

Warrior of Hearts

I am a warrior of love.
I administer hope and hurt in equal quantities
and I receive them tenfold.

With a double-headed arrow I charge into the open night,
leaving my fears as the dust of the stars—
far at bay but constant overhead.

The arrow drives its gruesome way into two groping hearts.
With a moonburnt kiss I draw it out;
blood and soul pour forth as thick and dark as oil.

But still your smile shines out even as it dampens
and my face is a distant echo of yours.

But already my eyes have sought another,
and with solemn tenderness I leave you strewn.
And with reverent abandon I,
the soldier and general,
give the order to stand,
yet crawling I go into the briskness of the night.

My fortress still stands, a pastiche of crippled pieces,
rebuilding and fortifying again and again and again.

The moon turns its face;
the stars embolden their dancing;
the cooing and stirring dim;
I howl at the moon and its chasms,
demanding it return the innocence I never lost,
but instead doled out in glittering pieces.

And that is why the stars dance on,
while I, a warrior of hearts, give way
to blood and earth and soul.