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“Heaven’s worth, Hell on earth”

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*I was raised under crucifixes
where every whisper was measured against eternity
I learned early on that the most dangerous prayer
was the one said backwards*

*Hell is so ordinary:
a body on the verge of collapse,
a mirror that won’t forgive,
desire stretched across every surface*

*Heaven’s worth
is the tape you found in an attic
buried in static,
hissing like a secret you were not meant to keep*

*Kemet, dreamt in aluminum
a monument half-remembered, half-invented,
America, the precious counterfeit twin
Fantasy and fracture*

*This work gathers both paradise and purgatory,
How heavy are memories when casted in metal to survive ?
What is holiness without a lick of transgression ?
What is paradise if not built in the threat of fire ?*

C.O.