BOYGENE BORICE

Love & CIGARETTES

for the hearts, broken & healing

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For the hearts, broken, ad healing

And

For my Mother: **Roselyn Mary**

THE CHAOS

Genesis

In the beginning, I found love,

Her beauty was as the lining of clouds,
Her eyes as reflections of the moon,
Her skin as the lilies in fresh waters,

Aaah, she held me close,
My heart was hers,
Just like smoke and the lungs.

Exodus

When she came,
She held me close to her heart,
Gave me salvation,
Nursed me like a mother to her baby.

In Canaan, I whispered to myself,
I have arrived,
Here, my soul will thrive like weeds,
Along the banks of a river.

As I rest in the flowing rivers,
Of honey and milk.

Deuteronomy

On the way to the land of milk and honey,
With her beauty sparkling like,
The new moon and radiating as the rays of the sun,

Her words pampered my heart,
Like a fountain of fresh waters,
Lulling me to tranquility.

I have found life here, my heart rejoiced,

She was my shield,
From all that can harm a man.

Numbers

In her bosom, I rested,
Counting my blessings,
While blossoming like roses in Netherlands,

When the heart finds love,
It has found a good thing,

I had found a good thing,
A woman of virtue and affluence.

Leviticus

In the garden of her soul,
were laws I dared not break,
whispers of sacredness bound in kisses,
and rituals of touch upon touch.

Her breath was incense to my lonely prayers,
her body the altar,
where I laid down my dreams,
and lit fires that could never stay contained.

Joshua

She crossed the river of my doubts,
and conquered my fears,
like Jericho, my walls fell at her laughter.

In her embrace, I claimed a land,
where even the thorns sang of springtime,
where every battle was a dance,
and every night a coronation.

Judges

Yet after the kisses came chaos,
after the warmth, the winter.
My heart was plundered by shadows,
and what once was wine, turned to vinegar.

She judged me without mercy,
and in the ruins of my soul,
I heard only the cold gavel
of her leaving.

Ruth

Still, amid the broken stalks of love,
I gleaned memories of her touch,
the way a widow finds grain
in the corners of a foreign field.

Her memory was a kindness
I clutched to my chest,
a perfume lingering
on clothes worn thin by sorrow.

1 Samuel

In the court of my soul,
I asked for a king,
and she crowned herself upon my heart.

But her reign was crueler than winter,
and the oil of gladness dried up,
while I, the fool, sang psalms
to a throne already empty.

2 Samuel

Even after the betrayals,
even after the sword entered my side,
I wrote songs of her goodness,
of the battles we once won hand-in-hand.

O Love, the mighty fall not in a day,
but inch by inch,
as kisses turn to daggers.

1 Kings

At first, she built me a temple,
her laughter, my cathedral,
her promises, golden pillars.

But idols crept in;
little grievances, tiny betrayals;
until even the holy of holies
was silent and bare.

2 Kings

I watched as the fires consumed us,
every memory turned to ash.
And she, my queen,
was now just a rumor in the wind.

No more prophets spoke to me,
no visions at night,
only silence as thick
as grief.

1 Chronicles

I recorded every heartbeat,
every glance, every brush of her hand,
as scribes record the rise and fall of kings.

Love was once my history,
now it is merely
my ruin.