

Drylove

by Anisha

i saw

how love dried on your skin
and formed a crust,
hard to penetrate.
the rains were few,
the sun had scorching heat
but little light to shine upon you.

i saw how you tried
to peel that dried love
off your skin
but ended up ripping
the little love that was left.

i saw

how you fell down and cried,
into the lap of nothingness.
and i saw how your tears
seeped deep into your soul
and rained fresh life
on the little seed of love.

i saw

how that little seed of love
grew into a tree
spreading its branches
throughout your existence;
freshening your skin
with sprouting love;
having a shade so cool

that it shelters
every tattered soul,
so no one has to peel off
dry love from their skin,
again.