

Love's Cold Touch

By : **sirens calling**

This was inspired by an Alex Pardee picture of a woman kissing a tree-man. If you're confused, look up Night of the Treeple. It was for my eighth grade language arts class, when we were told to pick three artworks from one artist and write poems about them. I'll see if I can find the other two.

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Love's Cold Touch

Tears roll down porcelain cheeks,
Lost in the haze of mid-October rain;
She falls to her knees --
at the grave of her love.
She presses her cheek against the gnarled bark,
tracing letters
and hearts --
A million names
carved into the tree
by drunken pocketknives.
She closes her eyes and remembers:
A laugh,
a smile,
the warmth of his fingertips
pressed gently against her lips.
She feels his hand reach for her;
Asking her to join him
once more.
His arms wrap around her,
and sheâs enveloped in splintering bark.
The hallucination fades;
She is driven to madness.

Love's Cold Touch

I walk by and freeze --

Mesmerized by the rope

slung around a delicate neck,

the body hanging lifelessly

from snarled branches

in the moonlight.

Captivated â

By a love that meant enough

to die for,

and slipped though

her fingers

by nothing more than accident.

But now,

theyâ ll be together

in the depths of forever.

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