

Love Is The First Medicine, He Told Me

BY SARAH L. HARVEY

My ears ping, my eyes startle, and I wake curled next to you
with *the knowing*, brilliant as a hot Summer morning etched in
my heart—

The elixir is ready now.

With all the grit and glitter you see in me, I rise.
With the gentle, roaring caress of your arms, I rise.
No longer torn – our kisses, the sutures that sew me back
together
As I feel heaven pool in the bowl of my pelvis
Dark, heavy, like night.
Velvet, sweet, viciously beautiful
To your cherry mouth's delight.

I pop the silence with the fireworks of this poem.
My voice—
As I move the boulders off the river of your heart, your weary
chest—
With my gentle hands.
You let me.
The curtains open.
The luxury of your heart draped beneath
An exotic victory.

Pomegranates,
I shall eat you like fruit with my soul's mouth in rounded
tablespoons until you stop me with howls that escape the sides
of your ravaged lips, from the cold, harsh winds of this life—
Softness re-ignites them.
Softness envelops us both.
Much-needed softness,

As we kiss—

Which are kisses, yes, but really they're prayers to the Goddess

Sent up in the billowing smoke of the megalithic heat between us.

Electricity snaps, crackles, pops, shifts, twists.

Ultraviolet.

The sunlight between us pulsates.

Tones of honey and pewter pour

Jasmine draped in lavender.

There is no wrong here.

There is only being, and that is always just right.

You make love to me—

Precious fingers touch my skin and wander, wander to explore

Everything.

Why do they call this sin?

For it is the cleansing of the pain.

It is the re-igniting of spirit and the wide mouth of support.

You make love to me, I sail.

You touch me with a slow whisper, a gentle murmur of fingertips—I unravel.

Dust and stone falls away so that I may be with you

As me—

Priestess.

Raw.

In the molten heat of my center.

Vulnerable as hell.

We both are.

You touch me, and cry.

Tears like crystals from the inside of caves, formed centuries ago, weep from the corners of your luscious green-brown eyes.

They land on the roaming meadows of my stomach. I cry.

We turn to salt.

We are the ocean.

We breathe with the waves, go in and out with the tides until

we are spat gently ashore.
Hands clasped.
The dream is real. Never over.
The medicine we make: love.

Pressed with our own hands, made potent by facing our fears,
our shit, our most fucked up beliefs, our beauty and power,
grounded in bravery and this supreme nakedness – we stand in
front of one another.

Completely naked, and never happier.
“Because love is the first medicine,” you say.
And I believe you.

We lay, our hair wind-swept and salt-soaked, our skin
sunburned and pink.

We bask on the sand dunes, in the sweet, rising warmth of this
love we have created.

It is a palace, an island, a beach, a river.

Our love is a place born of water.

It took us awhile to find it. But we are here now, pulled
deeper by the threads of this shared journey.

And we are held through it all.

Every tear. Every fear. Every time we got so scared and walked
away. Every time we didn't want to be seen, when being seen
felt like pain.

We are held through it all.

The beauty, unfolding in sheets of marigolds to wear around
our necks, to drape around our shoulders like bright orange
snakes.

The pollen is so sweet.

Blessings, we are woven in and surrounded by.

Forgiveness sweeps in.

We rise together – man and woman.

We are stronger together.

We worship together.

We create the prayer together.

“Because love is the first medicine,” you say.

Then we dissolve back into the ocean.
Into the laughing arms of our Mother, deep blue, plunging,
wild, dancing on the frothy, white tips in utter joy, too.
We soften.
We soften, more, more, more—
Until our skin is not skin, but fruit, but nectar, but liquid
of Goddess.
“To soften. That’s what healing is,” I say.
We melt forever.
We are forever transformed.

That’s the power of this love-cure between us.
There never was such a potent thing.
“Because love is the first medicine,” you say.
And I believe you.

I lay in your arms as the late night tucks us into a bed of
roses and stars.
The night is dark.
But this love is warmth.
To be touched, to be seen, to be known, to be cherished, to be
understood in spite of it all—
We melt forever.
The fragrance
Of you
And me:
The elixir.
We melt forever.

Subtle as honeysuckle sewn in the breeze
Sweet and wild enough to change the world.

We melt forever.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:

*You're Not Just A Mess Or Just A Woman –
You're A Force Of Nature*

You deserve a lover who wants you disheveled, with everything and all the reasons that wake you up in a haste and the demons that won't let you sleep. You deserve a lover who makes you feel safe, who can consume this world whole if he walks hand in hand with you; someone who believes that his embraces are a perfect match with your skin. You deserve a lover who wants to dance with you, who goes to paradise every time he looks into your eyes and never gets tired of studying your expressions. You deserve a lover who listens when you sing, who supports you when you feel shame and respects your freedom; who flies with you and isn't afraid to fall. You deserve a lover who takes away the lies and brings you hope, coffee, and poetry.

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