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I fell for you like lucifer from heaven

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I fell for you like lucifer from heaven

Ellie Paulsen

You were my church, your body a temple;
Your eyes the stained glass windows of the soul;
Your body my bible, breathed by god.
Memorizing your scars was like scripture to me.
Your lips were like wine, communion between us daily;
I became drunk on you, imbibing God.
Your heart strings played melodies that made angels weep,
Bouncing off your ribs like Latin chanting off cathedral walls.
As I walked through the shadows of the valley of death,
I did not fear, for I knew you were with me.
We baptized ourselves in the tears we shed for one another's grief,
letting them fall down our faces like we were sending a flood.
Even if everything is washed away;
The velvet curtains engulfed in roaring flame,
The walls crumbling to dust,
the pillars forgetting how to stand,
Even then your love will be my heaven on earth.
Lust is to build someone into a tower,
Love is to watch Babylon fall to ash.
I will come to the rubble,
And pray at the feet of broken windows,
And build it up again, and call it holy ground.