

# *L'Amour-Addict*

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*For Aly*

*“You don’t even know how you look to me. In my mind you are beautiful, special, talented. It is not actually possible to see ourselves how somebody else sees us, but if it was, you literally wouldn’t believe it. If I could give you my view of you, you would be so shocked and stocked. Because it’s so awesome.”*

~Billie Eilish, *Birds of a Feather* lecture

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*Rules to Live by (introduction)*

A few rules before it's too late.

Love her hard,

never wait,

and make sure to bombard-

her with all the love you got.

Because you only live one time,

before to judgement you'll be brought.

So love like you are trying to climb-

the mightiest mountaintop.

And when you make it there, with the air so pale,

get a rope and drop-

to help your love scale.

Note to myself: Love her as if it is your last endeavour.

Because everything you have is temporary, but love is felt  
forever.

## *L'Amour-Addict*

The love-addict lives for the lingering feeling of love.  
Fueling the hearts of seamlessly kindred souls,  
by lifting their conscience to the clouds above,  
picked up with ease, like miniature dolls.

And the love-addict has to needle-sting affection,  
to share the euphoria of his stimming high-  
by means of a painless injection,  
with an oxytocin-induced sigh.

I wasn't born-  
with her well-placed punctures in my skin.  
But ever since, her love leaks through her hollowed-out thorn,  
and awakens the dormant addiction within.

And people don't talk about it, for substance abuse is taboo.  
But lately I've come to realise that I'm not really addicted to  
the drug, I've just been addicted to you.

*January 9*

My stomach twists and turns-  
like a laundry machine washing pyros ablaze.  
Jittering excitement to adjourn-  
and for me to leave this dreary place.

My stomach spins like a laundry machine.  
Centrifuging the thought of holding you tight,  
in hand-picked pyjamas, sage green,  
with a kiss goodnight.

My stomach spins without a button to stop.  
Projecting on vinyl, broken white,  
an image of us together, so sop-  
and rare like Vine Hill, protected by Californian right.

So I'll keep your laundry spinning until it's the right time.  
Rewashing these ample poems until they reach you on January  
9.



## *Flinted Flakes*

I want to gaze at icy lakes-  
and catch a winter spirit.  
Hiding among the flinted flakes,  
with frosty love within it.

I can sense the silky feeling-  
that soon will be mine.  
Running through snow, reeling-  
like a let-loose equine.

And I can't wait to watch the snow-covered trees-  
scuttle, ignited in proximate embrace,  
bringing the most beating hearts at ease,  
with such wondrous grace.

In a few weeks we will shiver and shudder in her icy weather.  
And we will be unbothered by the brittle cold, for we will  
finally sit together.

## *Cable Car*

The city seems so vibrant and rich,  
looking from this height,  
riding along the squeaky chain stitch,  
tonesifting in the afternoon light.

Not to mention the girl I'm sitting across.  
Brushed by our mother star,  
with a lovely golden gloss,  
above the world, in this cable car.

Understand that my girl had to come from a land so far,  
and has a patience so keen.  
So she emanates serenity, coating this cable car,  
for she is the most beaming soul to be ever seen.

It happened on that ride uptown, truly a special thing to occur.  
Because after the sun was done lighting the city, it decided to  
turn its last rays on her.

## *Honey-Chocolate*

She is so sweet.  
Like chocolate and tea after being ill.  
Like a coffee and treat,  
or a throat-soothing pastil.

Her honey-chocolate eyes-  
warm every nook.  
Like wet wood laid to dry,  
vaporized to steam with a sultry look.

And her honey-chocolate smile-  
can melt a heart of any size.  
Warming like christmas socks, so argyle,  
or a blanket when the sun fails to rise.

So while most people add sugar with a heavy stir and swirl,  
I don't, for my love is already a honey-chocolate girl.

## *My Eurydice*

The last late kiss lingers on her rosy lips.  
My dear Eurydice-  
with an overfilled suitcase and duffle on her hips.  
Shaking, for she is not yet ready to miss.

She hates the last kiss before our gentle goodbye,  
for it already consumed her, six days before leaving.  
And I sit here with blistering burns in my affected eye,  
stopping the salty tears from running, so deceiving.

I will lead you through hell, my dear Eurydice,  
but we might not make it out alive.  
For in the dark distance the dead walk to devine abyss,  
like lovers, who once had dreams to survive.

My Eurydice, for you, there is not a world I wouldn't traverse.  
And for you, my dear Eurydice, a thousand times I would  
wrestle the heavens to break our curse.

## *Snow Bracket*

I almost froze to death.  
Clamoring, with all of the others, for the train.  
Only heated by my own breath.  
Standing on a crisp of snow, washed by the endless rain.

I swear I almost froze and died.  
Wearing that flimsy polyester jacket.  
Coping, I pulled out my phone to confide-  
all the thoughts I was trying to bracket.

And I stood still, as if not moving would make it any better.  
My wet screen lit up, a red square,  
you and your off-the-shoulder sweater,  
hot enough to fry the station air.

So I took off my gloves, with my fingers frozen till harm.  
But I took them off gladly, because when typing back, I didn't  
feel cold, I felt warm.

## *Living Sunshine*

You must be a lucky girl to live so far.  
Being part and always bathing,  
among the other fifty stars,  
while the worrying world is scathing.

What an unlucky girl you are,  
to live so far away.  
In the vast fields of space, only a star,  
so fragile and quick to stray.

So I'll call you my living sunshine-  
and kiss you before you dust.  
To become a star again and align-  
with all the worldly wandering I lust.

And while I look at your city, always so sunny and blue,  
I wonder if the sun is really shining, or if all of that is coming  
from you.

## *Picture Prisoners*

I open my worn-out wallet and smile-  
like a mean jailor, holding us immortally trapped.  
Carried by me, in a plastic sleeve, so not to defile.  
Encased in a moment, two prisoners coapt.

I open my wallet and dreamily squint.  
Squint as if I want to crouch and crawl-  
through the chemical paper and print.  
Cowering away from the gray and squall.

I'll open my wallet today and tomorrow.  
To have a loving peak at us,  
two prisoners without sorrow-  
and a million things to discuss.

I open my wallet, look at us, and close it again.  
Because it hurts a little to think about holding you and how  
happy we were back then.

## *Combat Medic*

A combat medic carrying a case of love-  
may seem strangely hopeful when you cough or shed a tear.  
Coming to bring extinction, and getting rid of-  
the knife-like words that cut you, so severe.

Running through the trenches to lend you careful attention,  
might be a mystical vitality or a bodily need.  
Releasing the skin-ripping torment and tension-  
of your gashes, left open to bleed.

So I'll helicopter-watch while you scarper from the bloodshed-  
and dive in a crater left by a concussive roar.  
Crashing in the dirt beside you, sprinkled with empty lead,  
to fireman-carry you out of this war.

Because I don't want to be the combat medic that left you bare.  
So I'll abandon the mission, with a parachute and medkit, to  
stitch you up with care.



## *Bitter Fragrance*

This alluring scent-  
marks my epoch of token love.  
Like odors, so familiar, fleeting the vent.  
Moving my snow with a near necessary shove.

Maybe I knew-  
that we would melt together.  
Bubbling to brew-  
and weave till grayish heather.

And if it would have frayed,  
I couldn't have remembered the days by smell.  
So thankfully in my memories it lies weighed,  
like a heavy blanket or sense-bound spell.

Over here, wearing my fragrance is only a shame.  
For smelling like our love, without you, is bitter and doesn't  
feel the same.

## *Ferris Wheel*

My ferris wheel of memories turns round-  
so fast and childly.  
Like cotton candy sound,  
sweet and wildly.

My ferris wheel-  
plays music of every kind, shape and form.  
Music that resonates through the retro, rusty steel,  
resembling the memories of us, lost in the stirring storm.

So I keep looking at every sunny carriage passing by,  
circling from high to low.  
Scanning the passing faces with an eager eye,  
hoping to find the one I know.

And even when I can't find our moments, I'll make it rerun.  
Because I love to sit down and look at our distant faces,  
knowing that we were having so much fun.

## *The Girl*

The girl with the cute hands.  
One of the ways to remember you by.  
The girl from the sun-covered lands,  
sweet and spicy like home-made chai.

The girl with the cute hands and nose  
holds my heart willingly captive-  
in a loving enclose,  
so attractive.

The cute girl on the other side-  
is mine to keep.  
Internationally allied,  
and always asleep.

So I'll wave at my far-away-girl, living so cute and controlled.  
And I love my far-away-girl, for she is the most precious to  
hold.

## *Magician*

I used to be a dazzling magician,  
not even that long ago.  
Impressing people was my youthful ambition,  
while I practised card tricks, getting ready for the show.

It was a big part of my originaive life for a while,  
and I still have so much wondrous love for it.  
Hours of practice, with cards flicking, so tactile.  
Or a pounding heart while I performed, scared to commit.

That life made me familiar with nerves and a skittish feeling,  
yet sometimes I still get them with you.  
Bringing me back to a gripping stomach while fake-dealing,  
hoping my trickery wouldn't fall through.

My inner magician is in love, even more than I thought.  
Because that night when I showed you my card tricks, you  
didn't laugh at me, you wanted to be taught.

## *The Childlike Heart*

My childlike heart loves to play-  
and tumble through the hotel room.  
Guarding it's honey like Apidae,  
moving closer with a vivid zoom.

My childlike heart-  
laughs from day till night.  
A beauteous process of art,  
gasping for air, during our pillow fight.

The childlike heart needs to play, so as not to die.  
And I don't want mine to be flat like mud,  
so I'll blow on you tummy until you wry-  
like the slender twigs on the Redbud.

My childlike heart loves to play whenever you are near.  
And my childlike heart wishes that more often, you would be  
here.

## *A Cookie to Share*

Sharing a cookie-  
with crumbles falling on the bed.  
A relationship so rookie,  
but already millions of words said.

Sharing a cookie with you,  
is way better than any gift.  
Sharing a cookie is better than any view,  
for it is true happiness, makeshift.

So we go bite for bite,  
creeping close, so lovely and fine.  
Lit by reflections of the streetlight,  
eating dessert before we dine.

Sharing a cookie, what a selfless thing to do.  
And I hate sharing my cookies, but I'll never hate sharing them  
with you.

## *The Way I Miss*

I miss you.

But not like the formal calls from pesky people I don't like,  
trying to find a way to get through.

Or when I'm abroad with my feet hurting, not having my bike.

I miss you.

But not like the intercity misses me when it flies by in the dark.

Or the way caged-up animals in the zoo-  
miss their home, having lost their spark.

I miss you like I miss everything that was around,  
flocking together.

The buzzing city sound,  
and the two of us, becoming almost one feather.

So I'll keep writing analogies, adding to my extensive list.

Because the truth is that I miss you like I have always missed.

## *What Should Have Been*

I should have kissed you more,  
so not to live in wistful regret like this.  
I should have kissed you until my lips got sore,  
wiping the somberness with a state of bliss.

I really should have.  
So now I will trifle, dealing with this for a while.  
My, once so close, other half,  
reduced to only a few virtual buttons to dial.

You should have been-  
kissed to a greater extent.  
Because now I'm away like a mercantile marine,  
deployed weary, at world's other end.

But love have faith, to something our patience will amount.  
From now on I'll make sure to hold you tight, and make every  
kiss count.



## *Punch-Drunk Beach-Love*

We sat drunk at the beach-  
under an almost-full moon.  
Letting lapped love leach,  
like chewy almond paste, in a colored macaroon.

At the beach we laughed so inebriated,  
while pumping breath in each other's lungs.  
Our optics opening, for the night dilated,  
and speaking enamored words with unhinged tongues.

After a while the city died, or went to a blissful sleep,  
covering the coast in thick glass, promoting muteness.  
Glass that we would break with the occasional laugh or weep,  
rooted in astuteness.

This year punch-drunk beach-love was not on my card,  
but I'm glad it happened, for that night we loved so crazy and  
hard.

## *Night Sailor*

I stayed up all night-  
to write about my absent lover.  
The same song and a flicker light,  
with my notebook on the soft outer-cover.

I stayed up for hours, wide awake,  
writing some more.  
More completed poems to break-  
and hold open the heavily-hinged door.

After some time, creeping came the clammy cold-  
and my eyes seemed so heavy.  
I'm like a sailor in the dark, or wearing a blindfold,  
hiding behind a levee.

So I stay up all night, like adventurous sailors at troubled sea.  
Hoping that whenever you read these devotional poems, you'll  
have a little thought of me.

## *Night Sailor Part II*

The brutal waves shake-  
her pain-creaking hull.  
Slithering through the surges like a snake,  
yielding a scramble and cull.

A night sailor or two-  
help me revive her with a swift kick.  
But the ships belly won't endue,  
for she herself is sick.

Now I stare into the mouth of the blackened heaven,  
steering with this frail sail.  
Manned twenty-four-seven-  
and following an intuition-based trail.

So I'll stand strong and fight the southern sea with force.  
Because reaching you is not a matter of luck, it's a matter of  
staying on course.

## *Fescue*

Hey love, I wrote a clever rhyme for you.  
Something to help us overleap.  
We are like lofty fescue-  
touching in the wind, not even skin-deep.

Hey love, I think I wrote something fair.  
Something about you and me.  
We are like fescue in the wind, so meet me in the parterre,  
or beneath the red-yellow tree.

Hey love, I can just about imagine now.  
How frequent the wind will blow-  
and all the earth I'd plow.  
To return to you, or that moment, many months ago.

Hey love, across globular terrain, near the western sea.  
We are like freshly sprouted fescue, love, that's you and me.

## *Waterworks*

Living with an open heart-  
is a dangerously overflowing sport.  
Letting it all come apart,  
with the subconscious of falling short.

An open heart has no watergate,  
for it lets everything in and out.  
Working hard to filtrate,  
even during the seasonal drought.

Living with an open heart can be hollowing,  
with nothing to be kept in.  
Constantly in stormy seas wallowing,  
while playing my heart-shaped mandolin.

So for you love, during a briny flood, I will let it all go.  
And for you love, I'll break the protective dikes, to let even  
more water flow.

## *Lost Figment*

What might have been lost-  
doesn't bother me.  
On my heart and in blood embossed,  
a figment of the future, almost 3d.

What might be gone-  
doesn't hurt me anymore.  
For the figment died at dawn,  
a samurai-death, on the desolate shore.

So I think this figment might-  
be laid to a harmonious rest.  
There it can look back in hindsight-  
at the cautious love expressed.

Because what might have been lost doesn't bother me.  
For now that figment is beyond somatic, roaming free.

## *A Song for You*

I wrote a folk-like song for you,  
but I can't sing.  
I wanted to write it anew,  
truthfully, with no idea to begin.

I wrote a sweet song.  
But not nearly a good one I think.  
I sat, staring at my desk, minutes long.  
Because my lyrics refused to dance, staying in ink.

Day in and day out, I crumpled, threw and wrote.  
I wrote something and found the right chord.  
But even with daily practice I can't hit the note,  
so forever in these pages it will remain stored.

I wrote such a melancholy song for you, but I can't sing.  
So I hope you love the effort, for now it lays in the bin.

## *Tower*

We sat on the beach-grounded tower.  
Still, like the vitreous body before us.  
Almost midnight, back before the hour.  
We sat on that sandy tower, so mindless.

We conversed about our long lost desire,  
for it was only to be discussed on the tower.  
Water, soft waves, crackle-fire,  
made me tell you that home tasted bad now, almost sour.

It was you and me, in our cozy halo, for so secluded we sat.  
And with our imaginary fire lit,  
making moments fall flat,  
I told you to not worry or make bones about it.

I remember that starry night, where we quivered on the tower.  
Because during that night, I asked those very same stars if for  
once I could stop the hour.



## *Beach-Smile*

You were shining rays so riant,  
that cloud-covered morning at the beach.  
And I felt so handsome and giant-  
when you clasped around me with a lovesome screech.

Then a light chill rushed over my skin, like a passing cloud-  
bringing the absence of rays.  
But I didn't mind, for I stood in a leaving crowd-  
anchored by your heartwarming embrace.

Thinking about it, I forgot who took that photograph.  
But then again, I don't really care.  
I'm just thankful someone captured that little laugh,  
for genuine happiness, in a world like this, is so very rare.

Now I sit at my dreary desk, staring at your picture for a while.  
Proudly, because I'm the only person who got to see you  
beach-smile.

## *Eleven Miles*

I ran eleven miles.

I ran eleven long miles around the beachy coast.

Shaking the streaming sweat of my hand, two misdials,  
while I kept eye on the seafront, behind posts.

Wheezing, but I ran.

I ran until I couldn't count my pulse.

Just a few more miles, or less than-  
until my diaphragm convulsed.

I ran and I kept running.

I kept running to reach the upper-west end.

Distant from the busy streets I was shunning,  
like an imperial madman, or royal messenger sent.

I ran as if chased by poison, arriving in time to see you shine.

But in reality I didn't run to see you, I ran eleven miles around  
the coast to make you mine.

## *Hailstorm-Bird*

I flew through a furious storm of hail,  
with its fiery gravel cutting my cheek.  
Feeling like a little bird, of no avail,  
frantically flaring to escape the eagle's beak.

Because loving like birds is so unsafe.  
For I navigate through blizzards and lightning,  
dodging predators with a fearful strafe,  
as they try to snatch my feathers, so frightening.

So I'll keep flying through the merciless hail-  
with my broken talon and a cold-cramped wing.  
Knowing that even with wild predators on my tail,  
I'll find a way to land on your nearest tree to sing.

Because for you, through a hailstorm of danger I would fly.  
And for you, I would rather get hurt than say goodbye.

## *Impulsive Indulgence*

Let's run through the fussy Parisian streets,  
and pretend that nothing matters.  
Let's go to a florid hotel with crisp linen sheets-  
and eat french pastries off a silver-rimmed platter.

Let's indulge in cultures until we get sick,  
but not sick of each other.  
Let's go for a strawberry-croissant picnic,  
with rich, molten chocolate to smother.

Let's go out for a fancy dinner-  
and get exotic-colored drinks at the jamming jazz club.  
Because at this point we are already known sinners,  
passed out to bad pop-tunes in the dirty English pub.

Love, let's go to places to have fun and stay blessed.  
And let's enjoy life to the fullest, while giving each other our  
very best.

## *Places*

Italian spring.

Italian spring would suit you so well.

It's waiting to bring-

you flowers in every color and smell.

Spanish summertime.

Spanish summertime would love you and radiate.

Radiate warmth and sunshine,

caressing your skin, letting bad feelings abate.

Dutch winter and fall.

Dutch winter and fall would not be so great.

But we can lay together in a ball,

drown in the covers, and hibernate.

So love, close your pretty eyes and rest your face.

For everywhere suits you well, so we'll visit every place.

## *Olive Tree*

I will keep your love safe with me,  
buried knee deep-  
under my antiquated olive tree.  
Far from the wolves, and grazing among the sleepy sheep.

I might leave it there forever-  
to let the sappy sediment feed the subsoil.  
Only breaking its fruitful endeavor-  
to harvest her nutrient-dense oil.

Because my tree grows on the most bountiful land-  
and reproduces ardent love like spring.  
For those olives, in the burning sun have tanned,  
without interrupting a single thing.

So I'll hold us together, like my reaching roots do the scree.  
Or sprout a palisade of wood for you, to keep your love even  
more safe with me.

## *Sour Candy*

I love to eat sour candy at the movie theater.  
Sitting all by myself with those sugar-coated strips.  
Stretched from hand to teeth, almost a decimeter,  
while I gaze at the screen, letting attention skip.

To be honest, I cried that one time.  
That one time in the cinema alone.  
With a big bag of candy, green lime,  
my cure for the mediocre movie shown.

I felt an individual tear running,  
for I was sitting in the cinema alone.  
I recalled the drive-in where you looked stunning,  
while sinking in my seat, with a body made of stone.

Still, I love watching movies with lots of sour candy to chew.  
But if we were watching a movie together, I wouldn't need  
sour candy, for I'd be happily looking at you.

## *Action Hero*

Actions speak louder than words do.  
That is what all the wise people say.  
Actions stick to innocent hearts like hot glue,  
so I should love you like Indiana Jones, saving the day.

Because you deserve hero-like love.  
Love that runs, jumps and punches, speaking so loud.  
So I'll step in the ring like Rocky and tie my glove,  
or fight like Batman, taking on a whole crowd.

I know my actions speak-  
so much louder than all my words combined together.  
So it might be time to embark on an epic, greek-  
like Odysseus, wrapped in battle-worn leather.

Because for you I try to write, even if I only have a cheap biro.  
And I don't want to love you with my words, I want to love  
you like an action hero.



## *Ivory Heartache*

Ivory heartache,  
the most rare of its kind.  
Only at dark-dawning daybreak.  
Half in the heart, half in the mind.

We might be the only few souls who can relate,  
for ivory heartache is only experienced living end to end.  
And to make matters worse, my love-arrows aren't straight.  
They are frail, defeathered and with their bone-dry wood bend.

Ivory heartache can only find me-  
in the early morning, before the sun shows up.  
Lighting up my memory-cortex like a hotel marquee,  
while I pour my meditative tea in a preheated cup.

Ivory heartache, rare and painful, with nothing more to give.  
But ivory heartache is the price we will have to pay for years,  
having chosen this life to live.

## *Nourished Love*

Nourished love from my boiling crockpot is all you need-  
to feed the voices, situated comfy like homefolk.  
Thick, cushy love to antecede-  
the furnace fire, you might have forgotten to stoke.

Nourished love has cake-like layers,  
baked with edible peace between.  
Collecting the essence of the universe, like prayers-  
crying out every night, trying to alter a single gene.

I always try to sit my love down on a royal seat-  
to have a weight-gaining meal before going out.  
Not forgetting to seed my heart-soil with foreign wheat,  
and preparing the batter before the next batch can sprout.

So love, what I have made you has not yet been buried or sold.  
And love, don't you worry, because I nourished my love to last  
you until long after the cold.

## *Love Slump*

You fell asleep on my shoulder,  
somnialed by the oscillating bus.  
Our bones together like gun and holder-  
or a love-based truss.

You fell so quick,  
like an elevator passing a dream.  
Opening where the clock won't tick,  
letting worry flee the scene.

I sat still like a heron, to savour-  
this peace you found.  
Making sure not to quaver,  
and drift you off sound.

You fell asleep with my shoulder growing numb.  
But I'll rather burn like ashy coal than derail your love slump.

## *Mon Petit Effort Français*

J'écoute les mélodie fredonnées-  
et je rêve de ton pays.  
Mes pensées sont absente-  
de mes stupides crétineries.

J'adore les mémoires brisées,  
qui forment une image incomplète.  
En laissant mon cœur armorié,  
et protégé de la baïonnette.

J'ai trouvé une fille qui me rend fort.  
Fort comme un bœuf.  
Alors pour elle, je trouverai le trésor.  
Parce que, avec elle, chaque instant est neuf.

Nous avons un amour, étranger à ce monde, mais inaltérable.  
Alors chaque jour je chanterais doucement que tu es  
formidable.

## *Pink Butterfly*

I think I saw you that one time,  
but you escaped my blurry vision.  
Crazy to think that a butterfly, or a single chime-  
could have prevented our unexpected collision.

Because interacting with a pink butterfly-  
can only happen by force of ecology.  
For it is so remarkable and hard to descry,  
like the chimney of a heart-rotted bottle tree.

I saw you-  
fluttering profusely in the chaos of it all.  
Ricocheting from the strong winds that blew,  
for you wings were so small.

A pink butterfly, what a rare thing to find.  
Funny that on my travels to America I met a butterfly, that was  
also the rarest of its kind.

*42, Part I*

42 begins with you  
and the abstract concept of love.  
Like a paper lantern, so see-through,  
carried by a gust of wind, on a journey set off.

42 begins with-  
my dearly love for her.  
Like a soil-cleaving monolith,  
breathing serenity, in forests of silver fir.

42 begins,  
only to begin again.  
Like barky cones or pine-pins shed,  
among the swelling songs of winter wren.

42.  
42 sonnets that I wrote for you.

*42, Part II*

42 volumes that speak-  
the language of it all.  
Like the ripples in the creek,  
crying a wolf-like wrawl.

42 volumes that-  
remember and relive.  
Sonnets to stare at,  
in a way, ruminative.

42 volumes-  
straight from the heart.  
In luminous rooms-  
written, aimed to impart.

42.  
42 sonnets that I wrote for you.

*Haikus (Bonus)*



## *Cuts*

Fantasies cut me-  
and drain my heart while I wait-  
for the hour to come.

*Night to Kill for*

Her eyes shine moonlight.  
Sitting back I admire-  
this night to kill for.

## *California*

California.

Craving care in idle dreams.

Across the ocean.

24

Twenty-four hours.  
Soaring to my side of time,  
bridging dimensions.

## *Beasts*

We bite each other-  
like wild beasts hungry for love.  
Just to stop and laugh.

*Assassin*

My heart starved all year,  
so my body thrusts to kill-  
our luscious time left.



*Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1796–1875)*  
*Orpheus Leading Eurydice from the Underworld*