

As The Gods Intended

by Jé Maverick

As the gods intended, the core of my old soul
pulses with your ancient light. Even now,
your vivid energy fountains like a supernova,
and you, inside me,
gleam with a new life.
You are my new star, and I gaze
upon you with curious eyes.
Yet inside yourself, darkness falls
like an iron veil: your spirit is a damp stone,
and your hands hold a thin warmth.
Often, you cast your light over the precipice
of your longing, peering for another's face.
The harpoon of old sorrows
strikes too deep for consolation.

So it must be as this, for
a heart cannot travel any less
than a full journey. Even as you tremble
with the stern burden of your foreign pains;
even as you are cut short by the guillotine
of empty solace, new star,
I will hold your light:
the patient core of my old soul
will wait to love you
as the gods intended.

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