

*hope,  
longing  
&  
Heather:*

English  
Second  
Language *love poetry*







## foreword

I taught love poetry to the students of a lycée or high school in a smoky town, in smoky France, in smoky 2004 - 2005. My students had a gift for it, or maybe they just had a really poetic teacher.

I was spending a lot of time with Rebecca, an American eagle of a woman, and Heather, a hard-drinking Irish rose. Heather said no one had ever written her a love poem. When the poetry class heard this, they wrote to her passionately and often.

Around this time we learnt the English words for *cheval* and *mer*, which are horse and sea. The bar in our town was called *W?B!* as in *Why? Because!*

Bisous,

Drus



Please to read all poems in a French accent.



*hope*



# ocean love

My ocean love is Vanessa du Plouy  
When we go to the sea together  
And we swim I see a dolphin.

When she telephone me,  
she tell me words soft:

For example:

Burn Baby Burn.

Love me for the life  
like I love you  
Vanessa.

# tennis

When you play tennis I like  
see you  
to sweat.

This obsession.

If I would can,  
I save you in a disc to keep you for the life.

Even if you would like to dance with  
another man,  
save the last dance for me.

# you & me, alone

You are the more pretty woman of world  
We drink champagne in my bedroom

I put music,  
I you want for me alone

# she's like the sea

Your beauty is sea-like

Dance,  
come on baby-baby,  
my darling.

*When he see me  
that creature  
The sea rough  
He wish desire me*

**it's all about me.  
well, mostly**

I am crazy for me.

You me misses like the  
Desert misses the rain.

I like horse, but not as much as you.

# rookie nookie

You dance like a rookie.

Save the last dance for me,  
and I offer the flower.

# out of body experience

Our eyes met across a crowded room  
My heart had almost flown away  
My eyes were on his

*OH la la! She fell in love!*

# interview with a desirer

I believe in miracles you sexy thing

Why I want you see?

I desire have an interview with you

When I see the sea I think

*“you Georges Clooney.”*

# peace Vanessa love

She love flower  
She love dance  
What is the telephone number?

I desire you.

## most Roman

You have got sexy eyes  
Oh Roman Steux  
Do you want to dance and play tennis  
with me?  
Because you're *most* handsome.

I only know to say,  
I'm crazy about you.  
And my heart beats only for you  
just before I say  
'I love you.'

# **IE: quite a lot**

I love Georges Clooney  
Almost as much as you.

# I need some you talk

Your love's got me crazy  
in love. When I see you  
I think of a horse

I know I am crazy  
but I want you telephone number.  
For you talk.

## some perfume

Despite the air, still low,  
and the hesitant air  
something new  
floats into scent.

Some perfume, entirely green,  
frees itself discreetly.  
A pleasure begins to move;  
spring is open.

# Caroline

You are dolphin in the sea

You are one horse

You are crazy for me Caroline



## **are you nervous too?**

You have got sexy eyes  
Like the colour of the sea  
You, Aurelei  
are you nervous too?

# Tennis, no. You, yes.

Angelique, save the last dance for me  
I want always stay together  
Love you tennis?

Me, no.

Big kiss.

**exciting**

When I look at you I'm exciting like horse.





*longing*



# unseen

When I am not seen, I am nervous.

## lover's tiff

-How could you Mélanie?

*I don't know!*

-If you want. . . We must go to the sea.

*Yes, I want but they aren't light  
and I don't like the night.*

-Oh! I will take my fire in me  
and all will be clear!

# save the last dance for me

Why don't you look me?  
With your eyes, colour sea,

I, covered of kiss-  
*Answer me!*

## only clichés to say how I feel

“Hot in the city tonight.”

/

“There are not a single flower like you.”

/

“I’m all out of love

I’m so lost without you.”

I feel alone.

# I've got a realness

Caine, you have got sexy eyes  
But why don't kiss me?

I'm crazy about you.  
When I see you I'm like a child.  
I've got a realness for you.

Oh my darling,  
look at me  
like you look at Georges Clooney.

## tennis II

My heart beats for you  
When I play tennis.

My flower dies when misses water.

Because me is the flower  
and you is the water.

# Florian

Florian,  
you laugh sad like a wave on the sea.

Florian,  
I remember on the holidays,  
both on a horse, next to the sea.

# Constance

My heart's overcast for you, Constance  
You are dolphin of my life.

I telephoned at night.  
I love you baby.

# Laetitia

I'm nervous before the lesson,  
where is my prescription?

# 2004

Two hearts beat as one  
A flower don't deserve a fire  
You don't deserve to be love  
Amongst every flower you are prettier.

I am Nicole Kidman, you are Tom Cruise.

# otherwise

Brad Pitt!

Give me your telephone number

Bloody hell! Give me please!

Otherwise      I will go eat donuts.

# ooh, good metaphor

Emilie is a nice girl  
Ludivine has long blonde hair  
Rose is a beautiful flower

You're so much for one man  
but not enough for 2

The pollution- it's a real problem

# small heart

Samia  
I'm all out of love,  
I'm lost without you.

When we dance together  
We on fire  
My heart is flame

You have too small heart.

# you're not there

I desire give you one flower  
But why don't you want?

I want prove my love but you're not there  
I want to offer my heart but you not want

I have hurt heart

# me & you

We were so good. Together.

Why have you left?  
Don't you love me anymore?

Me, I was very crazy for you.

# Why? Because!

Roses are red  
Melanie you are a flower  
Your eyes sparkle like diamonds in the night

Roses are red as your mouth  
But you left me  
Because I am a player with you

# Georges Clooney: beginning of the end

Georges Clooney have got sexy eyes.

Sarah married Georges Clooney  
For raise dolphin.

She nervous.

# Georges Clooney: the end

George Clooney, it is a good actor because  
qualified to satisfy you  
in any way can't me.

That the divorce it is not good,  
the war is dramatique,  
relations are confused.





*Heather*

*(bear)*



**make an appointment,  
or hell,  
just take one!**

Burn baby burn, turn my baby  
put your hair into the wind.  
I will take a photo  
I love her.

Her name is Heather  
And I will take a appointment with her.  
But after because now I play the lover

# pretty woman

Heather

You are a pretty woman  
When you kiss, it's incredible  
I love you. Yeah you!

During a party  
when we dance together  
I like the way you move

# Paris to Africa

When I am with Heather  
I took long walks on the beach  
For to look the sea  
From Paris to Africa

You are (with me)  
for always  
(in my heart)

# Dear Heather

Last night  
when I drink champagne with you  
I want to offer you some flower

But all the night I'm on fire  
And I always think about you:

“Damn, *putain!*” \*

\* French for ‘damn.’

# Dear Heather II

I think about you everytime

You voice is very existing  
I love listening to you to the telephone

But I am a player  
Because I prefer giving sugar to horses

# I'm sorry, Heather

Heather is a horse that eat donuts, but  
He's a player  
because he  
likes several mares.

He do makes the baby and leaves.