

Have you ever loved and not had that love returned? This poem makes these feelings tangible. Experience a small taste of unrequited love and embrace the emotions that follow.
~Jess Stuve, Tutor

Death by Unforgotten Love

By Tabitha Lederer

If tomorrow's sunrise came without me,
would you notice?
If the tears came out in floods,
would you care?
Do the shattered pieces of my heart
even slightly pierce the surface of your soul?
Can't you hear my heart screaming?
Bleeding through your fingers that won't let go.
I am on my knees reaching
grasping onto a memory that's fading.
But how do you grasp something that is no longer there?
So I fall!
Lonely and desperate.
What would it take to hold your attention
for a mere moment,
for a single touch,
to calm my twisted, tormented being,
to revel in your embrace,
before I take my last breath.
For that last breath will come quickly
if the anguish inside,
behind my eyes,
within my breath,
with the touch of my skin,
does not vanish from my existence.
So as I sit here waiting,
is it so much to ask
will you feel
the night I die?