

2022

Love Struck

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Recommended Citation

Jones, Rosemary (2022) "Love Struck," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 35, Article 31.

Available at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol35/iss1/31>

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LOVE STRUCK

Rosey Jones

You called my name and I turned around
into your chest, your heart beating fast
against the shell of my ear and I laughed as you lifted me up and spun us
round.

One brisk, October morning you got down on one knee and asked me
to tie your shoe. Furious, I refused to talk to you for three days
until you pulled out a velvet ring box,
and said you wanted to spend the rest of your life with me.
You stayed standing that time.

We slipped covert notes to each other.
Flashes of pinks, purples, and blues taped to door handles,
nestled between two t-shirts, resting on the thin cotton pillows of our bed.

In the nights, your words were soft—soft as your lips against mine.
Dreams of stone cottages on salty shores whispered down the curve of my
spine,
your frigid feet toeing the warm underside of my knees.

Until one night, you didn't come home and I waited
by the door, pacing. Well after dark, I got the call.

There was a car crash. I heard a horn blaring—
I dropped the phone.

There was time for us to sit with you before they pulled
the plug. I held your rough hand in mine, balancing the weight
of what my new life would be without you.

There was a time when
I promised to love you
until death do us part.
I didn't tell you then
because I didn't know
when I said those words, I lied.
I lied to you.
I'm so sorry, but
I lied to you
because I love you still.

