

# If Love Was Liquid

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A sestina about love.

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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.