

THE PLEASURES OF PAIN

By Eric V. Lowery

Please don't leave. Your absence haunts me, almost to death, shaking, shivering, almost hypothermia like the way I lose my breath. Lord please, refrain me from this pain and torment, this feeling of abandonment held hostage to my own imprisonment, unable to escape these feelings and images. Hear how my heart beats, notice how I tremble inside, painted so vividly in my mind's eye like the Mona Lisa. She is to me what the sun is to the moon, illuminating my world whenever she smiles at me. Her presence contrasting the mood, her voice caressing like a beautiful tune, the feeling of nervousness overwhelming my right speech, though the beauty she possesses keeps me seeking her occupancy. Made from pure perfection, her love for knowledge and wisdom only intrigues me to want something more than just a connection. Bound by her love, my heart's loneliness only coercing this infections jealousy for her affection. Teardrops of joy sure to fall at the first sign of her acceptance, writings scrawled on the wall, not on the bathroom stall but on my heart. How long shall we be apart? Years, days, months? Until then, nothing remains but pain and puzzled thoughts.