

The Weight of Poetry

Jade Wilson

Soft hands caress,
whispering to the paper on my writing desk.

Ode to the ghosts I remember every day,
Who could not love as openly as I do.

Brown eyes meet hazel, blue and green;
The heart beats within my rib cage,
Strong as the wings of the sparrows
Living in the city as if it were still untamed forest.

Ode to every one of us
Who has felt that the forest died waiting
For us to realise that we were not broken for sharing
The heartbeat of a bird.

Ode to the different ways that I have loved.
Ode to the different ways that I have flown.

Ode to my friends, hearts beating with mine,
Picking petals from the ground with heavy hands
Counting all of our “love me’s” and “love me nots”;
Rebuilding bouquets burnt by the ashes of someone’s hate.

Oh, how we know that despite the world’s resistance,
The love that grows inside us grows within us all.

Brown eyes meet gold, green, blue.
The ocean roars in my veins as the sun
Reflects all of my favourite colours in her eyes.

In the face of all of us,
I think of her.

Heavy is the gold in her eyes.
Heavy is my love.
Heavy is the weight of my ancestors’ ghosts
Kissing in the shadows.



I think of how they bore the colours of a flag not yet sewn and
I whisper to her, when I think she cannot hear me.

“At sunset, may I take you to the graveyard where the lovers lie?
To the souls, tired from living years of unjust prosecution.

Might I show you to them, so that they come again to life
And dance with us upon the grasses, so the whole world will know, finally,
by the rhythm of our footsteps, that love has resisted all arrests.”

Heavy is the weight of a thousand gone lovers,
Holding us as I lean to her in the way that they could not.

Gentle is the pressing of my words to her neck,
The way the sun presses to the curves of the mountains at sunset.

I whisper to her, when I think she cannot hear me.

“Are you a poet?”

Would you mind if I made you one?

If I threw my heart to the snow so that it might freeze
The same colour as your skin, might I kiss you and make you the sunset?
Might I hold you and beg your forgiveness for making you my love?
For casting upon you, the legacy of a thousand illegal lovers.

Forever I will apologise, but, Love,
Might we hold our flag together, for everyone who could not hold theirs?

Might we, for the sake of us, become poetry?”