

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

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