

Well, I would call that love (No. 2)

In those nights,
if I could reach you,

this is what I'd say:

'Forsake your God
(for something nobler)

and, for me,
(although it's cold)
undress yourself

of pretence.'

With love, I know
you'd find me here –

wrapped-up, you'd
step down damp lit streets,

and let yourself into this empty room,
and sit with me on this wooden floor,

and talk me down from my fear.