

Poem 1

My Love

You gleefully jet across me
around, over, then under me
and I blush at your excitement, I
sigh with sadness as you ignore me.
I love you as you are.

You claim to love me, but betrayal is rife
like jilted lovers, the cheating spouse:
G20 signatures, commitments that are forgotten
and then discussed again on world stages
or are they just staged photo ops?

You disappoint me with your
mountains of towels, slippers and bedsheets
in the name of modern day pilgrimages to
quench your thirst to see more, have more,
say more, share on social media.

And yet you remain thirsty.

You torment me, ravage me
and I weep, I flood you with rivers of tears.
Fury and rage burns through me, everywhere
sparking then bursting into flames.
Warnings ignored, I shake up your world.

You yearn to travel, to be in a place of awe,
yet the solution for you and to save me,
the peace you desire is right here,
where you are, where you live.
And deep within, one with your self.

You will find joy close by, in
local walks in the countryside, humble
aubergine and lime tree lined parks.
Sitting in silence, stillness, content.
I will love you as you are.

Milan Jagatia