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Kosher Feelings

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my dear,

in norway, the word

forelsket means the way i felt when we first

locked eyes in the lunch line. it means, the way my pulse

jumped when your coat sleeve brushed

against my naked wrist. the way each swollen ventricle

threatened to burst

and, for a second, i was so afraid that

my blood would litter the linoleum, spilling like ketchup

from this ruptured packet we call a

heart and

at once i thought i might die and also felt

so painfully alive.

my dear,

the turks call it kara

sevde, a love so blinding one

might as well have fallen in love with

the sun. and you,

you were the sun anyways,

so i resigned myself wordlessly. love - they say -

is a malady, and without hesitation, i retired to

my sickbed. sadly,
sickness is the only appropriate
description of my love for you.

and then, we reached what
the french call la douleur exquise and i say this
because, at some moment, i realized that you,
you were not mine. and
that this was a distance I could not
cross for you.

see, love can bridge any distance.
love at a depth of 3,000 feet, feels just as high
as love at an altitude of 3,000 feet. and yet, i stood at the edge and
saw nothing.

it seemed that i was left staring
into the abyss. and it was then that i realized that
even when i stood so close that i could taste your words,
you had left me stranded,
perpetually standing at the mouth of this gaping hole,
watching you from afar.

and it was then i realized that

you would not be mine. and

it was then i thought

i might die and also

prayed that i would.