

It's Irrelevant

by quinn Sunday, Jan 26 2014, 9:11am

international / poetry / post

i have lost count of
how many times
my insides have been torn out
and strewn from one side
of existence to the other

i'm a sucker for love,
i love harder than lotus
blossoms
and softer than diamonds,
warmer than burning ice
and colder than volcano fire,
a perfect situation
for a cruel surgeon

but i am a fool for love,
like a crazed addict that
keeps coming back for more
ecstasy and agony -- can one exist without the other?
i embrace every opportunity

i can't get enuff
i never refuse or decline
a genuine invitation,
why resist the chance
that this time the physical,
mental and soul connection
may create a bond
that nothing is able to separate

a dream, perhaps,
but a possibility
nevertheless,
regardless of how remote
or mathematically improbable
the chance,
it exists
it is possible

a cynic has no notion of love
or joy

i make another offering of
my heart, soul, self
in the sure knowledge
that the Gods and Goddesses
of Love
will not allow the spoilers
to poison the possibility
of enduring Love;
i return to the sacrificial altar
to offer my all --
the irrationality
of hope accompanies me
but the fervent flame
of everlasting desire
guides me

in my heights and temporary troughs
i have discovered a secret --
pain is transitory no matter how severe
or frequent
but love never dies, it builds on the last
height it reached until it becomes
a tower that ascends
to paradise,
a greater rapture
with every progression

love hard and often
then die easily,
better that
than a loveless life
or calloused,
calculating heart