In Open Doubt

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In Open Doubt

Perry Uwanawich

My heart’s wings have been clipped by Love’s scolding scars
Two hearts collide in a wreck much worse than that of cars’
Once skipping through love’s flowery fields bedewed
One finds inhibition and logic to be subdued
Pressing lips to silken petals of lips
Taking it in in little sips
Molding you with my hands
Through barren wombs of sand
I’ve found no love to hold so dear
And find the idea rather queer
That we should each pair up in two
Before we lose our precious youth
It’s what society tells you
I find it all a bit uncouth
I doubt there is a love so true
But grew up taking it for truth
Although I believe it to be psychological
Perhaps love’s not supposed to be logical
Neither is it meant to be found
But rather waits to come around
’Til then I’ll cease to search it out
And will remain in open doubt