

A Pendulum Dressed as a Taboo

“What is love?”

Lilith asked playfully.

I hesitate.

thoughts of her had lingered, uninvited

but not unwelcome.

she was the peaceful visitor, a beckoning tide

ready to wash over me as the pearly moon

swept us closer.

I woke up today, with her name brushing the bumps on my tongue

each letter a tiny and clean-cut jewel.

Love... is waking wrapped in your clean, pearl duvets.

Love is rosy tea you brew for me in the morn,

listening to Billy Joel's Piano Man cassette.

Love is the glow of your gentle, backlit silhouette

turning to reach for my hand.

Her freckles are a light dusting of cinnamon

on perfectly imperfect golden skin.

Her laugh bathes the ambience in a soft, drowsy glow,

her voice raspy, a dramatic rondeau.

I know it like the lyrics of her favorite song.

Walking the streets, her soft words drape the murmurings and small-talk of strangers.

I glance her beaming face in fluffy clouds and wavering white wine angels

where it shouldn't belong,

but it does.

I hear her idle charm in songs on the radio,

a mix of butterscotch and mystery.

I glimpse her flickering eyes

in the stars sneaking in at midnight.

Love is cutting the swaying grass of routine.

Love is week-long road trips, with only you and me.

your head on my shoulder, gazing at past telephone poles

Love is triumphant, a sole horn in dutiful patrol.

I smile.

I've been there for her.

I've felt her wobbly tears patter onto my sweaters,

I've held her close.

I've seen her small and weak and afraid,

cracked porcelain welling

in an ocean of stunning moonlight.

I've seen her focused, her doubt allayed,

swaying willow branches reaching for fruits of the sky. Ready to rewrite

visions sold from the heart.

I've seen her proud and bursting with sparks,

a leaping sun of glimmering lime and fresh spring.

I've seen her ridden with fury and loathing,

a crackling storm of dagger-sharp broken glass, heavy blood pounding

in

her

ears.

*Love is a blazing gold lion, an irregular doomsday countdown ready to rip off your thick skin
and tear apart our safety bubble
of simple compliments and good night texts.*

*Love is a captivating hell, leaving behind the present of a possessive kiss in its wake
One that stays etched forever, an unwanted stain of a tattoo. Borne of regrets.*

*Love is pouring rainfall of a Friday evening, an onslaught that keeps driving the stake,
each hill steeper than the last, each hurdle higher, towers of spitfire, a nonstop choir
of birds and bees, they plead their decrees, they warn with flashing eyes of indigo seas
to cherish the trifling.*

encourage the inspiring.

address the underlying.

Still,

their warnings are but brushed aside

for their colorful feathers and bright glossy flight.

But we still wake up to each other's voices.

I look back to her smiling face.

The one I've watched laugh, cry, blush, and shout to the sea,

For what is love?

“Love

should

be free.”