

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.