

Confession of a Forgotten Lover (*Excerpt*)

By Jasmine Ecer

Did you know that your skin was spun

from moonlit threads and stars undone?

That in your gaze I caught the flame

of your soul;

a timid softness,

too special to name.

I dearly wished to thread your hair

with love and fantasy,

though I locked the thought inside a dream,

since you could seldom see it in me.

(...)

Did you suspect the green, slow ache

that bloomed behind each smile I'd fake

as the name of an angel escaped your lips?

someone who shared you

before she fell from grace,

the part of you I'd hoped was mine,

thick with my scent and not hers,

though you can't seem to forget her face.