Love Used To Be

Jewel

Love used to be the ruler from which you measured all
Love used to be the dizzying height from which you wished to fall
Love used to be the white and gauzy apparition towering in your dreams
Love used to be
Love used to be
Love used to be the horseshoe made of iron and always smiling up
And in your arms it gathered all manner of silky satin golden luck
Love used to be the pyramid and on top its eye that always sees
Love used to be
Love used to be
Dig a six-foot hole inside my chest
Heart like a gravestone lay it down to rest
Goodbye love
Amen
Love used to be a sigh like petals gently falling down
From the flower of my lover's half-open rose-bud mouth
Love used to be the thirst and the quenching,
the question in no need of answering
Love used to be
Love used to be
Love used to be hope unflinching, a dare that believed it must
Love used to be the heady drunken feeling of flesh heavy with lust
Love used to be a photograph of the future taken by one mind,
four eyes could see
Love used to be
Love used to be
Dig a six-foot hole inside my chest
Heart like a gravestone lay it down to rest
Goodbye love
Amen
Love used to be a miracle, the proof that God exists
As it doubled our image, immortality delivered by the double helix
Love used to be the bedrock you built a life upon, into the future reaching
It used to be what woke you each day and eased me into sleeping
Love used to be my compass, but now I'm alone
and I'm adrift and I'm lost at sea
Because love used to be
Love used to be
Love used to be

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