

OUR LOVE NOW

Martyn Lowery

I said,
observe how the wound heals in time,
how the skin slowly knits
and once more becomes whole.
The cut will mend, and such
is our relationship.

I said,
observe the scab of the scald,
the red burnt flesh is ugly,
but it can be hidden.
In time it will disappear,
Such is our love, such is our love.

I said,
remember how when you cut your hair,
you feel different, and somehow incomplete.
But the hair grows - before long
it is always the same.
Our beauty together is such.

I said,
listen to how the raging storm
damages the trees outside.
The storm is frightening
but it will soon be gone.
People will forget it ever existed.
The breach in us can be mended.

She said,
Although the wound heals
and appears cured, it is not the same.
There is always a scar.
A permanent reminder
Such is our love now.

She said,
Although the burn will no longer sting
and we'll almost forget that it's there,
the skin remains bleached

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and a numbness prevails.
Such is our love now.

She said,
After you've cut your hair,
it grows again slowly. During that
time changes must occur,
the style will be different.
Such is our love now.

She said,
Although the storm is temporary
and soon passes,
it leaves damage in its wake
which can never be repaired.
The tree is forever dead.
Such is our love.