

"I wrote poetry
and I loved the paper
and I loved the pen
and I loved the ink
then I met him
and I loved the words
I wrote all my hand could bear
whenever I thought about his laugh
so my pen never left the page
and my fingers never liked me
as much as I liked them
I scribbled all my ink
swooning over his smile
but I never wrote about his eyes
I never thought about them either
yet all the love poems
I'd ever sighed to
and all the songs
I'd ever cried to
rambled about deep eyes
and shades of blue
you'd never find
in a swimming pool
you'd never find
unless you scoured oceans
and sailed seas
searching was not enough
you needed to submerge
so I dived
into his puddles of baby blue
I poured the Pacific into my pen
and tried to find the bottom
I tripped on all his rocks
and salt enveloped my wounds
but I kept writing
about the wave in his hair
and the kiss on his lips
I gave him my words
and told him they were his
so he read them
and he loved them
and I loved him
and when I asked
if he loved me
he folded my pages gently
and said he never loved the sea"
- giving but not loving