

Kate Houston

I'll never work for Hallmark

If I could show you how I love you with this poem
I would, but I can't. Not even close. My vocabulary
Can describe many things, but the thoughts that race
Through my heart when I breathe in what you breathed
Out are unintelligible, or unoriginal.

If I told you I'd die without you, that our love flows through me
Like blood, that I pine for you, and yearn for you,
And can taste this longing in the back of my mouth, you'd laugh.
After all, love is universal and you can bet whatever I say
Someone, somewhere has heard it before.

I could declare our love to be an energy saving light bulb,
It takes its time to warm up, and can, apparently, cause a rash,
But you'd roll your eyes and tell me we're late for dinner.
So I'll tuck my mind back inside itself, and let it linger
On the stirring of senses caused by your palm on mine.

I'll keep these unspecific love poems to myself,
Hoping one day you'll understand that I'm not so inventive
And when I give you my word, I'm giving you my all,
These meaningless metaphors and simplistic similes
Capture all of my love and describe it
Badly.