

Love.

The word sits heavy on my tongue
Curling the tip back in preparation.
Every time I see you
It almost tumbles out
Clumsy and too big
for my mouth
Instead of launching
Precise
 like
 an
 arrow
Sailing through the air
on the way to its target.

When I say it to you
I want it to be somewhere
 in between

Maybe more akin to a stroll
S l o w and meandering
Finding something beautiful

When you thought there was average.

But for now it sits
Waiting for the right time to
Reveal itself.
And even though I can't say it
Just yet

I love the way love
 feels swirling
 in my
 mouth.

The word hangs heavy in the air
 Staring you down
With the weight of a world
 That's too much to bare;
 Staring me down
With the weight of all the feelings

I couldn't contain in just myself.

I know that love is so much
 More than a word.

I know that love is more
Important when told through actions.

But even as you pull me close

And show me your love
Instead of telling me,
I can't help but feel
 Rejected

Alone

Powerless

Now that all my cards are
On the table
And all yours are
Close to your chest.
Love. The word hangs
Heavy in the air.

I hope it
feels lighter
When it rolls
out of your
mouth.