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Oswald Humanities: Creative Honorable Mention: The Evolution of a Love Long Gone

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The Evolution of a Love Long Gone

I Learned Love from You

I learned love from you
In your amber eyes, I see what decency must be
I feel tranquil in your presence

I hear the beat of your heart
You laugh as I tap my fingers against your chest to the rhythm
I treasure those moments the most

Your smile enamors me
It fills my soul with warmth
Your sadness hurts me like a wound
I can't feel happy
until you tell me that everything will be okay

I am nothing without you

You are the reason the flower in my heart grows

Come
Let your fingers graze across my cheek
and let us dance
into the unknown
Together

Your hand in mine

Growing Season

Sleeping in the dark, shreds of light are piercing through the windows,
Kissing at the wood, bending til they break.
Your hand in mine, feeling the bristles of your soft skin,
My whole world lives inside your heaving chest.

Working by the night, writing sores into my stiff hands,
Searching for the words I've never found.
Would try to say the things no one's ever breathed before me,
But it's all the same, said in different ways.

It doesn't mean a thing; a thought could never hold much merit -
A language overcompensates for lack of heart.
It's not a word; it's a feeling one could never mean to describe -
An endless yearning for the honey in your eyes.

I Live in a Stagnant Day

I live in a stagnant day,
stale for waiting too long without turning over.
Rotten.
The air that fills my lungs tastes like dirty water.

I sleep in a night putrid with sweat:
damp, sticky, uncomfortable...
Wrong.

Where are you, now?
Do you think of me?

Your voice crackles on the other end.
Do you know how I longed to hear it?

I am elated at each syllable – begrudgingly given these days.
It's a melancholy thankfulness.

And all the while my mind races:
no one has what we have,
they don't have what I have.

Parmenides

It is all a delusion.
That which isn't never was.
So how does one explain this dark foreboding
rushing forth without pause?
No use to try to hold back the black wave's might.
It will rush past, indiscriminate and perennial.

That which has troubled you has eaten up your guts,
your brain,
your heart.
It has consumed all that was once yours.
You lay hearty like a fattened pig inside your hollow shell,
gluttonous and shameless.
But you fed that part of you which should never be satisfied.

Like the premature fetus that slips from its mother's womb
in the dead of the night,
You were hope to those who were too blind to see.
You slithered away under darkness's veil;
But I know
that even in your conception, you were infected.
Bad blood spares no one.

As the Sun Rises

A wall, bricked in maroon, is blocking the North.
But, he asks, what matters of blindness when dawn, in East, breaks forth?
Decay, which weeps in ash atop each pane of cherrywood,
may rise from spirit into flesh if he only knew or even wished it could.
Indeed, most yearned of all- its hope has been lost
Assuming as only can be done that it would not have been done at this cost.
A sublime state of precarious, naive dreams!
-but hark, on none too young, sings Angel, does God bestow such things!
I did lay each stone in precise, even joyous disclaim
Carefully, oh how earnestly, I had blankly in Devil's keep hidden his name.
SUCCUMB- I, ashamed beast- I, slimy gut of deepest repent!
I, foul rapist of a heart's desired gift, succumbed against my greatest blessing sent!

For even the most precious, delicate, whispered words cannot report
my longing that, even if in the tiniest fragment of time,
he would break gaze from the beautiful East,
and even if just as a fleeting stroke of his mind,
he would yearn to once again look North.

And I ask my Lord God, by the dark of each night and the light of each day,
that He will have mercy on me, in such unending sorrow, and my thoughts when I pray.