

Jealous

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Who is she?

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/jealous.aspx>

I found your letters. I found all your texts, your private messages, Your emails and your letters; Every single letter of your letters. You wrote them as if you are a stranger to me; As if you don't know me, As if you are not the man I cannot live without; The one whom I care so deeply for; You, whom I love so incessantly. I read what you wrote to her. Who is she? Where did you find her? Did she sweep into your life like Aphrodite, Charging down the white horses As she rose from the ocean foam? What romantic crap to spout! What pathetic drivel to smear across The crisp, clean papers and screens! What mockery you make of this Poor, bedraggled existence of mine With your words. You write of her ever-changing eyes, So many colours in one, turning about with her moods. Blue and deep as the twilight on a spring night, Mysterious and twinkling with mischievous stars; Brown as the acorns, and fertile as earth, With a gleam of autumn richness and homespun steadfastness; Grey as the tempest skies That drive the winter waves to hammer the storm beaches; Green and lush as the meadows, Speckled with fresh summer wildflowers that smile in the breezes. You see all these things when you look Into just two eyes. Her eyes. You write of what you see when you regard her form, So far away from you, And yet closer than companions; As close as two lovers exploring each other's hidden places, And yet so far across the miles. You write of her luscious shape, Rounded and curvy and Ripe for plucking; Ripe for squeezing like September fruits That ooze and run free with juices and nectars. You write of how you will lick up her honey, Of how you will plunge deep inside her, Searching for treasure and finding yourself Encased in sliding, rapturous happiness. Who is she? You write of how you see her heart on her face; Of how her crooked teeth in her giggling smile speak of Finding the sun behind the clouds and bringing forth the rainbows; Of how the curve of her plump cheeks Mirrors the softness of her tender words, And the creases framing her smiling eyes speak of Her history: Her traumas, her triumphs, her pain, and her hopes. You write of how you see her words, Wrapped around your heart and mind like Hands holding a lover; Now grasping and clinging, Now stroking and smoothing, Now calming and loving, Now supporting and lifting. I hate her. You write of

her as something or someone Whom your life was made to be with; As if to remove her now would
Tear a hole in your being And rend the fabric of your universe, Until all that remained were tiny scraps
Of forlorn desperation. You write of her as if she does more than Make you Hallmark Whole. You
write of her as if she is A part of you that I can never touch, Never hold, Never rejoice in, Never
embrace. And I hate her. Because when I look into the mirror you are holding before me, Crying and
anxious for me to recognise the form Your heart implodes with love for, I cannot see the woman that
you see. And I am jealous.