

Lost Love Poems

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Lily Clarisa

Dedication

To my Misery Muse

&

To my Babe

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Part One

Guts over Fear

Guts over fear
this love is blinding,
but thrives on low light
like it doesn't know;
it was choking me in my sleep,
winding me up
just to tear me apart.

Guts over fear
I'm sweating bullets,
from my lashes to my tears
like I'd ever give you up;
you make me fly in my dreams
—high above—
just to make me love.

Guts over fear can't you only be mine?
Why must I show you around?
To others who might not understand
the magic you hold in my mind,
making me fly just to tear me apart.

Don't Look Now

Don't look now
he's staring at me
from across the room
with a light gaze
an intense blue;
He does not know
he cannot touch
the work of art
or even the muse
too broken to be on display
with a frame so bruised;

Don't look now
he won't stop staring
his eyes so guileless
while I cower away
from his intense gaze
with the purest hues;
but don't look now
he meets my eyes
two broken browns
in an endless disarray.

I look now.

The Prey

Caught in the act
of pure seduction,
freckles plaster your skin
beauty marks if I've ever seen them.

There's something so pure about you
the way your gaze penetrates;
"Those bespeckled eyes,
That lopsided grin!"

Caught in the act
of checking you out,
tracing every inch of your skin
with my mouth agape.