

THE IDIOCY OF LOVE

When every moment of clarity is a happy memory or a fantasy
and your inner Goth laughs things off
and beats up your inner Morrissey;
there's a glow in your eyes that warms your surroundings
and the friends that aren't avoiding you say you're looking less pasty;

When you can't stop yourself smiling,
even though you're pining,
then your psyche's intertwined
with the idiocy of love.

It's like waking up in the perfect dream
where you're dancing on clouds of fresh esteem;
and every tiny flashback sends a shiver to your knees,
like icy fingers on a window pane,
when it's pattering with rain
and very dark indeed.

This time last month
you had all the sex appeal of a broken catheter.
You were washed up forever on the lonely shores of sadness,
with some waterlogged baggage and an absence of shoulders,
and you were more down in the dumps than a diabetic Oompa Loompa.

And then you met, and you swooned
like you'd been jabbed in the guts with a gouging spoon,
and although you're trying to tell yourself not to rush into things too soon,
you're singing morning has broken to trainloads of commuters
and giggling at police cordons;
skipping gaily through the shopping malls like a spring lamb in ...
... spring,
and giving hugs to baffled Mormons.

When you've been caught unprepared,
but you don't care to feel scared,
you've been hopelessly ensnared
by the idiocy of love.

Cupid's polished his big purple arrow
and shot it at your battered cherry,
and now you've changed from a right surly tosser
into an impish little spunk monkey,

So next time you see a couple of kids with boils

all over each other like warm oil,
you can show a little empathy,

'Cause someone crept inside your skin
and gave your soul a kiss,
so let the hawks fly round in their endless circles,
while you spread your wings and take the risk
of finding Heaven with the doves,
because for every colossal act of hatred
there's a thousand tiny acts of love.

Rob Gee