

Dear Lover,

By Lori Jenessa Nelson

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By: Lori Nelson

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DEAR LOVERS,

WELL...

YOU KNOW

WHAT YOU DID

we speak of love in categories

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SEARCH
&
DISCOVERY

Dear Lover,

I always imagined that love wore hand-knit Cosby sweaters and was stitched of nothing so common as acrylic or wool. But cashmere-soft, alpaca-warm, and very, very vintage, so when you wear it, you feel like a well-dressed hug. Even wool can last for centuries when well-woven and loved. But shouldn't love be snug and have seams in all the proper places? Complement, but never cover, and breathable so your skin never itches until you rub in *I-Can't-Believe-It's-Not-Butter*.

Could love be a disguise, a cape of leprechaun clovers? Isn't love that special thing you brag about to your mother? Is it soaked in silk, or wrapped in cheap plastic? Does it have a fancy zipper or a waistband of elastic? Is love a hipster in bohemian skirts or a three piece suit in Prada selling five hundred dollar shirts? Does love wear plucked eyebrows and a double coat of mascara? Does it stare at itself naked in a full-length mirror?

Maybe your love wears a beaded headdress and feathers, but I always imagined it wore hand-knit Cosby sweaters.

Dear Lover,

If you are empty

I am open

a lock is nothing without a key to close it,

a saucer needs tea

like sugar needs a spoon

a model does not both

pose and paint

think of

dissolving sugar, sweetened teas

Matcha whisks and sheltering saucers

ceramic teapots and crochet coasters

a heat that creeps from tea to saucer

a warmth spread by a sweetening spoon

what is a journey

without someone who wanders

if sometimes a pair

is made of two

Dear Lover,

We have been walking this Earth for the sum of our lives, waiting to bump into each other. At that moment, what was broken in us both, became fixed, and our fractures were mended. We were never two halves waiting to find a match, but two wholes searching for a bond that would be unbreakable.

Dear Lover,

I sat in sweat and stale beer
from the bar

on a couch of dark leather
in your apartment

I watched you

Smile

while you unbuttoned your collared shirt

I blushed a reddish shade of blue
for I do think

I have never seen

a naked you before

beneath a shower rain

you sprayed water in my face

and we danced last night

and it was already floating away

becoming a warm memory

your hand pressing

against my back

our spines twisting

as one

candy cane sweetness

intoxicating

I wore your hair

on my ears

felt the warmth

of your exhale

on my lips

your skin caressed me

your warmth drew me in

I was falling and flying

your heart was singing

a song I'd never heard before

but my body knew your rhythm

I think my heart knows you

my fingers trembling
stroking the skin of your throat
and you were a dream
I whispered sonnets to
let my heart hold your love
while your heart is
holding mine

Dear Lover,

I remember you wore fabulous shoes, leather shoes, worn in, scuffed shoes that had life and had been lived in. And your voice sounded above my left ear like a whisper caught in the force of a wind. My eyes traveled twenty hands up your body, taking in the sight of that scuffed leather, black jeans hugging charismatic thighs, and I was smiling as my eyes grabbed onto the trim of your Cosby sweater. My eyes tiptoed up, up, past colors rudely dazzling, full lips, a golden nose stud, and your eyes—they glowed like star-topped Christmas trees. My breath stuck, your lungs heaved. And in that instant, we both breathed.

Dear Lover,
I sigh your name
with a little shiver
up a naked spine
knees of the most exquisite
chocolate fondue
my stomach quivers
suspicion gone,
truth accepted,
with doe-y eyes
and serenity

Dear Lover,

Loving you was like jumping into the dark side of a pool: all deep thoughts and displaced stomachs and a curious feeling of falling and flying, a distant splash, submersion, the loss of reality, floating, eyes blinking open, everything blurred, ethereal, light glowing, streaks of sun light, legs thrashing, weightless feeling, heavenly, feeling somehow not alive, but much more than dead, an unyielding peace, and finally, I have wings and I am an angel flying gently, soaring, warm, warm, lightheaded, deaf to everything but the sweet timbre of your voice.

And I feel unprepared for such peacefulness but I realize I have been preparing all my life to make a blind jump in untrusting faith, for your cloud of heaven to float my way. And there is fear of re-acclimation to gravity, fears of surfacing, of losing you, and never knowing how it feels to be loved by you. And I try to hold onto this moment, smiling, blinking back tears, stroking your hair, as reality creeps in and I wonder how, *how*, can I feel so weightless, floating, falling and flying all at once, overwhelming joy at finally knowing what it really feels like to be in heaven.

Loving you was against physics, a disaster, unpredicted. But I wanted to love you again and again. Loving you was like jumping into the dark side of a pool, and drowning.

Dear Lover,
Love is floating beneath the roof
waiting for the perfect moment
to tackle your tongue
when you are too vulnerable
and defenseless
to keep running
it is waiting...
to slide inside
and froth out
simmering
on the surface
of your vulnerable mind
waiting for the moment of completion
the claim and the possession
and then, you slid inside of me
and your lips took mine with fire
the baptism of a galaxy,
the marriage of Saturn's rings,
the birth of a star,
the sacrifice of a moon,
Love's hands around my neck
choking me
the claim and the possession
we were vulnerable
and I could do nothing more
than breathe your name
over and over
while you breathed mine

Something

About

Sleeping

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