

love (luv) n. 1, affection for another person

what a crock of shit-

a young fellow
tries to explain to me
that love is a
relatively new idea

that the word
love
was created by
the French
and therefore
is a flabby
hollow
word used
by fools
incapable of a thought process
above that of an insect
or wine gnat

well,
balls

and I have to say:
sonny,
(even though we are the same age)
love is not a new idea

the name of it
perhaps

the word
we've been given
to describe it
is new

but not the feeling

the feeling
is the oldest thing
there is

before
madness
and hatred
there was love

why do you think
there is all that
madness and hatred?

it is a feeling
that boils and churns
and pumps and bleeds

it spits itself out of your heart
like steam from a train,
billowing clouds of it
overtaking you

it is so great
that even as I feel it now,
at this very moment
I can not describe
its power

imagine
one million fists
pounding on your chest at once

all the pain is there,
all of it
but with each blow
your heart grows
twice its size
until it literally
cannot grow anymore
and bursts
like a water balloon
in a child's hand

it makes you so ferocious
that you want to scream
and join in,

pounding against your chest;
one million and two fists

it is not something you can read in a book
or learn about in a class

the fact that there is a definition
of love in the dictionary
is preposterous

and such a pitiful one at that

it should say:
love n. **1**,
the thing that makes you want
to rip your still-beating heart
from your chest and give it
to another person
on a silver platter to eat

it should say:
the thing that renders
your brain useless

for love
doesn't care about
logic

it laughs
in its miserable face

it sets fire
to your mind
and stands
watching it burn
dancing around the smoke
like wild Indians

it is the greatest
damned thing we have
because it allows you
to forget yourself

it is the one thing
that makes selfishness
cower away like a
flea-bitten
yellow dog

and there is so much of it
squandered and forgotten
and silenced

too often
madness and hatred
prevail

too often
fear takes hold

the fear of loving someone
so much that you
could lose yourself
completely

and then the fear
of once you're lost
being destroyed,
hurt and disappointed,
broken

and that fear
is enough
to make
someone
try and forget
about love

to call it a
made up word

but there is no regret
like letting *real* love
slip through your fingers

to drop it

like a rubber ball
in the midst of a stampede

you have to grab hold of it
and hump it
until it shouts
Hallelujah!

because in the end all we have to show for ourselves
is what kind of feeling we've evoked in someone else
for we cannot show our own feeling,
the feeling inside