Red Heart Special

A Selection of Poems Written for St. Valentine's Day

By E. M. Otten

Roses are red,

Daisies aren't yellow,

When I first saw you,

I was like,

"Aw, hell no."

I love you more than rainy days,

And modern country music.

I love you more than leg waxes and

Stepping in fresh dog-shit.

I love you more than spilling coffee

And finger web paper cuts.

I love you more than allergies and

Beer cans of cigarette butts.

I love you just a little,

But a little is enough.

Four blushing kisses,

Three nights together,

Two love confessions,

One argument on weather.

Two hidden eye-rolls,

Three nights apart.

Four days of silence,

One broken heart.

L ove is
O verrated and
V ery much a hoax,
E specially on Valentine’s Day.

Roses are red,

Like the blood in your veins,

And the wounds on your skin,

And the carpet stains.

It's not that I love you,

It's not that I don't.

I just want you to stay,

Though I know you won't.

Dear Valentine,
I know you don’t want anything to do with me,
But here I am, pouring all my feelings at your feet.
Dear Valentine,
I know you asked me to stay away from you,
But here I am, because I don’t know what else to do.
Dear Valentine,
I know I shouldn’t be calling so late at night,
But I haven’t heard from you, I hope we’re not in a fight.
Dear Valentine,
Just stop yelling and listen to what I have to say.
I tell you that I love you and you tell me to go away.
Dear Valentine,
I didn’t want to hurt you quite like this.
But you made me do it.
Now, give me one last dying kiss.