Virginia and Leonard Woolf – May 2020 Last Modified on 05/22/2020 2:36 am EDT



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May 2020

In madness. Virginia and Leonard Woolf; Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes--These are the famous couples, Waging war, through art

Partners in crime;

He, the most hated man,

She, the most loved.

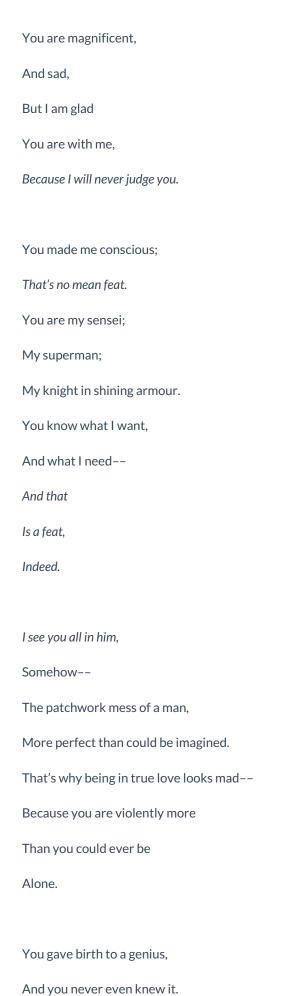
And books.

Vacuous tourists

Smearing hate on her gravestone,	
Because they don't understand passion—	-
Or art,	
Or love.	
One day I hope	
We can be together again;	
Souls locked,	
Entwined forever	
Just like we were meant to be.	
Love	
Feels like a punishment,	
Or you're not doing it right.	
Love is pain,	
And anguish;	
Loyalty	
	And love.
She looks mad	
	It's just intensity,
ı	Burning with a smouldering passion.
You want to lock her up,	
But he has the key	
	(Delirious,
	And sad.)

I'm doing it to prove a point;
Can't you see?
Hove you both;
Torn between two worlds,
So everyone can be happy.
We'll all be happy in the end;
Because I'm an evil genius
(She made me strong
And fierce)
Don't fuck with me.
Calling me back
With the softest touch;
Violently heterosexual
(It looks somehow insane).
There's something crazy about him;
The crazy haze of molten eyes
Surprise and delight;
You are mine,
Or nothing at all.
I don't want to be your friend,
Or your girlfriend
I am furious,
Because you are mine.

Born with a terrible burden;



(Everyone hates her,

And that's just how she likes it)--

That means we're finally
Doing something right.
It's the most romantic thing
I've ever heard of,
And I'm happy with that.
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