

Dearest You

Nicholas McKay

I've never been foolish enough
to fall in love
until the moment that I did,
and when it happened, the counsel
I received from a friend
reminded me of a story I needn't be told,
about a young man
who falls for the idea of a paramour,
rather than the person she actually is.

Having consulted a sweet maiden maker,
and looking at you right now,
I am glad not to be held hostage
by never changing distance,
and where your smile couldn't quite cut it before
from the other side of the room,
you, being right next to me
is all the pleasure I'll ever need.

Why do I keep writing poems like this
when I should be lying in bed,
I'm still hung-over from last night
after ceaselessly kissing your lips.

In vain, I struggle tireless and resolute,
to fathom words which could measure
the happiness your being alive grants me.

Where some men are addicted to cigarettes,
I am addicted to you,
and if you leave
after all that I felt last night,
your heart will be an accessory after the fact.

Inebriated, or not,
I long to touch you
and realise if your body is real.

Could my love keep you satisfied,
sadly, I'm unsure.

I've your handprints across my arms
from where you held onto me,
but these impressions will fade,
as I'm afraid you will.

But if I hold you throughout the night,
perhaps you will never retreat,
and if I awake in the morning alone
I'll thank the gods
for the well-spent memory.

Beside you tonight
I'll admit my true love,
so you needn't rebuttal.
You'll have no knowledge, and like my feelings,
my shamefulness shall hide,
until the day you're about ready to lose me.

You roll over in bed
whilst swimming in dreams,
and between breaths
you ask, 'Nicholas, is it morning yet?'
And I announce with a passionate sigh,
'There's still many an hour to go.'

I run my hands
through every strand of your hair,
which is softer than any duvet.
I could hardly imagine a more luscious sight
than the expression you keep
when you dream.

Unlike I, a face painted mannequin,
still hung up on the night before,
when I internally urged
you to please bury me
in selflessness for longevity's sake,
and I agreed to do the same for you.

You pressed an ice cube to my skin,
and watched, as water accumulated
across my chest. The chill
touched every part of my life
and you hurt me, just a little.

Every time our flesh united
as one, with the touch
of a kiss or a hand,
I knew I could offer
to you a circular heirloom
and have it placed,
like a crown,
on your finger.

Perhaps we are parallels
destined for symmetry,
and in the moments
my lips were married to yours,
I could agree with the sentiment.

But if the same thoughts
cannot speak for the two of us,
you should strike me
like lightning with honesty.

I shall not be perturbed by your leaving,
if this is the choice
that you choose,
for regret is a non-existent word
in the vernacular
I've made my own.

Just know,
though we are strangers still,
all that matters
is I love you.