Red Heart Special
2020

A Collection of Poetry written for

St. Valentine's Day

By E. M. Otten

Love doesn’t mean what it used to mean,
It’s not smiles and promises and rings.
Love isn’t what you thought it was,
Love, as we learn it, doesn’t mean a thing.
It’s not blindly walking hand in hand
No matter what lies ahead.
It’s not promising your body to one man
Until you both are cold and dead.
Love can’t show you which way is up,
The path you walk must be your own.
Be careful not to fill another’s cup,
If yours is as dry and brittle as bone.
They must walk their own trail, too,
But you both may step in stride,
As two lonesome paths grow nearer and nearer
Until they run separately side by side.

Morning, and your kisses taste like coffee.

The caffeine in your lips shakes me awake.

Legs weak, I stumble downstairs to the kitchen

To pour myself a steaming cup

And drown last night's mistakes.

Nighttime, and your kisses taste like whiskey.

Your drowsy eyes are filled with toxic lust.

No self-control, I climb into your bed again

To fill myself with emptiness

And let you crush my heart to dust.

I’m lonesome now
Only for you
And no one else
On earth will do.

Love me, love me,

Every day.

Love me, love me,

And I'll stay.

Roses are dead,
Violets are bruised,
If you touch me again
I will fucking kill you.

Summon up a demon
With an arrow and a bow
And two red horns
Atop his head
And a trusty steed
Who is all but slow.

Summon up the courage
To ask of him one wish,
Offer him fresh bread and
Cheese and wine and
Apples and corn and
A still-breathing fish.

Summon up the payment
For the deed he must do
And send the demon
Down to aim his weapon
Right at my fragile heart
And let his arrow fly true.

Love is lunacy,

Oh, let me be, for love is

Venomous to me and of its fruits I cannot

Eat.