

Apple & Raspberry

remember when we stretched
upon flowering lavender
and watched the wrens
in our sweet infancy
collections of butterflies
hovering all around us
like sprites, perhaps
lured by rosy scents
and even after
the lavender dried
its aroma still lingers like
the fragrance of a thousand
young wishes, together
we shared a kiss that summer
between fountain and fern
and tangled in that garden swing
i had the urge to fly

Evergreen

in careful hands, our names on tender bark
fingers trace contours, weathered, marked by years
a fervent wish, within an etched-out heart
our sentinel, this vow that time endears

roots intertwine with ours, in nature's plea
each bird's ancient wings, the rustle of leaves
as long as trees kiss skies and rivers sea
our song remains, a love that time believes

and our hearts beat a testament to know
you and i, whispered through ages anew
with hands that swim through the moon's gentle glow
dance with me in the wind, let me love you

and when the years have passed, and birds have flown
our names will endure, love forever known.

Heart-Shaped Bruises

coincidental meetings, stolen stares
longing conversations shared within a tender ache
silent pleas, forbidden wishes
empty excuses under false pretences
illicit prayers, hidden moments
navigation of a delicate affair
i beg,
a fleeting touch, a lapse in judgement, a taste
each line of your face, the curve of your lips
unspoken words heavy in the air
talk to me, look at me
hold me, need me
love me, keep me
kiss me, kiss me, kiss me
bring your lips close to mine

as long as they
don't
touch.

Melancholia

stardust woven
into flesh and bone
your siren call
whispering invitations
promises of heaven
sang to the damned
caught in your orbit

a trail of hell and fire
left in your wake

Spitting Image

my first boyfriend had your eyes, the second your temper
that's when i should've realised why both hated my mother
she said they would leave as all men do
i guess it's hard to say i never knew, because somewhere
deep down i suppose i was looking for you

in all the wrong places (it would seem
that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree
like father like daughter they both would say
i guess i never thought of it in that way) in the hopes
of some escape, and i pray every night

to never end up like you
eating alone surrounded by empty rooms
holding onto hope, i assume
that i can hide all of these traits you prescribed
but i think i'm too far gone i fear, i'm already rotted inside

Tuesday Morning

maybe in ten years' time i'll be at some coffee shop
and i'll hear your name from across the room
i'll look up and think there's no chance it's you
but it is
and we ask each other how we've been
you look at my left hand
and I check if you ordered two drinks or one
we tell each other it's been a while
one says i've missed you and
the other agrees
both laugh and say it's about time
we spoke in a coffee shop and
we pay using different cards
at separate tills and the empty cups sit
in separate homes and
you go back tomorrow and
i drink my coffee at home

If Only For A Moment

find me in the snow
if you look up and see flakes
landing on your nose and eyelashes
and you feel the cold
the kind that sinks between your skin and bones

think of me as you walk back home
with a blanket under your feet
looking back on one set of prints
pull your coat tight around your waist
and watch the sun set over that old bridge we loved

listen for me when there are children laughing
in the next room while you sit by the fire
warming your snow-kissed hands
and wiping the fog from your glasses

still love me
when the winter has passed
and i, with it

think of me fondly

Elegy

in these quiet moments i do not find peace
but i find myself between then and now
i see you

tiny little bits
everywhere, in everything

and for a second
i can still hear you
laughing in the next room

i hope death
is the wisp of a dream
that lingers upon waking