

Always or Until

I am invited into the girl's eyes
to go to the upstairs of her heart
and see her soul without clothing.
(To be honest, there are other ways in,
but her calling was from the eyes.)

Did I not follow up, or join her
for tea in the barren recesses of the space between us?
I did not, because her arms were open out of pity,
her legs were open, only once.
(That, boys, is how you tell it is pity.)

And I met her, this city building sorrowful bridges
across the valley, to my primitive village,
on the brink of despairing that there was anyone across the gap;
But a smirk of tomato red betrayed her true intention,
and I was drawn across, and would have been there, forever, and forever,
to love her from afar, and take visits in her heart,
and never, never, never be fulfilled.

"Come to my city," says the pretty girl,
with the silver gates, the retinas of polished pearl,
the one who'd build a bridge from world unto world
and blow it up when you tried to cross...