

Untitled

by emica *Friday, Apr 17 2015, 12:17am*

international / poetry / post

play it cool,
aloof
pretend you don't care,
this game
is lame
yet we play it all the same

push, pull
she loves me
he loves me not -
what happened to love
the rapture expressed in poetry?

where is the romance,
sighing and dying in petty politics?
Shakespeare would turn in his grave,
infatuated lovers a dying breed
yearning to press against
each others' skin,
rapture and surrender repressed

what if he doesn't feel as i feel?
play it cool
take it slow
and
miss the fun

no one wants to lose,
fools offer their hearts on a plate
to be gnawed and torn,
laugh at that fool for love

why would anyone serve
their love to takers
that just take and take
while givers give their heart and soul?

around and around we go
a carousel that goes nowhere

i'm done with crumbs and scraps,
the little unsatisfying pieces,

it's all or nothing
take your paltry servings
and throw them to the gulls

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-569.html>