

11-15-2012

Love Is . . .

Melissa Kalinowski
Grand Valley State University

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Recommended Citation

Kalinowski, Melissa (2000) "Love Is . . .," *Italics*: Vol. 2000: Iss. 1, Article 29.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics/vol2000/iss1/29>

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Love Is . . .

MELISSA KALINOWSKI

Love is heavy.
I have hooked my hands
like straightened coat hangers into your heart
and hang with the weight of the years
where we will sleep together each night
slowly dying,
rocks upon our chests
smothered down till we clutch one another
in angry desperation.

Love is unforgiving,
promises of burden the two of you share.
You have doubled the pain,
doubled the risks,
a Siamese freak show traveling the land.
You take on another heart
which feels more like a wound.

Love is final.
Falling in love is like eating a peach,
underneath the juice, fuzz, and sweetness
you find a hard, dry core seed
hiding, ashamed to be found out.
All pleasures are eaten soon
and settle into tiny secrets of disappointment.
You bite at the center
your teeth glad to be of use.