

Poetry by AvrgBlkGrl

A Poem For You

I want to put this in words
because you love words.

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By AvrgBlkGrl

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He writes a poem ...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/a-poem-for-you.aspx>

I wanted to write a poem for you. I've never written one before. I've seen that little book you keep, the cuts and pastes of your life, a collection of words. I've seen the pictures and the artful curve of your script. I've seen you nurture it when you thought there were no eyes. I want to be a part of your book. I want to be a part of your life. I look into your life. I look into your eyes. And, I see you. I want to put this into words because you love words. They give the appearance of control, of profound understanding. I love the way you use them, the way you hide behind them, the way they reveal you, how they are the lover I must defeat. You sling them. You withhold them. You attempt to master them. To many, you have succeeded. But, I see you. I see your deeper understanding, your fascination, your addiction to what is beneath the letters. I've watched you stare at the spaces between the groupings, close your eyes and nod with understanding, hear music where we cannot even register sound. That's just with what's been written down. I've watched you watch them being spoken. For that, I have no words. Un-nameable are many things I've witnessed when it comes to you. Sometimes I've assumed ice where there is nothing but heat, reached out to soothe you only to be burnt. I value where you have marked me. To witness your implosions, the whirl of emotions... For you to see me not shield my eyes as glass flies... The you that cries in movies and while mouthing the lines of the book you hold in your hands. You like the feel of pages and skin. I ask you to explain how they feel. The look on your face... The bend of your smile... The feel of your lips... For these things there are no words. I am not as good with words as you. You may not find my note worth keeping, worth storing between the pages of your book. I cannot rhyme and I have no music. Know this, if not anything else in this world, I write this down, but everything I do and say and feel is the proof. These are just words and you read between lines: On an unusually cool fall day, I waited on a bench in the park for you, angry (once more) with your standard misconception of time, uncomfortable with my inability to leave. I watched you walk in a skirt and heels, with the same ease of sneakers and jeans. You smiled and said hi to complete strangers. They could not resist doing the same. Your hair was wild with the wind. You reached to tame it when our eyes met. I smiled at your hidden insecurity. I stood, feeling the need for you well up in my chest. I kissed you and you laughed, the sound of which still echoes in my head. I knew then that I was in love with you. I knew then that I was forever changed. I knew then that my life would be described as what was before you and what it became because of you. These are the words I want you to read. I want your fingers to touch my pages. I want you to feel my skin. These are the letters that spell the words that say I love you. I see you. I am here. I am yours. I will not be moved, by you or anything else. These are simple words. These are my words. This is your poem. I wanted to write a poem for you. I've seen that little book you keep, the cuts and pastes of your life, a collection of words. I've seen the pictures and the artful curve of your script. I've seen you nurture it when you thought there were no eyes. I want to be a part of your book. I want to be a part of your life. This is a poem for you. I've never written one before. *****

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