

AMOUR FOU

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Drip drip drip,
The basin tap goes.
Crystal clear tears,
Forever streaming past my nose.
My elbow aches from the slouching I perform,
Waiting for you to return in uniform.
On your face I am sure that dirt I will see,
Yet no dirt could ever repel me.
You are mine and I am yours,
Forever and ever, through every life door.
The horror your mind must hold,
The stories you were told,
Nothing could prepare you for the terror that would unfold.
My love yearns when you are afar,
I do not care if you lack a fancy car,
For it is your heart of gold that I truly desire,
Not polished leather seats or a brand new tyre.
I sit here alone with the rain pounding down,
Wondering where you are out in the town.
Yet my mind wanders once again to the confusion I reserve,
As when I tell this tale people's assumptions swerve.
They hush, they comfort, they have pity for me,
As a husband at war is what in their mind they see.
'My husband is no war hero,' I turn and say,
'He is simply a man with courageous ways.'
Shocked they seem, yes it is true,
My husband is an officer dressed in blue.
Defensive he is, yet loving and tender,
He watches over me as I sleep,

Protection from any violent offender.
Those type of criminals are what he handles all day,
Before he comes and visits me with food on a tray.
A tough nut he is,
No tear, no emotion.
He acts as if he does not love,
As if he is as rough as the ocean.
'My love!' I cry out,
When he turns and stares,
'There she goes again,' he laughs as he gives his friend a glare.
'Tough as a nut,' I whisper,
He certainly is a resistor.
Just another average day,
Slouching and locked away.
Bars on the door,
The windows too,
So many gaps anyone could see through.
Yet the part I still cannot understand,
Tapping my feet on the concrete land.
Is why my Husband does not bring me flowers,
Or milk chocolate as tall as towers.
However the real wonder is why I ever ran,
As the person who locked me here was that very same man.