

WHEN YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME and other poems...

By Angelica Liu

*Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: Reading these are a pleasure and a treasure. When did poetry cease to be about love? How mistaken can anyone be reading this: 'When you said you loved me / you looked upward / your pale blue eyes / anchored at a quiet corner.' Do people look left or right when they are prevaricating, misrepresenting themselves or lying? That is for the face-scientists to figure out. How is it that everyone loses a love? And, yet, there is still so much love lost-and-found to go around? Liu speaks so beautifully in her verse, why don't you just find your way and find out why? 'Buds of kisses / Ready to burst:' [These are a shout-out to Pat and George(personal)] **Shit**, the next poem was exactly that—what if Liu made a habit of someone else feeling good about themselves...? HS*

When You Said You Loved Me

When you said you loved me
you looked upward
your pale blue eyes
anchored at a quiet corner
like a ship from
across the glittering ocean
that lay at my harbor.
I willingly boarded your ship
and together we sailed
to the distant horizon.

The Rhythm of Love

Silent music
Fizzy sparkles
Buds of kisses
Ready to burst
I could feel my body
As bent as a bow
And as stretched as a string
Melodies flew out

As natural as milk and honey
To an unstoppable rhythm
We slowly rocked...
The rhythm of love.

Ageless Love

I feel love
I read love stories
I watch love movies
I have a great discovery about love
Love is of so many different shapes
and takes so many different routes
but love is always young,
which begs a question:

If love is ageless,
why aren't we?

Shit

I know life has ups and downs,
Swings from high to low,
but
now
I feel stuck in limbo
Hung in midair like a pendulum
That has lost its momentum
Struggling against a dark desire
To crash to the ground.

Swarms of annoying thoughts
Hum around and around
Like flies you can't wave off
Thoughts
That
Make me feel like shit....

PERCEPTION

It's strange that when I think of you,
I don't consider any external factors like
culture, age or physical distance.
You are you, and nobody can be you.
I know other people will think we are insane
if they know the details of our story,
but between you and me,
everything is so right.
When we are together,
we are like two adolescents
stealing kisses inside a hallway...
Maybe we were adolescent lovers
in our past life!
Some may say
that these are all temporary illusions.
After all, love is blind.
Once the passion fades,
love fades and reality asserts itself.
But we know that is not true,
for us.

You say there may have been other possibilities.
It all depends on earlier choices.
You say there must be some great purpose
In our coming together.
I don't agree.

I believe our love itself
Is the great purpose!

PARADISE OF LOVE

We slipped into the park
A moonlit night
Hand in hand
Like teenage lovers
We walked on the soft moist grasslands
The tangled hair
Of the succulent lake
Opening her legs
To her moon lover above
The paradise of forbidden love

Couples scattered

Like singing insects
Curled close to the ground
Kissing
Touching
Moaning
Loving
Only we were standing
With our bodies connected.

My softness
Your hardness
Pieces of our nakedness
Shone in the moonlight
Rustling nature surrounded us
Like velvet skin shivering in passion
You dove into the lake
Between my thighs
Pleasure exploded through my being
My conscious mind collapsed

Leaving me to wonder
If the lake shimmered in the moonlight
Because of its own orgasm
Or mine....

Waiting

A man is waiting
at the entrance of a metro station.
He holds an umbrella in his hand
like a knight holding a sword.
Every few minutes
the ground vibrates beneath his feet
faint subterranean rumblings
as if the whole station is breathing.
Its blood vessels are deeply buried.
With every contraction of a strong heart
the black blood is pumped out
and diffused to the expanse of a giant body
like a dark flower slowly spreading its petals.
The man patiently waits.
Then another tide of faces floats out

There, in the midst of hundreds of ravaged flowers,
a fresh smile blooms for him like a morning daisy,
a svelte flame dances closer in his eyes.
The man waits for his love to walk into his arms.
He holds his umbrella in his hand
like a knight clutching a bouquet of red roses.

She

She's in me
A friend, a sister, a *potentia*
She is the younger me
She is the older me
She is the braver me
She is the wiser me
She is the hostess in the dreamland at night
She is the guide through deserts in the day
When she opens her eyes in me, I know
Because the city looks different
The trap of steel and concrete has become
A forest rich with manifestations and signs
Sunlight kisses me, leaves dancing
People passing by like vessels on the sea
Their journey is not under the foot
But deep down beneath the surface
Inward to the center of universe
That's how I reach out to her
She is to me like the moon to the sun
The acorn to the oak tree
The map to the treasure hunter
She's the reason for my being.

THE WHITE CAT

Once I encountered a white cat in a dream
I was back in high school--a shy, unconfident girl.
I was sitting at a desk against the wall.
That enchanting creature just appeared from nowhere.
It appeared on my lap, incredibly beautiful and alluring.
In a sluggish manner she stretched out her purely white body.
I was mesmerized by her.
I began to stroke her back the length of her body.

The arch of her back continued through her slender tail.
I could feel her elegant curve under my touch---
An inner pliability wrapped in a boneless softness.

She slowly turned around and looked back at me,
Her soul-to-soul gaze stunned me into a state of awareness,
I must have known her for all time, I thought.

That day, when we were in that hotel room,
I was opening my body to you,
and I stretched out my body to the greatest extent.
I crossed my hands under my head,
I lay on my back and looked at you
Your eyes and hands touring my body
I felt a boundless freedom between us
I never felt so shameless
I only wanted to open myself wider to you,
I only wanted to merge into one with you.
I held your head tightly with my arms.
That was the moment when I felt we were almost one---
To rub my burning face against yours,
To exhale my heavy breath near to your ear,
To be deeply breathe in your masculine smell,
To dance with you to the most instinctual rhythm...

And suddenly I knew the white cat I encountered in my dream
The white cat
Was my own soul,
And it was you
Who set her free....

Some Days

Some days are faceless,
Like the reticent shadows
Of their buoyant sisters.
Infertility in the air,
Giving no sight of
The fruit of possibility....

THE POET SPEAKS: *I love poetry. It is the dance of the heart choreographed by the soul. And, I love the English language. I reside in China, and English is my second language, but in poetry it is my only language. I find the possibilities for expression in English so immense and thrilling that each poem I write is a literary exploration. I write about life, love, emotions and the quantum soul. In this collection, I have tried to capture the intensity of quantum love in both a spiritual and sensual sense as contrasted to those days when love is not enough.*

BIO: *Angelica Liu is a teacher, a blogger, and a poet living in Hangzhou, China. She's never been to an English speaking country, but she strives to write for an American audience. She has a passion for Jungian psychology, quantum physics, romantic love, and Starbuck's coffee.*