

i. love
laments

the discomfort in silences makes her oft
cry,

as does the velvet chords struck in his
throat;

neither glass nor plastic could hold those silver
tears

falling fast and resentful, soft and
slow...

rivers for the unyielding glow, for nature's white
noise,

an ultimate sacrifice for those luminosities
above.

if one should ask if her drops have a direction, a
perception -

she can only say everything; she can only live in
love.

emma eloise
hussey

ii. love
illumines

your tenderly baked
skin,

flour-soft touches on mine trembling
ice,

still; heat radiates in your creases and
curves,

waves in rhythm with your beating
centre.

i feel your warmth
everywhere;

miles away, your thoughts glow on
me.

spots of fireflies and embers in the bleak map of my
mind...

emma eloise
hussey

Iii. love
devours

a pomegranate heart splits seams
untimely;

sporadic events like these are
unchosen.

and yet, i find myself,
unkindly,

ripping at the skin until it is
broken.

i crack knuckles between my
lungs

of daisy, lilies, and bursting
chamomile...

he lied beside me until deadly ideas
sprung -

a spinal shock and neurotic
thrill.

emma eloise
hussey

iv. love
softens

though it reigns true: blood of the skin runs thicker than water of the
earth -

honey is viscous; sweeter than
all,

and i am sure that her heart brims with
syrup;

her veins pump
nectar

her eyes no different from a tap in a maple
tree.

her lips are undeniably glazed, coated in
lush,

they move like slow waves in her syrupy
sea.

puffing savoury sighs, my sweet, she is
heavenly -

every touch is a
toothache,

every breath is
divine.

emma eloise
hussey

v. love
blinds

no sweeter sound; no ethereal tone could compare to your
rhythms.

your heartbeat is the lullaby to my
dreams,

i sink into you and pluck your heartstrings as my
harp.

you exude melody; all hitches in tune are
purposeful.

a living ballad under my fingertips, i breathe in
synchrony

to remember your
symphony.

emma eloise
hussey