

Left Wanting

What is to be said of love?
Does it even matter anymore?
Love is beautiful.
Love is awful.
Love is ecstasy.
Love is agony.
Love grows.
love fades.
love dies.

Nothing lasts forever,
not even love.
Is it normal for love
to fade to a feeling
that only resembles love?
What is 'normal'
give me a definition,
give me light.

Trade me places.
Take me away.
Hold me close
and fly
straight into the sun.

Plummet casually,
let me feel your warmth
like I've never felt before.
Let me smell your scent
in the dead of night,
and take me down.

The world dissolves around us
in this memory
of a better place,
and ill conceived time,

when youth ran loose
and lust
could easily be mistaken
for love.

Running farther than before
I end up on the other side of your world,
and you take ahold of me,
shaking me to my senses
and locking the door;
because you know
that I would fly away
if I could.

They say that if you love something
you should set it free,
but you have never
never
let me go,
because you knew
I was never meant for you.

Out of time, and
out of space,
beyond eons of
dead sea
and empty conversations,
you will always find me

lapping at the pool
of our demise,
drinking deep
knowing that the time is upon us
for me to close my eyes
to the sight of
you
forever.

And here we go again,

lack of observations,
as I deny you your prize
again and again,
yet your hunger won't be denied,
and I abide
in my new apathy.

My hollow eyes
are filling this void
faster than the rain
on the windowsill.

—*S.L. Howard*