


Tate Fountain

Love Poem

- I want to sit in the passenger seat of whichever car you're driving
 sing along to, like, Hole, or something, as brake lights milk out your eyes 
- I want to buy us almond croissants from the pop-up stall on High Street
- I want to know what you're afraid of
 know what makes you feel safe
- I want to hear about you being good at your job
 see you walk into a room and know you are tethered to me
- I want *you* to look after my wallet when I don't have pocket space
 buy fresh soil and upsized pots for my various indoor plants
- I want *people* to think I'm lucky
 think I'm lucky but also that you're lucky and so ultimately we are very well-suited because in any other relationship our luck would be uneven except here it isn't, here it is a levelled scale
- I want *everything about us* to be levelled
- I want to hear you play piano in the next room
 know you'll never, *ever*—and I mean this—write me a song
- I want *you* to love me even though I'm a hypocrite
- I want to be able to write about this now but never when I've got what
- I want
- I want to recognise your handwriting
- I want *you* to answer my phone
- I want to own a coffee machine together and to kiss you before I leave in the morning
 sit on the train and look down at my environmentally-friendly travel cup &
 know the beverage filling it came from a place we both choose to occupy
- I want to lend you my computer


I want *your friends* to see me by chance and offer me a seat at their table outside
whichever café it happens to be

I want to know which characters you dislike on television shows

I want to feel you turn to me
 be sure you will turn to me

I want *us* to watch some children related to us play sport on a Saturday
morning even if it's in torrential rain and we all end
up soaked and have to change clothes as soon as we
get home and can still feel the smarting nerves
deep within us trying to fight that chill for
hours after

I want to watch your throat as you tip your head back to get the last of
a glass of water

I want to get used to having these things *someday* 

/

get used to having

even one of them

/

I want to get so used to having these things
that I forget what it's like

to

want them /

/

/

that I forget what it's like

to ache 