

**21**

**BY CARTER FORD**

*To Visar. Thanks for the push.*

## CONTENTS

TITLE	PAGE
CAMP	1
HISTORY	2
FIRST	3
ANGEL	4
ELEGANT	5
HUG	6
GLIMPSE	7
HER	8
BOSOM	9
WARPED	10
NIGHTMARE	11
PATHS	12
REVERIE	13
I, REST	14
DEEP, SWEET AND REAL	15
DYSTOPIA	16
GREATEST FEELING	17
UNSPOKEN	18
'05	19
DESIDERATION	20
ROOM	21

## **CAMP**

I recall the first time I saw you.

I gazed at you from afar.

I did not care that I stared at you.

You were such a rare beauty that

I was not ready to stop seeing you.

I recall the moment clearly.

The moment when our eyes met.

Normally, I would look away almost immediately.

However, this was different.

Your beautiful eyes held me captive.

You smiled when our lines of vision met

while I remained mesmerized by you.

I had never seen such beautiful hazel eyes

that held such promise beyond them.

Destiny charted its course in your eyes.

## **HISTORY**

I do not know what I was  
thinking when I saw you.  
I could not control my legs  
to stop walking towards you.

I was certain you could hear  
my heartbeat ten feet away.  
I was not nervous, I was excited.  
But really, it could have been both.

I was not prepared to say anything.  
My body froze when I got to you.  
I could not manipulate  
my oral orifice to open or shut.

In my mind, I knew I had blown it.  
So I waited for you to walk away.  
But you stayed, looked me in the eye  
and gave the warmest smile ever.

I was not expecting it but that warm  
smile thawed my brain and my body.  
I immediately regained cognizance and  
the rest they say, is history.

## **FIRST**

The first night I saw you was  
not the first time I saw you.

The first time I fell in love with  
you was the first night I saw you.

The moonlight fell on your skin,  
creating an angel-like ambiance.

I literally saw you in a whole new  
light which only illuminates you.

I was blinded to all distractions  
and your love became my new light.

## **ANGEL**

Your beauty scares me at times.

I shuffle between illusions and  
reality wondering if I am truly  
yours and if you truly are mine.

You are like a beautiful piece  
of a larger puzzle that is heaven  
that fell and found its way to me.  
I surely am the luckiest man alive.

## **ELEGANT**

She stepped down  
from the heavens.

Her body bore the  
elegance of the firmament.

Her eyes shone brighter  
than all the stars that even

the most noble of men could  
not dare to stare at her and yet,

she called my name.

## **HUG**

I wish I could see your face  
whenever we hug.

It has  
been described to me  
as the look of a person who  
has found peace.

I only want  
to see what it looks like.  
I already know what it feels like.  
I found you.

## GLIMPSE

I caught the glimpse of an angel.

It could not have been more

than a second

but

the awe lasted longer.

The fleeting image of the enchanting

wonder remains stuck in my head

as I pen the

details

of my second in heaven.

## **HER**

She is peculiar and disparate.

She fails to yield to banality.

She cannot be presaged.

She does not totter.

She juxtaposes elegance and beauty.

She pulls it off like a coeval Aphrodite.

## **BOSOM**

I want this feeling all the time.

Not the feeling of my head  
in the clouds nor the feeling  
of experiencing the cosmos.

I want the simple feeling  
of laying my head on your bosom  
- my safest place in the world.

## **WARPED**

Oh! How I had a warped  
sense of happiness.

I thought it was fleeting,  
never around to stay for  
more than a little while.

I thought that being happy  
only came about when life's  
problems take a quick break  
from a man's life.

I never knew that one could  
be happy even in the midst of  
all of the turbulences and the  
turmoils of life.

I didn't know that the key to  
being happy was to fix one's  
gaze on the one who stirs up  
happiness within.

Oh! I bless the day I met you.  
You fixed my orientation and  
showed me euphoria like I  
have never experienced.

My happiness was ephemeral,  
solely dependent on life's problems  
releasing me from my burdens  
for a short while, but not anymore.

I found you and I am never letting go.  
No more do extrinsic things evoke me.  
There was never truly happiness before  
I met you but you have given me inner  
peace and intense joy, the gift of life.

## **NIGHTMARE**

I had a dream of you.

You were as beautiful as ever.

As usual, I was so happy to see you.

You smiled as tucked your hair behind  
your ear and you looked away shyly.

I smiled when I noticed.

We held hands and walked  
into the sunset then you said you had to go.  
I begged you not to, but you did anyway.

It all felt so real that I woke up crying.  
This has been my nightmare  
since you left.

## **PATHS**

The paths I walk are lonely.  
Not because they are dark  
but because I am without you.

As I walk through these paths,  
the memories we created on them  
appear to be so real to me.

I walk through them  
in an attempt to relive them  
but it is not enough for I am alone.

## **REVERIE**

It might have been better  
if your smell was the only thing  
I remembered of you.

But your smell transports me  
to a reverie I have been trying  
so hard to eschew.

The memories I pretend never happened  
play over and over in my head  
till I am somnolent.

Then it gets worse, for there you  
are again, in my dreams, waiting  
for me where it all started.

## **I, REST**

I denied her my attention.

I was busy not doing other things.

She lay in wait for me,

beckoning unto me

- to come home.

I eluded her continuously.

I hibernated when I was with her,

unlike the way I used to be with her.

I didn't appreciate her like I should.

I know she deserved better,

especially from someone as myself.

She is called Rest and I let her go.

For it was best for the both of us.

## **DEEP, SWEET AND REAL**

We were holding hands  
literally a minute ago,  
having deep, sweet and  
real conversations that  
burst out into smiles  
- we were in love.

It is upsetting how swiftly  
that minute passed away.  
Had I known that your  
smiles were not genuine,  
I would have kept the  
conversations deep and sweet  
- not real.

## **DYSTOPIA**

I am on a journey on  
the dystopia of your heart.

I do not see it for the wasteland  
that it represents, I see it for its  
continuity and survival despite all odds

and cataclysms that befell it and I admire  
it for moving on instead of breaking down.

Missiles upon missiles of heartbreak  
have provoked your heart to become  
the dystopia it is now.

Your defences are tough and I understand  
why but trust me to make it as beautiful

as it once was and even more beautiful  
than it ever was if given a chance to  
reach and touch your core.

## **GREATEST FEELING**

I did not know what it was  
the first time I was in love.

I only remember feeling different  
and it was the greatest feeling ever.

I recall it felt so good that I never  
wanted to feel normal again.

## **UNSPOKEN**

I am not scared of  
telling you I love you

or how much I love you  
or how much I care about you.

I am scared that is where  
it begins and ends.

I am scared that once I tell you,  
It will be our end not our beginning.

'05

I met her in '05.

I have not seen her ever since.

But how could I forget her?

She had a face that stole the

beauty from the sunrise

and sunset.

## **DESIDERATION**

I have been saying it for a while  
but it seems you do not get it.

I could say that I feel your absence  
like the starless sky misses its stars.

I could say that your absence has left  
a you-shaped void in my life, however

I feel words cannot express the gravity  
of how I feel right now so I'm going to keep it  
plain by saying just exactly how I feel.

I MISS YOU.

This time, I hope you get it.

## ROOM

She is sitting across the room, I see her.  
For about a minute, she is the only thing I see.  
I gaze intently as if to make something of her.  
Is she beautiful? Is she fair? Or is she what I thought initially?  
- an exquisite creature.  
In that minute, our eyes lock and I look away.  
I'm wondering why I did. I must be shy.

I look up again to see if she is there. She is swiping her phone like she's reading something.  
She smiles.  
This time I make sure I procure accurate details of her, her long black hair,  
her dimples that surface when she smiled, her caramel skin that beams  
like a light source, her eyes... I could not see them. She was still on her phone.  
She crosses her legs and leans backwards.  
My hyperopia is paying off.

She looks towards me and I pray she notices me and our eyes lock again.  
I will not take my eyes away this time, I reassure myself.  
This does not happen. I see an empty seat next to hers.  
My heart races wildly as I am contemplating going over.  
I rehearse what I would say when I get there.  
I mutter words nervously as my legs are vibrating without my consent.

I muster whatever courage I have and get up.  
I walk across the room to where she is.  
As I get closer, she appears more splendid.  
"Is this seat taken?" I ask.  
She looks at me and says "it's not".  
"May I?" I ask, pointing at the seat.  
"Sure" she says and shifts as I make my way to sit.  
About a minute later, I turn and say "Hi, I'm..."

- Carter Ford

*Special thanks to Akinpelu Adewunmi O.*

Supported by WeTalkArt

[www.wetalkart.com](http://www.wetalkart.com)

*Carter Ford*

*carterford.wordpress.com*

*thecarterford@gmail.com*

*Instagram & Twitter: @thecarterford*

© Carter Ford, 2017.