

## Two Poems

by emica Sunday, Feb 22 2015, 8:09am

international / poetry / post



### Your Fat Bottom Lip

turned my world on its face  
stirring my pot of alphabet soup -  
the "j" stands for john  
he's beyond the beyond  
I like his fat bottom lip  
on this flesh pillow I trip  
love in a fleeting moment

hearts in a cage  
no key to set me free  
he doesn't love this girl I am  
not like the other men  
his voice is impossibly deep  
we're up all night avoiding sleep  
he told me I was beautiful  
but never said I was suitable.

I let him go  
I've been a bad, bad girl  
please don't forgive me  
or you'll be bad too  
it could have been love,  
though where is the dove?  
it's lost again  
drunk birds can't fly  
but now I must refrain  
for loving you will bring me pain  
although when it hurts I feel alive  
in this single universe I will survive

love is underground  
like a seed in the soil

sleeping in a desert  
the lack of water keeps it dry  
nothing grows  
it could make me cry

my tears will fall like rain  
to make it wet again  
cracked soil, red dust, dirt and  
sand in an hourglass flowing low  
I don't know where this will go...

in restless dreams i wake alone,  
sheets on the floor  
the cat awake peering from the door.  
I surrender to the silence  
found a way to make it timeless  
do you know who you are?

I lost my self  
and was born again  
full circle ouroboros  
eating its tail  
round and round I go  
only to find myself in the same  
old place  
I've been t/here before  
life and death it's all the same  
this heaven is a hell in vain

look around you'll see them laughing  
it dawned on me to stop asking  
when I stopped  
the silence came  
like an old friend he sat beside me  
familiar warm and comforting  
and proceeded to tell me  
everything I n/ever knew  
almost forgotten  
always remembered.

## **She**

In that moment he knew me,  
I was the she to his we.  
He was the key to my free.  
At the time I couldn't see  
how profound we were to be.  
we had been destined to meet again  
from past lives he would explain.  
I was to resist the love he gave

I found it so hard  
there was more I needed to explore,  
he was a man I could adore.  
It broke my heart to bid adieu,  
I couldn't be the she he knew

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-563.html>