

**In Amber**

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You can try out ecstasy without trying ecstasy

\*Terms and conditions apply to these violent delights

**- disclaimer**

Sometimes I lay up at night

Stargazing at the ceiling

Thinking of you

For as long as a lover would think of you.

**- stargazing at the ceiling**

They were right.

Art is lovely.

Drawing cupid's bow over my lip with a sharpened pencil tongue.

Painting my skin.

My sentence trailing off on your thigh.

**- commission**

With an abacus of stars

I counted out the carbons

For this to become

My dopamine.

**- dopamine**

I want our bodies to be as confusing as zebra stripes.

**- *when my limbs sink into yours***

When I told you, I had a song on repeat that opened by describing Romeo on  
ecstasy

Because this was the way I wanted to tell you.

God forbid that I should want a cliché moment.

**- *when I first said I love you***

You told me

Saying, "I love you"

Is another way of saying,

"My heart loves you."

**- *my heart loves you***

I was carrying around your heartbeat

But then

Everyone ran around swapping heartbeats.

**- *swapped***

This was  
My valentine on your lips  
And your roman holiday on my skirt.

Bittersweet  
Or something equally cliché.

**- *the difference***

I used to think that – maybe – I was more like some kind of cult classic.

But let's be real.

I'm a drive in.

**- *drive in***

Sometimes I hate that you have made me so passionate.

**- *love***

Lovers scratch their names into me  
So even once they leave  
I will preserve our love in amber forever  
However brief  
Because it makes a mark on me

**- *tree trunk thighs***

Here's the sensitive thing  
Caught in between all the dehydrated love and rehydrated love

There is a girl trapped in there

And she needs to breathe.

**- *the consciousness of breathing***

When you first find yourself in a moment like this, you'll feel caught between an in

between

A discord between organs

A head and a heart that are wild – and have never once stopped for half time

oranges

**- *organs***

My heartbeat – when it came out – came out slow.

The same slow as white ash falling from the sky.

It cremated any future decision to exercise this heart muscle outside the chest again.

It was slow and it was short.

Painting the colours of a heart attack across the skyline.

**- *the sound***

When you're not sure  
You stare at the floor a lot.  
You stare at the wall too.  
You scratch and you sniff.

This situation sticker has cheap glue that doesn't easily come off.

So you stick with putting peanut butter on painkillers.

**- *heartache***

If you let it get to you  
You feel like a sweet nothing.  
Like the offer of milk and honey before bed.  
Thanks, but no thanks.  
This is torture with the texture of a lullaby.  
And the nights are an orange poppy seed cake of emotion  
Stained the colour of faded gold and dilated pupils.

**- *the story at bedtime***

The lining of my stomach  
And the lining of my days  
Are starting to look the same.

**- *there is no silver lining***

There are drugs so loud that you can't hear the thoughts you don't like

But I don't want to go off a script

Saying, "I'm fine"

But the feelings still feel like a disease

So I don't know how I'm going to heal yet

**- *diseases***

I'm taking each heart like a pill.

Because it's the best and worst remedy I could take.

**- *your body is a pharmacy***

There are things more cinematic than saving a bridge that should be burning.

**- *this***

Wearing a sugar coat

Won't keep you warm

**- *sugar coat***

Even if I am broken, there are still basic things that I owe to myself.

Also, fund-raising a pity party budget doesn't really sound like it's worth it.

**- *pity party***

Someone once told me  
That peonies need the frost harsh while they are budding.

It's for their colour

Which is a beautiful metaphor for the heartbroken.

**- and from here, I will bloom**