

The Things I Can't Say Aloud

by themistresssnape

This is a set of poems to someone very special, although there are a lot of people and troubles between us. These are for Gerard, who I love like no one else.

I Feel Like I Can Talk

Chapter 1 of 6

This is a set of poems to someone very special, although there are a lot of people and troubles between us. These are for Gerard, who I love like no one else.

I feel like I can talk to you,
You with your hazel eyes so warm
And your sweet childish smile.
You don't know how soothing you are,
How welcome your infectious laugh,
How hypnotic your heavy voice.
Could you hold me just a while?
For just a fleeting moment,
Just so I could feel the strength
In your quiet, open arms.
I think you could heal my heart
Without even trying, without knowing
How wonderful you are.
So tell me a story of the highlands,
A story you once loved.
I know I'll love it, too.

I have no idea how many of these I'll do. They are all to Gerard, a guy I've known for six years and someone I love more than anyone in the world. If anyone has a soulmate, a true soulmate, Gerard is mine. I'd do anything for him. The only problem is that I am with someone else, and so is he. Maybe this will make some things clear to the both of us. So, Gerry, if you're reading this, I just want you to know that I love you, and I wish things were different sometimes.

Do You Remember The Day We Met?

Chapter 2 of 6

About a special memory for me, a game Gerard and I played on a school trip to Paris.

Do you remember the day we met?
So much an accident on those busy
Paris streets, outside the Louvre and
Beneath the Eiffel Tower. A knowing
Look, a gentle touch, a soft word.
Two days I never knew your name,
I only knew your face, the feel of your
Rough beard against my cheek, the
Soft rumble of your honey voice through
Your chest. I still love Paris, you know,
The Louvre and the Tower. I think of
You wherever I go, and I miss you
When you aren't with me.
I hear your voice in the wind, I see
Your face in every crowd, feel your
Touch with each passing stranger.
And then I look up to see you standing
Beside me, your wavy hair fluttering
In the soft wind, your eyes crinkled with
A smile. You're there with me,
In the city where we met.

While on a trip during our sophomore year of high school, Gerard and I decided we were going to pretend like we were strangers who met and fell in love in Paris. It was fun, making our plans so that we would be with different people but meet each other somewhere on the tour. He would come up to me in a crowd, maybe in front of a painting in the Louvre, and brush my hand or my hair. We were fifteen, and it was fun in Paris when there weren't any feelings to be hurt. He still does it now, although he restrains himself when our significant others are around. I wish things were different, but we have other feelings to think about than our own. Life is never easy, is it?

We're So Close, Yet So Far Apart

Chapter 3 of 6

Musings on the things that separate me from Gerard, and what would happen if we tried to overcome them.

We're so close, yet so far apart.
I know you're there--just the other

side of the room--but it might as well be miles.

She's there, too, sitting at your side,

looking like she's in love.

Is she? I wonder, trying to listen to him.

He's here, too, you see, but sometimes

I think he knows. The way he looks at you,

he's almost itching to move. I think I'd

die of shame if he hit you, knowing it

was all my fault. Have you noticed?

She looks at me the same, the closed

and calculating look of protecting what's

yours. But you were mine, long before

she ever knew you. How did it come

to this, of trying to catch your eye

and steal a smile? Could we end this?

Stop the secrets, end the lies?

Could we break their hearts to

balm our own? Or will we all

end up broken, and the feelings

we had gone?

I include these remarks on the off chance that Gerard reads these, so please bear with me. You don't have to read them if you don't wish to. Putting thoughts to these feelings is therapeutic, and that is why I write them. I suppose this one's a bit of guilt over the others in our lives who are bound to get hurt because of the way we are. Feelings that have been there for years only seem to get stronger when we are given over to other people. I can't bear to hurt them, but I can't bear to give Gerard up either.

Is It Hard For You to Love Me

Chapter 4 of 6

Musings on a depressing day with Gerard and others weighing heavily on my mind.

Is it hard for you to love me,

the way that I love you?

Are you afraid of the shame,

the disdain of those who love us?

Sometimes the days are too long,

too full and heavy to bear.

My thoughts are too intense to think,

my body too numb to move.

Do you feel the way that I do,

so intense and empty all the time?

I could crawl beneath my covers,

into my too fast thoughts and collapse.

With them between us and the world opposed,

you still think you could save me.

I wish you could take me away,

stop the pain that makes me cry.
Your voice comforts my wounded soul,
but it seems you're so far away.
I don't know how to make it through,
it hurts more than I can bear.
I love too much and too hard,
what am I supposed to do?

The fear of loving someone so much that they seem like they are a part of you is disconcerting. It makes me feel as if I'm manic-depressive, feeling so full of love and longing while being drained by shame and guilt over those who are caught in the cross-fire. I've never been moderate in the way that I feel things, I feel them in extremes, and, sometimes, it seems like Gerard is the only one who gets that. He doesn't try to mediate my love or hate or comfort or fear. He's simply there with his strong arms, warm chest, and soothing voice. He grounds me while everyone else seems to push me to one end or the other. I suppose I am manic-depressive then, in some ways.

My Head Feels Too Full To Sleep

Chapter 5 of 6

The extreme opposites of my life that make it surreal and all too grounded in reality at the same time.

My head feels too full to sleep,
But I can't hold my eyes open.
I can feel the tears behind my eyes,
But they refuse to fall.
How can it be that I feel so full
But so empty at the same time.
Isn't it strange how you make me feel,
Two things so different but so right.
I love you, I love you, I love you,
But I might love him a bit, too.
Not the way I love you,
Not so much it's pain and faith and peace.
So strange that I kiss him and not you,
But he's like my brother now.
I'd rather be with you everyday,
To be held and loved by you.
I can't bear much more of this,
I marvel at how you endure.
It comes down to this,
I'm ready to sacrifice everything for you.
The question is,
Are you ready to sacrifice for me?

I'm a world full of polar things lately. One moment I feel as if I could scream I hurt so badly. The next I could laugh I'm so happy. The one after that I want to curl under the covers and cry until I die. Life is so unpredictable, except for the one, wonderful constant of Gerard's presence. I think he's the only thing keeping me from going insane, of giving in to the pull of the two opposite ends of my mind and body and letting them tear me to pieces. It's as if he's the glue, the very fibers holding me together. It's a balancing act for him to hold me together and keep from losing himself in the process. I'm waiting for the crash to come. Sooner or later, we're both going to hit the bottom and it's going to hurt like hell no matter what we do.

Have My Most Dear Dreams Come True?

Chapter 6 of 6

Something I had to get off my mind because I thought life just became too good to be true.

Have my most dear dreams come true?

Are you really here with me?

Can it be that all the heaviness and
crushing pain have vanished so fast?

I don't know what to think or feel now,
you hold me in your arms and
tell me that you love me always.

You gave her up for me and I left him too.

Now the two of us are here now, together,
with your question hanging in the air.

Everyone would say that we're too young,
too soon together to make such plans.

But I have loved you five years now,
both beside you and apart,
and my love has never failed.

So here we are, now to the end,
my answer is and has always been,

I don't want anything more...

I suppose you may have noticed a different tone to this particular piece. Well, it has been a very eventful weekend. My boyfriend and I were supposed to leave for camp to serve as counselors on Saturday, but most of the buildings on the camp burned down after what they think was an electrical short in the main transformer. That night my boyfriend and I went out to eat and we got into a terrible fight in the parking lot. He broke up with me and left me there. So I called Gerard and asked him to come pick me up. When he got out of his car I just fell into his arms and cried until I ached. Darren (my boyfriend) had said some truly hurtful things and I did love him as a friend, although I don't know how much of a chance we have for that now. Gerard brought me home and held me while I cried. He stayed the night with me and took me to church yesterday morning. I had a panic attack when I saw Darren and ran out of the building screaming and crying. Gerard followed me outside and worked me through the attack. Then he asked me to marry him, and God help me I said yes.