

First love poetry

Written after the break-ups in Oct. 1978:

man,
confusing, wonderful
smiles, loves, hurts
painful pleasure, sweet bondage
man

lover
gentle, devoted
touching, feeling, soothing
pain, longing, crushed, gone
lover

I reached out,
and touched another.
I held to my breast
a gentle lover.
Now that love
that I did adore,
is broken
and loves no more.

In Aug. 1979:

Don't fly to high
my love,
you might fall.
Please,
come down to me?
Don't fly so high
my love,
it's not worth it all.
Please,
If you love me?

Do you,
Do you remember
a moonlit sky?
Do you remember
why?
Do you,
Do you still
walk down that lane?
Do you still
feel the pain?
Do you,
Do you think
of what could have been?
Do you think
it will ever mend?
Do you,
Do you look
for someone new?
Do you still
love me too?

And in June 1980:

Those eyes –
 they haunt;
blue and clear
and as
deep
as the day I first
looked into them.

Those eyes –
 they search;
burrowing and seeing
and as
hot
as the day the first captured me.

The eyes –
 they call;
loud and sweet
and as
strong
as the day I first
loved you.