

#ThingsWeDoForLove

To the lady whom I have sinned,
"Trust me, it was unintended.
It was the chilliest winter morning,
When the sky looked white with mist drapes,
And my mind blurred, a shadow casted of loneliness,
Till when the man of your dreams came to me,
And made the air chill even more. I froze with a longing.
A need to be held and caressed suddenly lighted my mind,
The shadow of loneliness smirking from far behind.
The frozen heart with wintered veins,
Wished to be warmed to function again.
So he held me. And loved me.
Loved me more than I ever imagined,
And it was spring again.
We sinned in the name of love, for it seemed sane.
Then as new sprouts blossomed in my heart,
I asked him to leave and go farther apart,
For the seeds were from your garden,
And bore the inscriptions of your name.
He insisted upon watering them until fall,
For then they would shed leaves and would need him no more.
I let him stay. I would let him go, I heard myself say."

"But trust me, I never wished him to leave,
His eyes could dance, his laugh could sing.
The stories were beautiful that his heart would weave.
There were all colors of love with him,
All flavors of cuisine,
And the lights of festivals lighted together with him.
And he stayed longer than we thought.
He held me closer than we thought.
So when summers got harsher, he wrapped me in his love.
Shielding me from the world, showing me what powers love had.
The sprouts grew stronger, the roots firmer and they bore flowers too.
We shared a life, he told me about you."

"But trust me, he loved me like the roots do
To the soil that they are holding onto.
And then came fall. The leaves grew pale, the stem fragile,
The flowers wouldn't come, while I tried to smile.
So he looked at me, assuring of his presence,
My heart was the winner, it won the game of pretense.
And we sinned, again. Because it definitely seemed sane."
Gone fall, we welcomed winter. Yet, not together.
With the drapes of his love warming your heart tonight,
My nights just got colder.