

Courtney Johnson

**A Love So Rich it Bleeds**

The flaming red drops  
Of my hot boiling blood  
Sprinkle onto the fresh, sterile whiteness  
That has been laid out before me.  
My cherry lips  
A bow knotted and split,  
They turn upward in a smile,  
As the shattered stained glass teardrops  
Of my eyes fall and blow.  
Such pain, such a schism!  
I am opened and pouring out—  
Pure as heaven, clear as water,  
I bubble and spout.  
I cannot control it  
Or I'll endure far worse blows—  
I'm a wreck over this emotion—  
As love sits,  
Resting upon my nose.

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### **Clouds**

Whisps of whiteness  
Soft, fluffy  
Twirled around  
The blue pool of sky,  
Like a cotton field  
In the midst of an ocean  
Gentle they are,  
Moving slowly  
As if grazing  
On the blue that surrounds them,  
Carefree and comfortable,  
They swirl onward.