

If Love Was Liquid

by Jade_Orchid

A sestina about love.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

A sestina about love.

If love was liquid
I would pour it in a cup
And serve it to him
Along with endless kisses
Until he would want me
And hand me his heart.
I would take good care of the heart,
I would drink the love from it, sweet liquid:
How it would warm me,
All that passion in one cup:
As delicious as the kisses
I so badly want from him.
This is an awful ache I have for him,
The arrows of love pierce my heart;
They sting like nettles, like tainted kisses
They draw my dreams from me in silver liquid
I cannot allow them to spill the cup;

I pull the arrows from me.

Every day I yearn for him to hold me:

My body cries out for him.

I will put all my longing in a cup;

I will put it on a shelf with my heart.

None but he shall drink this liquid;

Only his lips shall know my tender kisses

And on that day I give those kisses,

On that night when he does want me,

Our desire will be languorous liquid:

My hunger will be only for him.

He will go to the shelf, take down my heart:

He will drink the longing from my cup.

When it is empty, that hateful cup,

He will soothe the pain with kisses:

Then mend the cracks in my heart,

Bringing happiness once more to me,

And keep it safe: just for him

I will never again drink that bitter liquid

With my kisses, I will worship him:

me, with all my joy, with all my heart,

will make a new liquid: love, and it shall fill the cup.