

My Confessional From Chosen Poetry

She promises to hold a secret in confidence,
My sweetest rose-cheeked Laura.
There is a garden in her face.
In mine, the mask.

Between the two of us there are errors
of beauty — partly because of how excessively I love
through writing. Laura is the Curator
for these pleasantries of mine, collecting and cataloguing
my thoughts towards makeshift elements
of comprehension: Love's Alchemy.

But when she would dishevel her hair,
and from his car her slender legs emerged,
the space we made that had no name,
where lives of the British poets thrived while making love,
a knife cut my spirit.
Severed my brain from my heart.

A prospect of heaven makes death easier
to leave her.

—Amber Alexander