

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

1. STATUE
2. PERFECT CAD
3. PEN
4. BARRIER
5. FINGERS

STATUE

Statuesque and inscrutable,
Eyes of jade and brow of marble
Cold as the stony heart within.
Arms crossed and legs entrenched--
A defence or offence, hard to tell;
Wall built, nonetheless.

Staring and absorbing the sight,
Something begins to tap on the shell--
Lo and behold, it rings forth an echo
And a crack along the stone.
Peering inside, a soft moss grows
Along the crevice of your smile.

PERFECT CAD

George Sanders was one of my first voices,
Purred (fiercely) and sneered (sweetly) in my ear,
Charming and destroying
In equal measures.

No-one else quite mastered that tone, (not even Tom),
Nor the amused sneer that came with it
And the devilish twinkle of the eyes
Waiting for the inevitable self-sacrifice.

You do your best to try, my thick-tongued cad--
Cold shoulders mixed with hushed whispers of 'love';
Not knowing that since my childhood bout
I've been inoculated against your type.

(And yet...)

PEN

I think they gave me a pen
To note things; to learn;
Cross out times, and mark a change.

I doubt they intended for its exclusive use
To be drawing love hearts
Around your name.

BARRIER

Insurmountable, it seemed
As distant as Andromeda you stood
Indifferent to my magnetic pull,
Or perhaps immune.

Invitations, in coy words
Are matchsticks under heavy weight
Stilted hands and acquiescent smiles
A final severance of my half-built bridge.

But then your hands grasp me
Clutched tight, released with a grin
Maybe never to be felt again
But I bear their burn still.

FINGERS

Fingers fall
Touch "hello"
"How are you?"
"Need a hand?"
"Wait a sec—"
"I'll be back..."
"Hi again."
"See you soon!"
"I like your hair."
"You'll be OK."
"Have a good day!"
"Good night."
"Till tomorrow..."

But you let your hand go,
Back of mine suddenly cold,
Before "I love you" can be told.