

Clare Socolow
Love ghazal

You said it's different for you, it's not the claimed feeling,
You want to speak, but tremble 'cause it's just too much pain, feeling.

I avoided it because, I could never have it because,
It wasn't for me. To cope, I told myself it was a lame feeling.

Under salt-licked trees I watch clouds move and dreamt of car rides
With two hands on the gearshift. The sky tilted, and I became feeling.

My friends and I, on pink flower carpets would fight over our
doll friends and doll kens because then it seemed like a game, feeling.

I saw pixels fighting and only thought that I hated TV. I didn't
understand forgiving someone until I felt the flame feeling.

You are trapped in your own ruthless battle, I can't do anything
But bare it. You've never known how to frame feeling.

Warm lights in my bedroom exposed my crawling skin, itching at the
Wasted time. I expected more than Friday nights while you try to blame feeling.

Poems and plays and movies and books made it seem too
devastating to ignore. It is, and I wish it weren't such a famed feeling.

And me, clear and bright on the other side, see intertwined red strings
interrupting clouds and wonder if you and I ever had the same feeling.