

So Lovely is the Loneliness

When I think of love I no less dream
of a body that has been hurt as much as mine.
In this dream are splinters of unbecoming,
sharp and committed to fracture my shell
before it has chance to lift in search
of other tears to dry. I no longer seal
my breath as some might want me to—
For the man to tell me of love in spells
of healing is no man to admit the pain
that comes with becoming. On the float
of white rose petals I might listen
to the whisper, but I do not hear the sound.
Perhaps the track of blades through my heart
is the future working in me today—
so that I may understand all his pain
when my infant spirit rises to kiss
his palm. I will whisper, Yes. I will hold
each part of him made in the darkness
and prove that darkness as his beauty.
When I think of love I picture no one
to heal what is torn within myself,
but someone to offer a table so I may stitch
those parts together again. And in the crescent
of this stitching and the eye of the needle
I would too stitch my whole heart till it beat
with the lake of all my days and nights.
Maybe he does not need to be hurt.
Maybe he needs to know what hurt feels like.
For I am still a boy wanting to know what
that loneliness might feel like with another.

Nathanael Wheatcroft-Brown

2nd Prize in the Young Poets Category

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