

OLD LOVE

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Hatred was his solace, and love was his devil. Hatred held him tight as a young boy holds on to a kite. The angry demon consumed him, making the man feel safe in a state of melancholy. Love, on the other hand, seemed to visit him in his daydreams like a whimsical fiend. Love soaked into his being taking him over like blood on a white shirt. His body bounced and reverberated sounds of happy emotions and words to love's beat. The heart racing, the eyes dilating, the heat rising, the lips pressing seemed to be the man's addiction. Having someone in his corner to speak to him when he was down was as good as a pull of the blunt.

The more care, the more honest support given, the more intense his cravings grew. The hotness of passion grew in him, greeting his partner with kisses tasting succulent as passion fruit. His fingers gripped his partner's body like keys unlocking the secrets of their soul. Likewise, the partner's soul accepted the invitation of opening, resounding melodies of happiness, yet sorrow, alike. The space their two bodies intermingled and communicated through touch became sacred land. The arc of the covenant was their bodies, and the holy spirit was the space in between their eyes where they held each other's gaze.

However, when the colors of his love revealed themselves, the man's feelings of rosy intimacy distorted itself into a frenzy of restless vipers. The airy feeling he once felt was greeted with a crash onto the suffocating ground. His spirit shattered upon impact, hearing only the perverted echoes of once beautiful memories. The succulent passion fruit he gave became rotten and bitter with worms of despair swallowing the whole of the remains. Toxic sugar fumed out of the decrepit fruit, pouring into the air, an aroma of confusion. Love fled his eyes, finding solace under the dark soul of hatred.

Hatred festered in his soul while cockroaches of fury burrowed within his insides. His zenith drug turned into a forcible dose of depression, coercing him into a state of volatility and calamity. Vibrant colors of love were replaced by monochromic black and whites of his bruised soul. His tears were fire, and his screams were war cries. Every step was a part of a run, a marathon, to outrun old emotions, old heartache, old love.