

## 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>