

Love Poems

Exclamation!
Longing,
longing.

Nautical metaphor.

Exclamation,
exclamation,
very sexy sexual innuendo.

Rejection of one metaphor
then another,
then another.

Declaration of love
describing an abstract place.

Botanical simile.

Explanation of gratitude for requited feelings,
contemplation on the boundaries of love.

Expression of physical intimacy
describing the ways in which
two people may occupy one space.

My Favorite Poems

“ , , , , ; ,
 , , , , ! ,
 !”
 , , , , ; ,
 “ , , , , ! ,
 !”
 , , , , , ,
 “ , , , , , ,
 , , , , , ,
 “ , , , , ! ,
 !”
 , , , , , ,
 ! , , , , , ,
 “ , , , , ! ,
 !”

, , , , ,
 , , , , ,
 — , , , ,
 — , , , ,

Distance Intimacy Sonnets: Email Sign-offs from a Break-Up

I want to be kissing you, legs entwined with you, talking in whispers and small voices with you.
Hundreds of little impressions, qualities, gestures, phrases, laughs, touches from last night
Keep floating past, slowly, long enough for me to spend some time with each.
There's an impetuous part of myself who doesn't understand why you can't be
Sleeping here tonight.
Talk to you tomorrow,
Get over here!
My body keeps talking to me about you,
How lovely!
See you soon,
I totally miss you!
My heart feels enormous and happy when I think about you.
How's about I come to your place tonight?
Soon.

I miss you,
I'm sorry.
My little day wants to entwine its legs with your little day,
I wish I were working across this table from you.
Peeplove,
It's really, really nice having you on the other end of this tin can.
Yours,
Jogging? Wrestling? Greased wrestling?!?
Hi you. I'm feeling all happy and liquid thinking about you.
Sending telepathic sweet nothings. And some select sweet somethings.
Are you thinking about rolling around in bed, bare legs entwined? i am.
So yours,
I sneak down into your office and garden and bed 1000 times a day,
in my mind.
Soon,

Underlined passages from Sylvia Plath's copy of Virginia Woolf's
Mrs. Dalloway

it almost broke my
heart too, he thought; and was overcome with his own
grief, which rose like a moon looked at from a terrace,
ghastly beautiful with light from the sunken day.

"I am in love,"

but in her heart she felt, all the same; he is in love. He
has that, she felt; he is in love.