

"The Pursuit of Love"

It takes courage to love,
and although my heart is an organ
that is protected by lungs
and constantly beating,
pumping oxygen throughout,
I never knew
how easily it could break

You enter their lives for a second -
a few photos, a bio and a name
are all they need to see
to determine if you are worth pursuing
before swiping left or right.
It's scary putting yourself out there
as people don't love you.
They just want to
fuck you, use you, discard you
as if you are nothing.
Nothing more than an object
that can be tossed aside
at a moment's notice.
Catching feelings
in a society that is so superficial
will leave you crying in the dark
over the loss of a potential lover,
or leave you constantly overthinking -
wondering what went wrong.

I am starting to realize that love is a game
that I'm not sure I want to play.
You win some
You lose some
But I'm tired of sifting between
what's real and what's not.

I want to be touched, held, kissed;
I want a love that may not exist.
A true love where I take one glance
and know it's meant to be.
I hold out for a love I pray will last,
hoping that the wait will be worth it,
knowing that I don't need another to complete me

but still longing
always longing
for a love that I have not yet found.