

it

was,

then

love poems  
by stella

**3:37, and lots of other times**

I am waiting  
to forget to remember.

I imagine that it is much less painful  
than remembering to forget.

**december**  
.....

soft hands  
a tangerine

a synthesizer  
a scarf,  
a tonsillectomy

a hug  
an artichoke- gluten free

a letter  
no stamp.

a papercut  
between my fingers

## **June-Bug, Could it be May?**

---

I am so in love  
with the idea of you,  
and with the possibility  
that it may be who you actually are.

Maybe it is just a projection, but either way:  
The thoughts that I think  
when thinking about  
what I think might be you,  
they feel good -

and I know that this is a poem  
so I should use much more affluent adjectives  
to articulate my affections, but when I  
think of you, I just feel

good.

and so that is that,  
and maybe  
it just may be so.

**sheesh!**  
.....

Sometimes at night  
when I can't sleep  
I close my eyes and pretend  
that you are not here because  
you just ran downstairs for a glass of water

that you are not here because  
you are at a friend's  
that you are away for the weekend,  
that you are in the bathroom.

I try not to remember  
that you are not here  
because you are there.

Sometimes I clasp my hands together  
and pretend that it is your hand I am holding -  
after all we both have boney bird fingers,  
it is similar enough I suppose.

Sometimes now  
when I can't sleep  
I just can't sleep  
so I fricking read or paint or print or watch television  
and it isn't even about you at all,  
but is probably just because  
I work at a coffee shop n drank caffeine too late in the day

sheesh!!

## **Lack**

Look into my eyes  
and tell me there is more  
than the space between my thighs  
an ache  
more celestial  
than carnal.

## **(un)familiar creature**

---

When you brought me Love  
at first  
I didn't recognize it.

We had met before,  
sure  
but that was quite some time ago now  
and the way it carried itself  
with you,  
it looked different -  
almost as if  
an entirely new  
and unfamiliar creature.

The last time I saw Love  
it was demanding:

Being near it felt  
like being hit by a train  
like drowning,  
or trying to breathe  
through fiberglass lungs.

This new Love  
it was patient,  
kind.

When the train came  
instead of tying me to the tracks,  
it offered me a seat beside it  
and gently suggested I look out window  
at the road ahead.

When it smiled  
it showed its teeth  
but I no longer felt it would bite me

So why  
do I sometimes catch myself  
wishing that it would?

## **I Miss You Like Missing You**

---

I miss you in a way  
that makes me want to  
curl up in a ball  
and remember,

I miss you in a way  
that makes me want to curl up  
and forget.

I miss you in a way  
that sometimes makes my lungs  
crave dirt  
instead of air

and I miss you in a way  
that sometimes makes the air  
feel like dirt.

I miss you  
like missing you

and I haven't really ever felt anything else  
that quite compares to that.

## **Blue**

.....

Before I met you  
when I thought about  
the color Blue  
I thought about the feeling:

it has always seemed unfair  
to assign one color  
the sole responsibility of  
anthropomorphizing sadness.

Now when I think about Blue  
I think about  
your eyes,  
which is silly  
because they are not even Blue.

I think about  
when you read to me in the bath:  
Bluets  
by Maggie Nelson.

Your fingers  
soft and wet  
as you gently turned the pages  
Your chin  
resting on my head

Lost in the sound of your voice  
I almost loved you, then.

## Blue-Grey

The past few weeks  
I haven't been able  
to stop thinking about the grey-blue of your eyes

I keep trying to find it elsewhere  
and I'm not sure why  
because I know  
that it would not feel the same  
even if i found it

Still,  
I have scoured over  
paint swatches,  
flowers  
photographs  
(even those don't look quite right)

The closest shade that I have seen  
is the color of the sky  
as I am writing this.  
It reminds me so thoroughly of you  
that it feels as if  
I am being swallowed.

It was sunny this morning.  
Now the clouds are lugubrious,  
heavy with rain

Almost painful -  
to be swallowed up in  
so much  
of what I was trying  
so hard to find  
and feeling  
so full  
of lacking

Instead of feeling closer  
I feel farther away,  
but perhaps that is best now

I can't help but wonder  
if I saw your eyes today,  
would they be the color that I remember,  
that I have ached for all this time?

Or was it just something about  
the way you looked at me, then?

## Long-Distance Lovers

---

All straight from my heart.

My letter got sent back  
because I didn't put enough stamps to send you a trinket along with it,  
so that's why it's late,  
hopefully you'll like it even though it's anachronistic at this point.

Forever yours,  
Archbishop James Hickey

Dreaming of Quebec City.

Yours,  
Sheriff Cashew

I very much hope to see you again soon.

It is a dream, wish you were here.

I don't mind if I have to  
stay under the porch with the dog  
or the laundry if I can see you again.

Xoxo

I think  
that it  
that this  
that I

will become wearisome,  
after awhile.

You will grow tired  
not of the distance, not the time in between

but of the visits themselves  
of me.

With affection,  
Erma Lettuce

## **My Lungs are Alright**

---

My heart is  
a microwaved balloon  
filled with off-brand mayonnaise:  
shaky to begin with,  
melted to a state unrecognizable.

My brain  
a stale gummy bear  
dropped into a tin can  
full of rubber bands and  
razor blades -  
forgotten in a café parking lot,  
the one where we used to go.

My lungs?  
They are just lungs.  
Perhaps my breath my waiver,  
but that is more a problem of nerves  
I think.



**7.10.18**

.....  
i can remember when love was soft,  
kind

curling up  
to sleep each night  
waking in the morning tender and tired, happy

i am not sure when it changed

when sleepy eyes became wild, desperate.  
when gentle became weak  
when i stopped curling up at night  
and started instead  
to coil

when the wings in my stomach  
began to beat painfully,  
when the butterflies  
turned to moths

when holding hands  
turned to clutching  
turned to grasping empty air

when i love you became  
i love you, please

when goodbye  
became  
goodbye.

## **It Was, Then**

---

i have been asking people about love  
and i'm not sure why

i already know what it is  
at least what it was,  
then

not the same for you, though

you told me  
that when you loved me  
you were sleepwalking

what were you dreaming about?

i wish that i had known,  
.then  
i could have asked  
or maybe even  
tried to wake you up

now i can't fall asleep,  
and wake-walking  
hurts without you.

### Untitled III

Rubbing alcohol in the tub,  
shucked.

Limotrigine, a light sensitivity:  
The mole searching for the sun,  
when it reaches the surface it is blinded.

A kind old woman with no eyes  
wears a striped shirt of blue and white  
much like the one  
you gave me.

You used to tell me  
not to wear sunglasses  
You hated them,  
said that  
they falsified  
reality -

but what about  
when reality is too painful?

Now I feel weak for squinting  
wearing sunglasses  
going inside  
and leaving you  
out there,  
staring directly into the sun.

I would have  
brought you with me  
if you wanted,  
may have preferred it  
even

Sometimes now  
when I look out the window  
I hope for rain  
for your sake,  
but catch myself  
wondering about your option about raincoats,  
I never asked.

**july**  
.....

Laying here now

I realize  
that I know you  
but not as you are

and

silence doesn't  
sound the same  
anymore.

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