

Miracle

I'm struggling to find the words to describe just how I feel about you.

It's too soon to call it love,
too late to say crush,
and way too beautiful for lust.

Each day is a countdown until you leave back to your corner of the Earth
but I was lucky enough to witness my first miracle and watch as God
bent the planet in half just for our lips to meet.

He opened my eyes to how small the world is in the palm
of His hand and how we can't control destiny.

Maybe there are no other words for this moment.

No one will understand the inner workings of a miracle
so I won't try and seek past what I can see because for once
maybe love could just be this simple.

Subtext

“What made you think of mentioning your parents?”
You asked as you looked over at me from the drivers side.
We had just been to the beach and this was our first date
but I could have sworn it felt like you and I had lived through a lifetime.
This was the moment I finally learned that love didn’t operate with time.
You had never had a boyfriend and to me that meant you knew nothing about love.
But I was barely 20 years old with no experience of my own to carry my opinions
yet somehow I imagined I was an expert.
And although I didn’t really ever feel love I did know what it looked like.
To me that was enough.
But I had just met you and love should have been the farthest thing from my mind
yet the way you looked at me
how your lips curled when you said my name
and how your eyes reflected the ocean in their crystal blue shine
guided me to a feeling that felt like how I imagined love would look.
But love to you had never crossed your mind
and you told me you weren’t even sure it was real.
So I couldn’t tell you I mentioned them because they were the reason I believed in love
the reason I saw something with you that extended beyond that moment
or that my dad knew the night he met my mother she was the woman he would marry.
So I just pointed at a nearby restaurant and lied,
“Oh, because that is their favorite place.”

Doodles

Traveller

We are all well aware of the pleasurable benefits of having sex.

The rush of my heart as it pounds against your chest,
music to the moments time can't keep up with to count.

How we breathe each other in through each kiss,
exchanging our souls from body to body
trying to find one that fits us both.

The sensations of my tongue as it burns
from the salt of your traveled skin
tasting worlds I had never been to.

And finally the tattooed prints of your hands on my body
marking all the places you wished to visit
and for once
actually
stay.

Distance

Even before I met you I loved to travel.
But when I heard your stories
how you mastered carrying your world on your back in Eastern Europe
froze time in glaciers of Iceland
or dyed your tongue in French
action found it's way into my shoes
and I took every moment I could to keep my feet moving forward.
I took highways through states I could always say but never saw,
I ran away to countries that somehow made me sick
but only because my body was purging
everything I didn't need in order to show me that a clean spirit
and empty stomach is all that's required for adventure.
I learned to talk to strangers
to let the moon and stars be my guide so I can always remember to look up in the darkest times.
I let the thought of you push me when I feel weak
and I replay those sticky summer nights we spent together when I need to remember
God exists and love is real.
Even if I was the only one who felt it
and even if time spends every day trying to make me forget.
My heart of my hands never did learn how to let go.
And each step away from you somehow brings me closer
while distance becomes the friend you had always hoped I would grow comfort in.

Doodles

Sacrifice

Write it all is what I was told.
It's in my bones
in my blood to bring to life the ghost of memories that refuse to rest.
I was given the gift to hold on because so many people have forgotten how.
They quit, move on, and let love go when love is needed the most.
But with this comes pain.
I hurt long after I need to and give more than I should.
I feel so we never forget what it means to lose love
and find it again.
And most of all I write for you.
You wanted all my words
you wanted to be stitched into every line of my poetry.
So here it is
all for you
until there will be nothing left
of me.