

To Let Love Slip Through My Fingers

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A short poem about ridding romantic love and even begging for it to leave. (note: this is just a random poem it is not completely based off of how I feel)



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To let love slip through my fingers
I must be crazy.
I feel you there in the deeper
Parts of me,
Maybe a kiss will make you disappear,
Or my ill will to succeed will adhere
Slip.
Drip.
Dip through my fingers,
You have no business here.

To let love slip through my fingers
Is to let the love leave me be.
The caffeine to my insomnia
May be doused by the warm milk of sense,
But sense ain't carved into my insignia.
Let it be, let me be.
Slip,
Tip,
Slip!
I beg of you, leave me!

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