

## 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