

# APHRODITE DOES NOT SAY GOODNIGHT

written by Emma-Lidewij



**Aphrodite  
does not say  
goodnight**

**by Emma-Lidewij**



*To Gaby*

Because I think I might still be a little bit in love  
With a girl who carries flowers in her mind  
Who has a heart of gold and California eyes

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## **I wish I was Aphrodite**

I draw the bow and  
I pick up an arrow.

(her hands touch your skin.  
my hands, they tremble.)

My fingers are burning of longing  
And they wish to let go

(will they ever, though?)

Tonight I am Cupid,  
But I wish I was Aphrodite.

(your hair looks like hers,  
and I'm sure that your skin tastes  
*divine*)

But I fear that I am not  
The one who is beauty.

(I fear that only you can ever be)

I am merely Cupid;  
The messenger of love.

## **Hymn for Diana**

My girl, she has grey eyes,  
Her skin is light.  
And I ask:

“Does she not look beautiful tonight?”

My girl likes to dance  
In early hours.  
And I ask:

“Darling, will you ever stop?”

My girl has flowers  
Woven into her soul,  
And I dare not to ask:

“What happens when they stop to grow?”

My girl waits for the tide,  
And sits high up in the sky.  
And I ask:

“Diana, does the moon not look beautiful  
Tonight?”



**A concept:**

Me on a swing set  
Hand in hand  
with the girl I love

(her voice is sweet as honey  
and her hair smells like rose thorns)

A prayer for girls  
Who also like  
Girls

(she deserves to be heard  
even if the Gods aren't home)

The absence of all Gods  
So that we may someday  
Finally kiss

(her lips are red as crimson  
and they taste exactly like mine)

A white dress  
And a bouquet  
And maybe something blue

(you know right that we deserve  
happiness too?)

Me in a living room

Dancing alone

With tears on my cheeks

(because girls like us do not get  
happy endings)

(because girls like us are doomed  
from the start)

**I hope that you have learned to drown**

You said body

I said weapon

You said his name

I said mechanical bull

You keep giving and you keep giving

You keep trying and you keep trying

But one of these days he will throw you off his back

You will land in the water

And I've heard you say before

"I cannot hold my breath."

## **Girls who are wolves**

She will be thirsty.

She will long like a wolf for blood.

She will tear the world open

*Bite, and claw*

Her nails will be sharp.

She has blood in her hair,

And dripping down her legs.

Her eyes drain acid,

And her lips spit fury.

She has left the floor to burn

*Many times.*

Her being is made solely

Of howls and battle cries

Yet I will still swallow her

Until my teeth turn to confetti in my mouth.

## **To be mine**

I remember the scent of her skin  
And I wish to go back to the home  
I have made inside her mind  
Physical flaws do not bother me anymore.  
I can see past the scar on her cheek  
And the strange look in her eyes  
But I do still crave her reddish hair  
And the softness of her skin  
I often want her body  
In my home and in my bed  
I wish her fingers touched me  
As soft as they touch glass  
I want her legs to walk  
Hours and hours next to mine  
I want her nose and lips and eyes  
And every golden smile  
But mostly I wish her soul to be mine

## **A strange love**

This love, it is a witch trial  
In which I am to die.

From far I can see the pyre,  
And up close I hear you cry.

But loving and dying  
Can never really happen  
At the same time.

We drank a bottle of poison,  
But it only numbed my mind.

You have bleach between your teeth,  
And I have a pocketful of knives.

But we fail to remember  
That loving and dying  
Can never really happen  
At the same time.

Such a strange love, you and I.

**Number one on the list of things I have not yet felt**

(he pulls me closer and plants a kiss  
on my cheek)

My body is electric and my lips are filled with energy.  
Our lips touch and my body transcends to flames.  
My name is now more a prayer than a name.

(surely this heaven wasn't made  
for me)

His fingers against my skin are stars colliding.  
Adrenaline is in my veins and caffeine in my eyes.  
We are mess of body parts and collapsing hearts.

(after this are bodies must be filled  
with battle scars)

His hands in my hair is all I could possibly notice.  
Blood can never be still when it has run this fast.  
The nerves in my body end where his begin.

(surely kisses aren't supposed  
to make you feel *like this*)

## **A declaration of love**

There is not a word for a hurricane like this  
No name for destruction like this

It is not a declaration of love

It is merely two girls  
Sitting across from each other  
Fingers intertwined  
Eyes locked

But that can't be a declaration of love.

The heat of their skins  
Sits somewhere between them  
The same air they breathe  
A life they share

But this can't be a declaration of love

Two girls wake up  
In an unmade bed  
The pillow smells of secrets  
They have shared

But this will never be a declaration of love



Even the words  
"I love you"  
And "You mean  
The world to me."

Cannot and will never be a declaration of such.

Because girls  
Loving other girls

Can never be true love.

## **A name that wasn't yours**

The first time that you saw her  
Was on a dirty bathroom floor  
Crying over a name  
~~A name that wasn't yours~~

You asked her "What's the matter?"

"Girls can be so cruel,"

~~Cruel, but only out of fragility~~

She said her past lover's name  
And let out a tiny sigh  
She then asked for yours  
And you gave it to her oh so willingly

You never quite heard hers  
~~But it must've ended in a y~~  
Yet she and the merciless girl  
Still haunt your dreams at night

## **Holy until you say goodnight**

Goddess; do you know what it is like  
To be unholy or have you been holy  
All your life? Do you know what it is like  
To bleed blood instead of ichor? Or have  
You never bled anything but the blood  
That appears between your thighs?  
Is it nectar that drips from your lips  
Or is it only yearning in the form  
Of liquid gold? Have you loved this girl  
Before or has all your love only ever  
Been directed at youthful boys?  
Have the star signs of past lovers  
Always admired your gaze or do you  
Much prefer the sight of light at day?  
I think I can give you the answers  
But you might not be as pleased.  
Unholy and holy are matters of opinion.  
And the colour you bleed is of no use  
To me. And I do not need to know  
Of your past heartbreaks or to people  
You love today. All that is important  
Is that you have never quite loved the day.

It is the stars that lay in your longing,  
And night is by far your favourite time.  
It is also the reason, I have been told,  
That Aphrodite does not say goodnight.

*Lovely reader,*

My name is Emma-Lidewij and quite often I write poetry. If you like what you read, I would ask you to visit my patreon page [www.patreon.com/emmalidewij](http://www.patreon.com/emmalidewij) where you can support me by making a small donation so I can keep writing and publish more chapbooks and full length books. By doing this you will also receive the deluxe version of *Aphrodite does not say goodnight*.

I wrote the majority of this chapbook in one of my writing outbursts, which I had because I felt that there weren't enough love poems about girls loving other girls and I wished to change that.

I decided to publish it in two versions: a regular one and a deluxe one. On your screen you have the regular version, which has eleven poems and is twenty-one pages long. If you wish to read the deluxe version, which has seven more poems, you could buy it on gumroad.com, or support me on at [www.patreon.com/emmalidewij](http://www.patreon.com/emmalidewij)

I hope that you have enjoyed reading it as much as I did writing it, and I hope that one day you'll come back to read them again and have your heart broken or mended all over again.

*Much love,*

Emma-Lidewij