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Reverse poems about love

Roses red, violets blue, greeting cards cliché, what should a girl do? Every year, I spend more time reading every Valentine's card in the pharmacy than you think when trying to find the perfect one for my partner, but in the end, I always find the same thing: a handwritten Valentine's Day poem in an empty card. As you can see, my own poetic skills are limited to mimicking basic children's rhyme, so I usually talk about experts when looking for the right son-in-law for my lover. From classical poets like Shakespeare to modern masters of words like Julia Cohen, there are an infinite number of romantic and unique love poems that can help those who express ourselves to our loved ones without proper skills and talent. Even if you think of poetry as that horrible form of writing that your high school English teacher tortured you with, poetry is much more than that. It's emotional and engaging, personal and poignant, and, at least in love poems, sweet, emotional, and perfect for Valentine's Day. Whether you need an inscription for your own card or are just looking for something to get your soul on for the holidays, here are 13 Valentine's Day poems that will confirm very romantic, even Cupid.1. She walks beauty - Lord ByronShe walks in beauty, like cloudless climates and starry sky night; And meet all his direction and eyes at best in the dark and bright: So that he denies the gaudy days of heaven in which he softened to tender light. More than a shadow, less than a ray, half the unnamed elegance had degraded which waves in each raven tress, or softly illuminates o'er's face; Where thoughts calmly express the sweet ne naïve, how dear their housing place is. And he's on the cheek, and he's eyebrow, very soft, very calm, but touching, winning smiles, glowing tints, but telling the days of goodness spent, a mind in peace with every little one, a heart whose love is innocent!2. You're perfect for me — Rebecca Wolff because you're psychic, no one could understand me the way you do, and I'm drinking Mei, and I'm telling you quietly, but she's going forward in the water for the water you want!3. That's all I have to bring today (26) — Emily DickinsonThis is all I have to bring today, and next to my heart—This is my heart and all the fields—And all the meadows are vast—Counting—Let me forget a little bit that sum can say, and my heart, and all the BeesWh cloichver dwell.4. Valentine - Carol Ann DuffyNot a red rose or satin heart. I'm giving you onions. A moon wrapped in brown paper. It promises to be as light as careful undressing of love. Here. He'll blind you with tears like a lover. These reflections will make a photo of grief swinging. I'm trying to be honest. Not a cute card, not a kissogram. I'm giving you onions. Her fierce kiss will stay on her lips, the ingingren and We're there as long as we are. Take it. If you want, the platin rings will shrink to the alyan. Lethal. his scent will stick to his fingers, hold on to his knife.5. Everything Is Fine Between Men and Women — C. D. Wright is written in mud, butter and barbecue sauce. The walls and floors were amazing. The socks are white and they're a close match. Quince with a fever, but we end up getting two liters of jelly. Long walks strengthen the back. You're a fire-ass, and I'm with a sty. The eyes are us and we hunt each other's teeth forever. Torrents go on us. Thunder didn't hurt anyone we knew. The river that flows through us is dirty and deep. The left hand maintains rhythm. Watch your head. Fires should not be extinguished. Especially the wind. Each gets a free Swiss army knife. The first few languages are clearly preparation. I carry the impression of yours to my grave. It's sad, it's creepy. God bless him. We have very little time to learn, so much so... The rivers are dirty and deep. Cover the lettuce. Let's call it a night. O spirit. Continue streaming. Instead.6. Another Valentine - Wendy CopeToday we have to be romantic and think of another valentine. We know the rules, and we're both pedantic: today is the day we have to be romantic. Our love is old and sure, not new and crazy. I know it's yours and I know you're mine. And it made me feel romantic to say that, my dear love, my dear lovers.7. Love in the Morning - Annie FinchMorning is a new bird against a quiet nest, the flight is coming-fast-changing, slow nodding, breathing body, holding life, clean as clean water, temperature-given, fire-driven kindling companion, mystery and mountain, rooted in darkness, anchored in the earth.8. I Love You — When Sara Teasdale leaned over me in April and found me in deep sleep, Dust died to keep a heart alive. When April tells the thrush, the meadow will know the larks and pipe the three words into all the winds that blow lightly. On his roof, swallows will sing to the little sparrow on the window window in notes like rain that's blown off. O sparrow, little sparrow, when I'm in deep sleep, then tell my love the secret I've kept.9. Sonnet 104: To me, fair friend, you can never be old - William ShakespeareBana, fair friend, you can never be old, because the first eye is as I was eye-eyed, it still looks beauty. Three winters of cold I shook the pride of three summers from the gardens, I saw three beautiful springs to yellow autumn during the season, Three April perfumes burned in three hot Junes, I've seen you fresh since I first saw you, which are still green. Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand, steal her figure, and perceived no speed; So the sweet tone, which still stand doth, hath act, and my eye may be deceived: For fear, hear this, age unborn: Ere was born Beauty died in the summer.10. First Day - Christina RossettiI would love to remember the first day, the first hour, the first moment of meeting with me, you can say bright or dim in the season, it's Summer or Winter aught; It stood out so off the record, I was so blind that I was so boring to see and foresee, to mark the budding of my tree, that I hadn't bloomed yet in a May. I wish I could remember a day like that! I let the past snow uns trailed as a meltdown; It was like saying so little, it meant a lot; I wish I could remember that touch now, first touch hand in hand - I did one but I know!11. Defeated by Love — Mevlana Sky lit up in the glory of the moon! fell into a very strong place Your love made sure to me that I was ready to abandon this worldly life and surrender to the glory of your Being!2. somewhere I have never traveled beyond, gladly - E. E. Cummings somewhere I have their silence in their eyes, beyond any experience I have ever traveled, gladly: in the weakest the gesture is the things that encire me, or things I can't touch, because a very close look will easily close me, I close myself as a finger, you always open leaves by crowning myself as spring opens (subtly touching, mysteriously) if your wish is to shut me down, me and my life will close very nicely, suddenly, this flower snow carefully imagines dwindling everywhere: we imagine that nothing to perceive in this world equals the power of your intense fragility: whose texture compresses me with the color of their country, rendering me death and forever with every breath (I don't know what it is about it closes and pops up: just me understands that something is deeper than all the roses in the sound of your eyes) no one Have such small hands, even rain. 13. The Good-Morrow — John DonneI wonders, by my troth, what did you and I did, until we loved it? Wasn't we going to be cut off until then? But did he childishly absorb the pleasures of the country? Or did we take it in the seven sleepers' inns? 'Twas so; But that's all pleasures to be fantasies. Any beauty you've ever seen, which I craved and bought, 'was a dream of yours. And now a good morrow to our waking souls, which is not to watch each other out of fear; For love, the love of all other landscapes controls and makes a small room everywhere. Let those who discover the sea to new worlds be gone, show maps to other worlds, show worlds, let's have a world, every hath one, and one. My face in the thin eye, it looks thin in mine, and the real straight hearts rest on the faces; Where can we find two better hemispheres? Regardless of death, it wasn't equally complicated: our two love one, or, you and I love are very similar, none loose, none can die. Want more holiday fun? Check out Bustle on YouTube. Images: sharaku1216/Fotolia, zinkevych / Fotolia, librakv / Fotolia, nd700/Fotolia, fox177/Fotolia, Korn V/Fotolia, hui_u/Fotolia; Giphy (6) Maybe my last break up, or the ongoing collapse of Western democracy, but I'm just into Valentine's Day this year. So, look, if you're excited about pharmacy chocolates and artificial bears and you're shopping between lies with the person you love, that's good. That's very nice. I'm not taking this away from you. Enjoy the heart-shaped balloon, which briefly makes you forget your own mortality. I'm going to be the bitter woman in the corner, reading my portable Dorothy Parker because there's nothing like an old-fashioned anti-love poem for you to get through Valentine's Day alive. To be clear, an anti-love poem is not necessarily against love as a concept. Love is ok, if a little over-exposed. On the contrary, these poems are the antidote to all the sappy love poetry out there. Because on Instagram, sappy poems, songs and declarations of love are in a good and beautiful mood... But if you're feeling valentine's day blues, you can do all that cute relief you want to strangle a stuffed bear. So here are a few poems for recently heartbroken, Valentine haters, and anyone who feeds on roses and babies with hearts and wings (from this baby when someone picks up these arrows, babies shouldn't play with arrows).1'Two Cures Love' by Wendy Cope1. I can't see him. Don't make a phone call or write a letter.2. Easy way: get to know her better.2'You Fit Into Me' Margaret AtwoodYou an eyea fish hookan open eye3'Symptom Recital' by Dorothy ParkerI doesn't like my state of mind fit into a hook of melike; I'm bitter, querulous, rude. I hate my legs, I hate my hands, I don't ease the pain of better soil. I'm afraid of the repetitive light of dawn; I hate going to bed at night. I commit adultery in simple, serious people. I can't take the nicest joke. I can't find paint or the kind of peace. My world is nothing but tripe. I'm disappointed, I'm empty-breasted. Whatever I think, I'll be arrested. I'm not sick, I'm not well. Quondam, my dreams have gone to hell. My soul is crushed, my soul hurts; I don't love me anymore. I'm Cavil, fighting, grumbling, jungle chicken. I'm thinking in the tight house. I shudder at the thought of men.... I will fall in love again.4'No, I did not mean to be loved and loved by Mirza Asadullah Khan GhalibNo, I did not mean to love and to be loved. / If I lived longer, I would have waited longer. Knowing you're faithless makes me alive and hungry. Knowing you faithful kills me with joy! You are delicate, and your vows are sensitive. / easily broken. You're a laconic shooter. Leave me dead, you're dying all the time. I want my friends to heal me. / Instead, I get analyzed. Fires that will allow stones to drip blood / are campfires compared to my agony. Two-headed, inevitable agony!— / The agony of love or the agony of time. Other It's a contagious night. / Death would be good, if I only died once. I would love a lonely death, / this generous funeral, this grave can visit anyone. You're mystical, Ghalib, and besides, you speak beautifully. / Are you a saint, or are you just as drunk as ever?5'A Song: Strepnon, a violation of faith and trust' by Laetitia PilkingtonStrepnon, does not surprise me with a violation of faith and trust; A man who is grateful, or simply, can make my curiosity rise.6'I Feel Horrible. I feel terrible like Richard Brautigan did. He doesn't love me, and I walk around the house like a sewing machine with shit sewing on a trash can lid. 7'Time is not a relief; you all lie by Edna St Vincent MillayTime' does not bring relief; You all lied and told me that time would ease me from my pain! I miss him when the rain weeps; I want him at the point of shrinking the tide; Old snow melts by every mountain, and last year's leaves are smoke in every lane. But last year's bitter love should remain heaped in my heart, and my old thoughts match that. There are hundreds of places I'm afraid to go. And as he enters a quiet place where he never falls on his foot or polishes his face as he enters comfortably, I say, there is no memory of him here! And so remembering her, so remembering her.8's Poetry Will Not Be Read at Your Wedding' Beth Ann Connellysen you ask me a poem about love instead of a wedding gift, trying to save memory. For three nights, I wash the shining stars in the dark stars I glue to the ceiling above my bed. I listened to the songs of the galaxy. Well, well. Carmen, I'd rather give you the third set of steak knives. Audre Lorde's Song of Movement of 9, I don't remember the meas disaster, or as a keeper of secrets. I'm a rider in cattle cars, you can get out of my bed slowly and it just tells ourselves we can't waste time.10'The Ballad of the Lonely Masturbator' by Anne SextonShe cut you off a woman's description of a freak and I broke a rock. I'm giving back your books and fish tacks. Today's paper says you're together. At night, alone, I marry a bed. Girls and boys have one tonight. They unbutton blouses. They're opening the zip of flies. They're taking off their shoes. They turn off the light. Shimmering creatures are full of lies. They're eating each other. They fed too much. At night, alone, I marry a bed. Bed.

