

Question

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 May 2011

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

The willow branch whispers softly against her ear; you love he sweet dear. Her brain kicks violently against her skull; you will do no such thing! Why is it so hard? His mouth moves and his voice flows like a slow moving creek against her smooth skin. I love thee. Her face cracks in a sad smile-those words make her cry inside her heart. Her brain opens its ugly mouth- you love thee not! He moves away- Why trust me not? She looks up at the sky Her brain and heart agreeing on nothing and everything. Why is it so difficult to trust thee? I love thee! Her hand squeezes and life disappears. You love thee not kind child. Their lips press against the others and she smiles. You love me so? Nails against skin sun kissed eye lashes flutter about-searching for the answers to the questions. Where did love go? My sweet child; I love thee so! She chooses to believe! and must let go. You love me-- her brain screams at the next part only her heart knows the truth. And I love thee so!