

A Collection of Love Poems

February 14th, 2016

Bushes of ant-covered red roses
crawling on and pricking
my skin like withered thorns
on pruned stalks.
The day when men wore
black bow ties like little sheep
while proudly showing bruise-like
lipstick smudges on their cheeks.
My face turned green as I glared
at squealing girls reeking with
coral-colored hormones, wearing perfume
the sickening smell of regurgitated flowers.
I felt my face glow green again but this time,
not with nausea but with an envious flame
that flickered brighter as I watched my friends:
The girls, all tossing petals around like confetti;
The boys, with cloudy, loving eyes picking
them off the cold, ant-covered floor.
With a saddened heart, I remembered the flower store.
With a longing one, I missed much, much more.

Hearts

Come and feel my heart beat, it wants to play a game.
It wants to be wanted under your cold, numb, ice reign.
A heart doesn't care, yet cares too much. It falls
in an ocean of sharks, staining them red under it's pleasing calls.
Sometimes it's confused, sometimes it can't see over all of the
perfectly morphed mask covered faces, so perfectly disguised,
the heart can't decide
wether it's the brains or the brawn,
sometimes it's the opposite, but sometimes it's not.
What if it's the seductive gold coated sin with the black black skin?

Wether hearts want hearts, in the light: were wondering, wandering hearts.
Wether hearts love hearts, in the dark...were just beating hearts.

Mechanic

Let me build you a heart out of steam and silver.
Let it whirr and pump and gleam under the seeming searing living sun.
O, let me solder fractures of broken, shattered, blood stained memories.
Let your veins chug, pump, beat fire into the heart of you heart

creating warmth in a dead cold metal box to sustain a life.
Let me wrap a smooth flesh of skin over your rickety, rackety, loud, lousy
part that I so carefully maintained.
I give it to you with two burned, bloodied, bruised hands folded over.
I promise I won't break it.
Here. Take it.
Now you have mine, too.

Beats

Eyes beat
faster than hearts.

Don't

Don't let me ignore you, gentle light,
keep your steadfast shine and let it shine the night
don't fade too quickly, for your brilliance will die.

Don't let me interrupt you, honest voice,
be clear and pierce the gray lies with concise
words as daggers and swords and darts.

Don't let me forget you, crazy passion,
where your eyes turn gold with the stars of obsession.
Where colors dance on my hearts satin skin.

Don't let me lose you, lovely knowledge,
fill my bones, and veins with raw wisdom that echoes
on the still concrete walls of a simple silence.

But most of all,
Don't let me push you away, Loyal lover,
whose heart is filled with strength from the moon
and desire from the sun.

I know I will try.
I will try and push, and shove, and tear, and scream
to keep you away from the secrets unseen.

But don't walk away,
please don't give in.
You're the calm that keeps the chaos within.

Pinned

It hurts you know
when you take a baseball bat
to my heart
laughing from the thrill
when it cracks
a drunken piñata
dizzy with pain.

Drug

I could learn to love you
In all your flaws, hold you,
Comfort and console you.
You're the same kind of beautiful
as a flower catching fire.
Obsessive.
Addictive.
Devouring.
Lovely.

Love Misinterpreted

Shame on me for thinking
you understood that when I
carried you home, unconscious,
I loved you.
When the next morning,
you cut me with your somber eyes,
devoured my heart,
and hung me to dry.
All the while, asking why
all my love for you had died.

Greed

And in her silence,
she fingered Andromeda
and her galaxy.

I Live for the Chase

I live for the chase.
The thrill.
The finality of sinking
my teeth into an
unsuspecting boy.
Dropping like dead weight.
Wanting,
Begging,
Dying,
For more.

Memoir

Mark me.
Maybe if I bleed,
I'll remember the way
you hurt me.