

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Hannah Star(8th October 1973)

A lonely Star.

My Last Conversation With Love.

Love came to my bedroom last night and laid down next to me. I remained in silence for hours. He didn't say anything. I didn't say anything either. Then, when the night was still dark, and knowing in advance what he was going to ask me I said:
- So, what are you doing here? I thought I told you not to come here anymore.

He said: - I miss you. I miss you deeply! You used to care about me. I'm hungry. You haven't fed me lately and I'm thirsty. Why are you doing this to me? I remember you said that I was the most special Love in your whole life, and that you were going to feed me and give me water every day for ever. So? What happened? Seriously, I'm hungry. I'm thirsty. I can't live like this.

I said: - Yes, I know, and I remember what I said, but I can't feed you anymore. Neither can I give you water, because you'll be still hungry but you'll be alive for a long time and it will be more painful for you and for me. And I know about pain, believe me, ask my broken heart if you don't!

- But I will die! ! ! You promised many things! you are being cruel! - He said

- I couldn't be sadder and you know it Love. I am not a woman who leaves Love abandoned. I am not a woman who doesn't feed and nurture Love. I would give anything for you Love. But I want you to understand that I just can't, because if I do, you, Love, will live for ever but I will die of sadness and madness.

Love was upset and stood up. Walked around my bed for a while, in silence, and then sat down in the corner of my bedroom. He was crying, just as I was crying. We were running out of tears.

Love was sad. So sad, for him and for me, and he tried to give me hope that 'the one' would come back and then Love could live with us. He tried to convince me that because I had been a good person, and because love him so much and care so much about him, 'the one' would keep me in his heart and he would come back someday. He tried to convince me of many stupid things, for hours...

I knew Love was saying all those things because he was hungry and thirsty. So I paid little attention to what he was saying. All I said was - No, I won't feed you. No I won't give you water.

Just before dawn, and after we had remained in silence for the last hour, he looked at me and said: -Are you sure you want me to die?

I said: - Love, you know I don't want you to die, but I have to let you die. Because I need to be alive. That means that you have to remain in silence for the rest of your life and understand that when the time comes, and you are dying I will not do anything to save you. I'm not pretending that you, Love who knows me the best, will agree or understand this I'm doing, but I'm telling you in advance, so you are warned of what is going to happen to you and how you are going to die. He said: - But I'm hungry! Please please, feed me, at least give me a small glass of water! I'm alive now. So alive... please don't let me die!

I said: - I gotta go to work.

Hannah Star