Thorns

What is love? An emotion, perhaps—a feeling: absolutely; a blessing that finds its way to the troubled; hope betwixt the curses of a broken home and the ‘struggles’ of college life.

A dance of words that finds its way to a dance of skin.

Love is water for the kind and bread for the beautiful—for the ugly? Naught but hateful preconceptions and quick glances of distaste; the ugly wallow in self-pity. Once you were there, now you are the shallow popular kid who likes girls and they like you; tumbling further down the stairs of hubris and narcissism, convinced you are better than them. Are you?

A pain that grows, holding stomach and mind—taut in its embrace; knowing not when the aching will subside. To eat or not to eat? To drink or not to drink?

For is not vanity the only sustenance one needs and the jeering calls of pubescent teens?

Knowing not if the sheer determination you hold to be with another, is reciprocated in kind—would they feel the need for connection or the need for hushed laughter embodied as unfeeling mockery? Insecurely wondering, if those three letters, Y E S, will find their way onto their tongue?

Is the beauty you seek of another, skin-deep or do you find them attractive for their personality?

You call them your lover: they are the judge, jury and the executioner if they so choose. You wish for the forgiving judgement of love, the understanding of the jury; their family. The wish to end all wishes—the slackened draw of the executioner, you pray never to hear: "I'm sorry, it's just not working". Do they know what it would mean for you, do you know what it would mean for them?

The pieces of a broken spirit, do they fall further, crying in their anguish? Or does the spirit heal, embraced by someone willing to help, willing to understand. For good things end, but great things begin anew—is not the next flowering of the cherry blossoms, more entertaining than the last?

They ask and ask, why they are special—you pick what comes to your mind—they are special in more ways then there are stars in the sky; it's hard to describe the perfection that fills your sight; for what doth an angel be? When she leaves, you say "another star finds its way back to the night". Charming, aren't you? Or is it too, just another falsehood utilised by you; your charm only manifesting, when approached with sex?

A smile grips your face, visage full of malice and boyish idiocy, the way you draw them in, the way you leave them for another; it isn't cheating if it feels right. Disgusting misuse of trust, manipulation that brings satisfaction—yet you still feel empty; was it wrong?

It fails—everyone is sorry until the liquor hits the parched throat of the lonely, then moderation seeps away like the emotions they once held; awakened to the gutter of isolation and the curb of despair.

Though love was made to blossom however dark the rose—forgiveness is found in the penitent of heart and the thoughtful of mind; I was wrong, and you were right.

Finding worth in each other, when push comes to shove—all that matters is the chaotic maelstrom of adolescence and love.
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