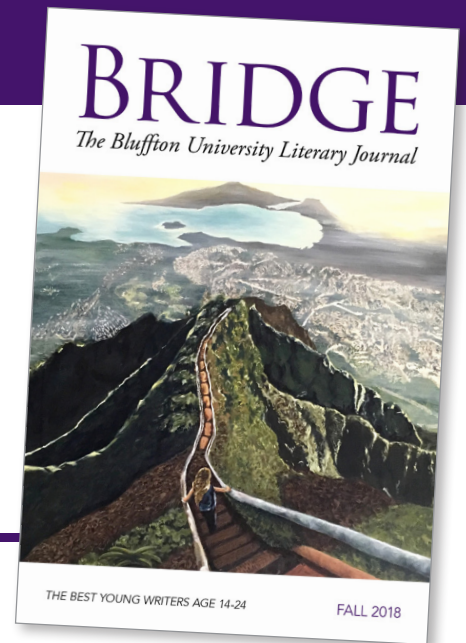


# BRIDGE

*The Bluffton University Literary Journal*



## LOST LOVE

**Anushka Thorat**

Milky mists splatter a canvas of blue peppers  
Corpses of daisies we grew stretch into infinity  
Dewy grass coats the buried, coarse mud  
Our shallow roots tangle like grey spools of yarn.

Delicate china teacups clink together hesitantly  
Pale pink petunias adorn the ashen ceramic  
Skins gleam in the twilight through a halo of disquiet  
The fading scent of Venus inebriates us whole.

The ambrosia of amour overflows our cups  
Yet before ruby lips touch the cool metal  
The warm liquid trickles down into the dirt  
Among the unsnarled roots cleaving away.



**ANUSHKA THORAT** moved to the United States when she was 14 and found poetry and writing extremely helpful to her transition. Now a sophomore, she believes in art for the consumer rather than the artist, because poetry only truly belongs to the writer when it is being written.