

Emma Dye – Priestley - Y12

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# 'Eulogy of Love:

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Ever falling; prophets watch as I'm destined long before they can understand to fall - for every person who smiles at me for a split second too long, I cave and smile back, my heart spluttering, beating tired wings upon my caged chest

Cacophonies of love explode in fractals, embed within my bones - shards of adoration distressing my soul. I breathe: and rattling lungs greet me with shaking calls for help - oxygen-starved brain slurring over famed words  
'I love you'  
as if they mean anything more to me than agonising apathy.

I may, if they ask first, wrap shivering arms around them or hold their hand  
- if they ask first -  
yet never do I long for their touch, never do I reach out. The norm evades me endlessly, again and again; it is as though the gods jeer above me as I suffer a curse never deserved, my future holds Aphrodite's wrath, guiding my lead lined lips  
- desperate to endure the agony of everlasting infatuation yet it is doomed

Severed nerves relight when their head turns my way - smile gracing their mouth, they claim to think the universe hangs above me, I am the most and least significant person to live, they will adore me forever. My chest hammers and strings are plucked - my senses curl in my lap and beg to be attended; I ignore them.

The cosmos bores them, eventually.

Why adore something you can only observe from a distance?

Touch impossible, love one-sided and hollow.

I wish I could cry when they leave - I cannot bring myself to care, lethargy intoxicates my brain; perhaps a tear will fall consequence of the tormenting indifference I am subject to

You turn cheek to greet me, I smile back, and my mind is...

Clear.

Distinct absence of chattering teeth, pulsing heart, aching head alerts me to your differences I do not long for you to love me,

I do not pledge to pine or stammer in your divine presence.  
Fluttering fingers reach to twist golden rings upon your hand - an instinctual closeness I have been desperate to achieve  
for so long, as easy as breathing - breathing so easily, my lungs are not filled with the waters of devastation - you have drained them.

Maybe years pass before stars burn in your eyes as I stare into them - rhythmic tapping fills my ears as my life lives for you once again, but,

I am no longer being dragged under by violent waves of anguished inertia.

I love, I love you and I tell you.

Those words no longer scream and cry, they sing.'

