

In The Trenches Of Love

I sit in pensive unease, in tortured hope,
Near the phone, wishing she would break her silence –
The miasma of her silence has grayed my existence,
Love is a beautiful pendant hanging from the thin strings of faith and hope.

Last week we were in the park chasing each other:
Over the hills, around the trees, under the bushes,
Culminating in a dip in the sensuous limpidity of the pool,
Then we walked hand in hand to the far-away parking lot.

A small talk with her on our next tryst
Catapulted into a tangent over her belief
That I was beginning to be attracted to a girl in my office,
My forceful presentation of the facts made her further incensed with me.

I called her several times later, but she would not reply,
E-mails she never thought appropriate for lovers'
communications,
Why she cannot trust me I cannot fathom? ,
While my misery is great, her mood is equally insular.

I have no doubt that she is exploiting my need for her,
In love sacrifices are great but revenges are no less:
Since two persons are one so there is no unfairness toward the other:
Everything is an expression of the dancing curve of a state of mood.

I have been thinking of strategies to reconnect with her,
But my appeal to her based on reason is not one of them,
As in love reason is a weak tool:
Everything is faith, dream, vision.

Suffern, New York, 10.14.10