to read all of the books // to be adored // to be ignored // to un-sleep with 95% of the men I’ve slept with // to discover what it feels like to not be in constant pain // you to tell me that the collection of dead wasps in my hands look *good enough to eat* // to dance on the train tracks with you like we used to, in the dead of night, wearing novelty sunglasses and fur coats, drinking a bottle of Veuve through a straw, shouting the lyrics to *Losing My Religion* and running away from the British Transport Police // to go to the aquarium and count how many of the stingrays are happier than me, with their smiley little faces and all their smiley little mates // to ask you *what happened* and get an honest answer // to stop becoming emotionally invested in things that have nothing to do with me // to change your mind about me // to never speak another word // to go back to that restaurant in Alicante where all the food was bite-sized and served on little sticks, where, at the end, you take your sticks to the counter and pay according to how many sticks you have, because when we were there 10 years ago, the manager didn’t know that I had hidden six sticks in my pocket, so I’d like to pay for the six sticks of food that I didn’t pay for at the time because I feel awful about it // to stop faking it // to check if our initials are still on that tree // to hear you tell me that I’m *electric* // to sleep for a week // the rose tattoo on my thigh to look less like a red cabbage // a first edition of *The Bell Jar* by Victoria Lucas // to reverse the blood pact we made // you to get the hint, *please*, for the love of God // to un-cut my arms // to sleep for a month // to exist in your mind as much as you live in mine // an explanation as to why I apparently *have to* shave my armpits // Cockney rhyming slang to be taught in London schools // somebody to tell me something I don’t know // to quit: smoking, alcohol, drugs, sex, caffeine, sugar, carbs // to live: on a diet of fruit and vegetables and water and fresh air and smugness // to devour: an XXL stuffed-crust pizza, a family-sized chocolate cheesecake, a bottle of Chardonnay, a gram of white powder, a packet of fancy cigarettes, and you, whole // to die: not today, but *my way* // to remember where that graffiti is, the one that says DON’T YOU WANT ME BABY? in massive neon pink letters // kids to stop stabbing each other // to bottle your smile and sell it around the world // to sleep for a year // to know for sure that you’ve saved me a seat in Paradise // to hide under the surface of the sea, so that you know where I am but can never find me // to meet myself for the first time, objectively // to pinpoint the exact moment that everyone got so fucking *boring* // recognition, retribution and reconciliation, but not necessarily in that order // a one-way ticket to Hawaii // to say that all I want is world peace // to throw all of my diaries onto a bonfire // to know if it’s true // you to know that I’m still here // to stop being so afraid of living // to stop being so afraid of dying // to stop being so afraid // to just... *stop.*”

“*I meant, what do you want to drink? Tea or coffee?*”