

Lost Love

by emica *Wednesday, Mar 11 2015, 11:12pm*

international / poetry / post

sinking hot coals into my flesh
wouldn't hurt as much as missing you,
all of you
not just a memorable face -
half a dozen souls that once danced with my own.

I am now alone,
not lonely like a single dove on the moon
though alone like a woman,
a single woman,
who loves nothing more than to be lost in the midst of romance.

what is life without romance?
often I torture myself with glimpses of your smiles,
happy faces with sparkling eyes -
the child-like vulnerability that only lovers are witness to.

how do we go on when we feel so much?
maybe I speak for myself,
I am not one to numb the pain,
I feel it;
that familiar lump rises in my jugular
swallowing the knowing -
loving hard has its curses
written in infinite verses.

my friends tell me to get over it
and move on
they do not know I've done that already,
love is forever
even when you want it to stop,
if it was real, it can't ...
it becomes part of you.