

A Bloody Kiss

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Love is a living, breathing thing.
It hurts more than anything else.
It cuts open your chest and flays your ribs like a cadaver in a lab—cold to the touch.
But that's not even the part that hurts.
What hurts is when it picks up your heart and leaves a soft, bloody kiss.
It's still beating, but barely.
It beats only for love now. Only on its word. On its command. On the touch of its lips.
It places your ribs back in their rightful place and stitches up your chest. Carefully. So so so carefully.
But it's empty beneath the freshly sewn skin and the blood and the cracked ribs.
It still has your heart in its warm hands and that's when you realize.
You'll never have control over your beating heart again. The blood in your veins turns thick and solid. Your lungs turn black and harden.
You stare down at your empty chest and you look love right in the face, and you know the pain has only just begun.