

## **The Nature of Love**

Laura Nejako

If there is a pinprick of light left  
On the corner of Malatalia Boulevard  
Then come to me and breathe slow  
Promises of sweet honey between  
    My ear and yours  
And when you wilt under seasons  
    Meet me at the corner  
    And I will love you  
As you love the lilies blooming  
    On an autumn night  
    Not quite gone  
    But almost.