

05/14/22

You have no need
Of the pieces of me I would spare,
But love,
Love of mine, embodiment of beauty,
I would carve away at my soul
Like fresh wood
If it was of any meaning to you.
I would whittle away at my very self,
If it made you smile one second longer.
Your love, your smile
Is the soil from which I grow,
The rain of which I drink,
The sunlight through which
My branches stretch endlessly,
So that I may carve, and carve
As many pieces of myself as necessary
To make you smile,
One second longer.

Brisé Amour