



Your Name

Jayben Matiang

Your name — my bardic mind has been forging poetries and axioms ever since I heard of it. All of my literary notions and aesthetics that were lawed by stylistics and its branches thoroughly pertain to its very syllables. It is the specific name that I can utter in a prayer with such fluency that my tongue moves in a fluid motion without a trace of doubt and aversion.

It's you, my love, whom I would gladly bestow my surname with. To sign an endless contract of union in front of the divinity and your womb will serve as an engine of creation henceforth we shall bear our own offspring that will act as the yielder of our lineage. To weave an eternity together and not even the ghastly oblivion itself could scrape your name that was engraved in my hypothalamus.

Methinks no other goddess than you when my gaze was allured by your visage. Your body is a temple and I live within its testament. Decaying as I am, yet a conclusion was formed that I shall become your disciple through eons with the hopes that our tale will be immortalized,

Because I have seen it through —

The possibility of forever lies in the depths of your eyes.