

Romantic Redundancy;  
Accounts and Observations of People and Love

## **Brown and Grey**

In much of the literature I've come across over so many years,  
In all the pages and paragraphs and words,  
Characters are illustrated in vibrancy.

Their eyes are always bright and blue like oceans,  
Or deep and fierce and dark like a fire

Their skin is soft and brown  
Or smooth and fair

They always sparkle and glimmer and shine  
From the top of their perfect heads  
To the bottom of their perfect feet.

They are a sea of colors  
Fictional humans in the forms of rainbows,  
Unreal beings,  
So bright that you are blinded;  
It becomes impossible to see them.

He  
is shades of browns and greys.

He's not a burst of light  
He's not a warmth that seeps into your bones  
Like sun on pavement.

He's not a neon sign on a rainy night  
He doesn't glitter or flash.

He  
is shades of browns and greys.

He's all long legs that walk too fast  
And freckled arms covered in light pale hair  
And calloused hands that rub his face when he yawns.

He's all ashen eyes  
Dull and gray like stones  
That crinkle and cry and question  
That come to life in steely movements.

He's two dimples  
Deep and curved like the sliver of a moon.

He's a hurricane  
Wrapped in normalcy;  
He's scattered pieces of a puzzle  
Contained in a deceptively dull box

He gives life to the simple words

Whose meanings have been  
lost, whose

Impact has been stolen

Good.

Kind.

Funny.

He gives them worth again,  
In the ways he lives and breathes.

He  
Is as  
Strange

And beautiful  
As the words that overflow books  
In their attempt to capture  
Even a fraction  
Of him.

To turn dullness into fantasy,  
To bring dreams to sticks and stones—  
This is his talent,  
Perfected without practice.

Him, and  
All his little flaws—  
Perfected without practice.

He is shades of browns and greys,

And if you don't know him,  
Your eyes will skip right over him  
And he will be lost  
In a sea of stunning clichés  
Of dullness draped in colors.

He's stained glass,  
Cracked and creased,  
Pleasant on a cloudy day, but

Beautiful  
When the light shines through it.

**He**  
is shades of browns and greys.

**(and Again)**

hating love

and loving hatred

I let myself drown again

(I only come up for the gasp and sputter) and again

I don't want it to be anyone's fault but my own

it was my fault that I didn't put context to clichés

(I saw romance in the destruction)

even though I always knew

he was a hurricane of a man

lightning breaks the earth

winds reign ruin

it was my fault that I imagined the stars to be something other than what they are

(they're bombs)

(their purpose is to rupture)

I just saw the glimmer and shine of (his) grin

in inky darkness (against red lips)

yes, it was he

whose eyes lit the spark and smile spread the (blue – the hottest part) flame

yet I dared myself to play with fire

his hands did not close around my throat

(I was stupid to once think it was he who suffocated me)

I was the one who tied the rope

and stepped off the chair

and it was I  
who didn't realize I was falling  
until I hit the ground

hating love  
and loving hatred  
it was My fault and only Mine

I took the red flags  
and hung them like banners on my wall  
I closed my eyes  
before pulling the trigger  
(pretending – I suppose – not to know where the bullet would land)

My head is devoid of oxygen  
My lungs are filled with water  
in My stomach there is a gaping hole –  
a wound that I have inflicted upon myself  
whose pain I revel (self-pity, wallow, I am the axis upon which the world turns) in

hating love and loving hatred  
(never new)  
(romantically redundant)

Everyone's Fault

## **The Way He Loved Him**

The way he loved him—

the shy way, the  
soft way, the  
secretive way he loved him.

it's a story now tainted with tragedy  
a rainbow of blue  
Melancholy is a  
stone that sinks in your stomach.  
What once was sweet and bright is now a  
knot tightened with every memory of the  
Way he loved him

and Jesus, did he love him.

maybe not from the first second  
the moment they shook hands and spoke names without  
Meaning, without  
Substance

but as the days passed and as  
each letter of each name filled with  
purpose and created a  
New world to shape  
he began to love him

the flame was lit  
and the beauty was the slow burn  
when the room begins to warm and the shadows begin to dance

the thrilling way, the  
triumphant way, the  
true and honest way he loved him.

people who knew him had never seen him so happy  
they'd never seen the corners of his eyes crinkle that way when he smiled  
they'd never seen his cheeks so red or  
his steps so light

they'd never known how free he really was  
how he'd fly as he talked with his hands  
how he'd shout and shriek with laughter

they wondered who this new man was, with  
so much love in his heart and  
passion in his bones—  
they wondered what fire had been lit within him  
that made him fierce and strong and so incredibly  
Warm

together they were a Fairytale  
radiant sunlight emitted between them  
cheesy smiles and  
loud laughs at  
lazy jokes

Now they talk like strangers—there's  
no sunlight, but a pleasant day all the same  
not a fairytale, but an  
historical account of love



he is now as free as he cares to be—  
Uncaged, though he chooses not to fly—  
the flame is extinguished but the warmth remains  
as a reminder of the  
Way he loved him.

unloved undone unrestricted unable to put to words  
the Way he loved him