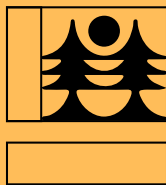
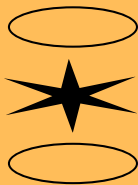


Second Drop of Nectar



in the field not far from your parent's house,
there we lay;
two smitten souls wrapped up in the present
and perhaps some pollen,
engulfed in time as the bees flew high,
watching and waiting for the moment they could drain us dry.
like an open book,
I could read you;
every thought you breathed was richer than autumn air,
yet every word you didn't say was something
I didn't dare to ask or drink about,
but deep down,
I knew our feet were not yet on the ground;
we were still dangling,
hanging by the neck from the arms
of all the ones we had loved before.



I looked to the sky,
watching to see if the gaps between
the clouds might give me a sign
as to how and why I should ignore the blurred line,
for the first drop of nectar only fell not too long ago,
and this love is like bathing
in the sweet winds of a violent tempest,
a sick, sugary feeling that now
consumes me just as much as I used to crave it.

I looked at you and thought of all things
I would do to fall for you again,
all the lengths I'd go to just to be
left in a state of desire and feeling bereft,
only for you to realise that
I'm the one person who ever saw past your fractured facade,
and so I dragged myself out of the dark
to catch you as you fell into my arms,
your head up against my cold heart,
beating against you as it stopped on every second beat
to ask if you'd be willing to live for love one more time.

I looked away from you and that's when it hit me,
the feeling that when the second drop of nectar
falls is when we'll fall apart,
no longer bound by mutual scars and midnight drives,
and for the first time,
it felt like the last,
the final show of a play that had a good run.
but I could be wrong,
stupidly wrong,
these few drops of nectar could turn into honey,
and we'd stay sweet,
sickly sweet.