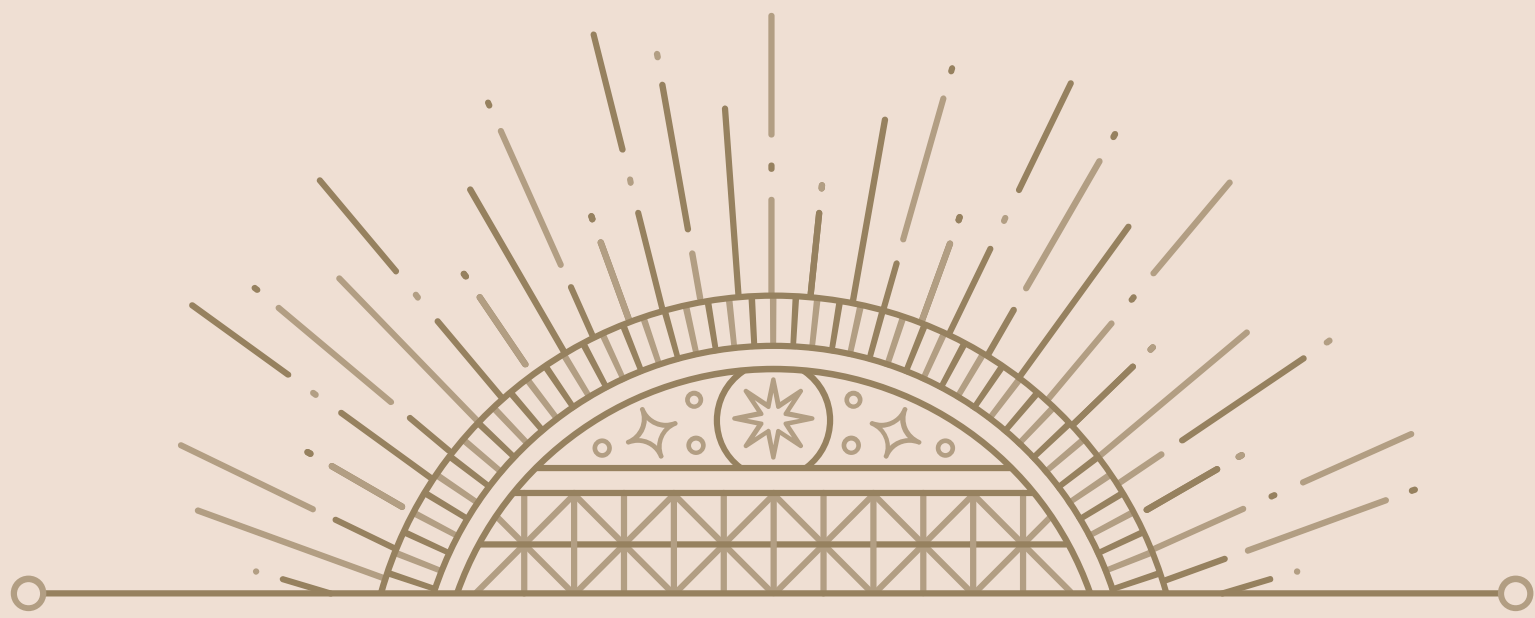


LOST LOVE
LETTERS TO
MY
UNKNOWN
LOVERS

BY MELLIANA MULGETA

I love you, I love
I love you, I love
love you, I love
love you, I love
love you, I love
love you, I love,
love you, I love
love you, I love
love you, I love
love you, I love



To all the things, people, and
forgotten places on a map and in
my memory that I once loved.
Thank you.

Baby Blue Bike

Beach cruiser from a different decade

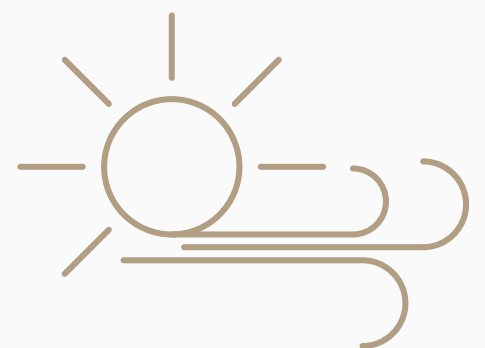
Baby blue bike that definitely stood out from
The rest of the bikes in my neighborhood
And carried me through my childhood

I was never a fan of roller coasters
But I could pedal down any hill
At any speed with pure joy

Maybe I was more comfortable with being in control
If anything went wrong I knew who would be to blame

The way the wind would blow through my hair
I thought I could fly off at any moment

And that was just enough to start my love affair
With freedom, with speed, with getting to where
I needed to be on my own terms



Bag o' bones

I remember even at the age of 8 feelings as
though my bones were old

Old enough to hold up the traumas that
rained down around me

But too little to take up all the space I knew
I deserved to have

Sometimes I still feel that way

Love Letter

Letters to all my lost lovers

What did I give up when I decided to give it all to you?

How did the joy drain from my cheekbones
when I watched you walk away?

Do you remember what our laughter sounded like together?

It bounced off our teeth as we tried to get words
out in between our loud smiles

What did I lose when I decided this was gonna be good enough?

I think a piece of me lingers in your bedroom closets, where my jackets
used to hang

My head has never hung so low

It's like my neck got tired of holding up all those heavy thoughts

Like an anchor of lustful disappointment, you attached to my heart

Free Bird

Today I am declaring freedom

I am letting go of all that I hold onto

I don't want to carry this

Resentment, betrayal, and all of the hurt

I set it free to the rest of the world

No longer mine to worry about

I want my peace of mind back

I deserve to come home

To love, light, and a sky with no ceiling



Peachy State of Mind

We took from a tree that wasn't ours
But the guilt could never overpower the sweet taste
Victory was ours as we ran home with hands full of peaches
Insane spurts of giggling spilling out of our grins

We used to pick peaches in the summer
One of us on the lookout
And two in the tree picking away
A peach tree in the middle of an apartment complex
The greatest treat my 10-year-old self had seen

Things weren't always peachy
But that never bothered me much
I was too busy picking peaches
In a parking lot to concern myself
With growing up

So what

I want every man who has ever loved me to always love me
Not because I hold on but because I love so strong
I want them to feel the loss of my fire for the rest of their
days
Some call it selfish but so what

In a world where much is taken
A girl can dream about far away admirers
Who just can't shake the feeling of loving and longing for
her
As time passes the leaves change and I'll be passive

And their love will grow and torture them
As our memories rot and decay
Men are strong so I've been told
So what if they struggle

So what if their hearts break

Shaded Peace

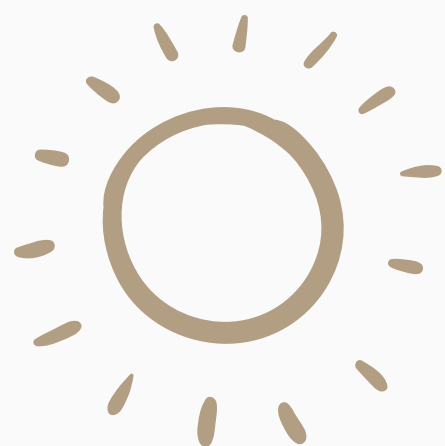
The sun's reflection blanketing over someone else's balcony
blinding but a reminder of what is to come soon

Sunset

Upon the eighth floor, sand-colored condo buildings are my
view
the bushy trees in between rising so tall they meet the milky
clouds

Kindly

Much to see all around you that does indeed bring you peace,
every time



Everywhere and Nowhere

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Seattle, Washington

Washington D.C,

Arlington, Virginia

Louisville, Kentucky

Nashville, Tennessee

Atlanta, Georgia

Savannah, Georgia

**I hope you enjoyed reading my poems as
much as I enjoyed writing them.**

