



Taranveer S. Bains

Open Ages Poetry Contest Entry

Sweet Poison

To again taste that awful ambrosia
To feel inexplicable pain and joy
To be in that moment with her. Frozen.
I would endure His each and ev'ry ploy.
Do you know what it is of that I speak?
Love. The love I speak of is pure. Gentle.
Before this love, even demons are meek
Its occurrence not coincidental.
Selfless. Powerful. Timeless is this love
It gives all and asks for naught in return
Its departure is a curse from above
For God is jealous, for this love He yearns.
Lord, I beseech thee, once more, let me feel
A love, that within all the lies is real.