

# 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