

Marleigh Love:

**This document is a sequence of contemporary poems that centre around the theme of love. Love is a tricky topic to write about, it is very easy to be cliché. These poems deal with both the ups and downs of love and take you on a journey that may be unexpected. Whilst these poems are a sequence and should be read in the order set out, they are also intended to tell their own stories when read alone.**

Marleigh Love:

## **We Were**

eighteen and the rain would turn your hair  
black and make your skin shimmer like  
a pearl, rare and most beautiful

to touch and to be touched was molten lava  
cake, sweet and hot and deliciously  
addictive. an irresistible and hypnotic

bubbling volcano became an eruption  
that would rage for days and eventually  
turn everything beautiful to crumpled ash

there is something mesmerising in watching  
an explosion, burning brighter into a dying  
star of worldly light.

but the stars we see are dead. why so  
beautiful? it is sadness and death and passion,  
unapologetic presence for our lifetime

as soon as I touched you I was set alight  
morphed into your body for the rest  
of my life, trauma and happiness combined.

stay still.

Marleigh Love:

## **Ablaze**

my lights were faded  
a dim, dull, pale yellow  
of sickly flesh  
grey eyes washed down  
to a milky blue sky

but then, your touch.

intoxicated heat surrounded  
the sky with ferocious,  
unwavering light.  
suddenly my eyes were struck,  
your radiance all I could see.

## **Greek Tragedy**

the allure of Greece was hypnotic,  
a place full of the promise  
of an everlasting classical embrace

your hazel eyes were the colour

Marleigh Love:

of a forest floor lit up by a surge  
of fireflies,

your skin, kissed by Apollo  
blessed by Aphrodite,  
sun-held itself

surrounded by you was truth and  
comfort and the promise of my  
greatest adventure

you were my ozone and I was  
your most precious object

underneath Zeus' sky,  
intertwined limbs, absorbed  
in the study of each other

we could not see the storm.

unforgiving silver light pounded Poseidon's sea  
as the waves battled wildly  
against it.

Marleigh Love:

## **Truth and Lies**

You touch my hair that you have always loved. Your hands are rough.  
You look into my eyes and through them, searching my body and  
soul for any doubt. You close your eyes and guide me closer,  
placing a delicate kiss upon my lips as your other hand rubs circles  
on my hip.

But just like everything, it means nothing. Just like touching my hair,  
and your rough hands, and your eyes searching mine, and your kiss,  
and your circles of my hip, it is superficial. Had I been able to see  
underneath the surface of those calloused hands and soft lips, had  
you been able to see to my soul, we would have seen the truth.

I would have seen the lies so openly and honestly and you would  
have seen that I did not believe them.

Marleigh Love:

## **Cold**

scorch marks on my palms,  
i know where you have been.

the bruises run through my veins,  
filling my aching body.

my numb hands no longer cold  
with the loss of you.

my head expected as much.

## **A house is not a home without people in it**

your side of our bed is cold  
though I suspect your side elsewhere  
is warm

tomorrow morning I will wake  
to the smell of sweet coffee and buttered toast,  
the way you know I like it,

i will come down with bed-matted hair,  
you'll comb your fingers through it,

Marleigh Love:

taming the knots and soothing my head,

you'll kiss my temple and rub my bare shoulders

murmuring *I love yous* and *I'm sorrys*,

i will melt into the warmth just like

butter on toast and mould myself

into your comfort again,

i will sip foam off my coffee and

bury my head into your chest,

you know I love a frothy coffee,

it hides the void underneath.

Marleigh Love:

## **How do you like your coffee in the morning?**

*i'll take mine light, like a cappuccino,  
with plenty of sugar to cover  
the bitterness.*

i don't know why you like all that foam,  
i hate it,  
it hides what is lacking underneath.

*that's exactly why I like –*

– well I like mine watered down,  
not too in your face.  
i like it strong, the bitter  
aftertaste should dominate everything else.

that's a proper coffee,  
the way it should be.

no point arguing with me.