Poetry Selections

UNKNOWN Author-

When she walks away from you mad:
Follow her.

When she stares at your mouth:
Kiss her.

When she pushes you or hits you:
Grab her and don't let go.

When she starts cussing at you:
Kiss her and tell her you love her.

When she's quiet:
Ask her what's wrong.

When she ignores you:
Give her your attention.

When she pulls away:
Pull her back.

When you see her at her worst:
Tell her she's beautiful.

When you see her start crying:
Just hold her and don't say a word.

When you see her walking:
Sneak up and hug her waist from behind.

When she's scared:
Protect her.

When she lays her head on your shoulder:
Tilt her head up and kiss her.

When she steals your favourite shirt:
Let her keep it and sleep with it for a night.

When she teases you:
Tease her back and make her laugh.

When she doesn't answer for a long time:
Reassure her that everything is okay.

When she looks at you with doubt:
Back yourself up.

When she says that she likes you:
She really does more than you could understand.

When she grabs at your hands:
Hold hers and play with her fingers.

When she bumps into you:
Bump into her back and make her laugh.

When she tells you a secret:
Keep it safe and untold.

When she looks at you in your eyes:
Don't look away until she does.

When she misses you:
She's hurting inside.

When you break her heart:
The pain never really goes away.

When she says its over:
She still wants you to be hers.

Rita Dove- Her Island

Around us blazed stones, closed ground.

Waiters lounge, stricken with sirocco,

ice cream disintegrates to sticky residue

fit for flies and ants. Summer, the dead season.

All the temples of Agrigento

line up like a window's extracted wisdom teeth,

orcher-stained, proud remnants

of the last sturdy thing about her.

We wander among orange peels and wax

wrappings flecked with grease,

tilt our guidebook, pages blank from sun, and peer

up into the bottomless air. Between columns

blue slahes of a torched heaven. No.

Let it go: Nothing will come of this.