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Untitled

Margaret Gertz

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Untitled
Margaret Gertz

I think you must have been a fisherman in a former life,
For the moment you turned and said, "Hello" as if you already knew me
I was hooked.
Cliché, I know. I need to work on that.
It’s the little things that bother you:
Spontaneity, days filled with events not chosen by you,
And those moments when I ask you pressing, personal questions,
Which make you cover your feelings of discomfort
With expressions of annoyance.
You answer me with a quick word and a shrug,
Not wanting to hand out too much of yourself,
Afraid you’ll be misunderstood or used up too quickly,
But I know you; I feel as if I even been you for a time.
The love of my life: not just a cliché, but possibly inaccurate;
You are the love in my life.
Yet sometimes, as we lie together,
Your breath quickened from a moment of passion,
My head resting gently upon your chest,
My body absorbing the heat from your naked skin,
I think back to the way it used to be:
The day we first met, the conversations that meant everything and nothing,
How it felt to lose you to her for a time,
And at that moment, I feel so much amazement in the simple act
Of my hand running across your thigh.
The victory of love once lost now won
Displayed in a few soft kisses along your neck.
But then the darkness presses in on me,
The heaviness of a future uncertain.
Will the years separate us, as a doctor would
Two children grown together in the womb;
An abnormality corrected that two people may live better lives?
Or will we sever the bond ourselves,
Our knives cutting into the flesh we once shared,
The symbol of our love and time apparently wasted?

Or perhaps, on that distant day when my heart races,
When my abdomen swells, when my mind shuts the door
On all that is left on the masculine world,

As I take the long walk that will end my solitude
Will it be your face I see at the end of the journey?

Might you again turn and smile as if you already knew me?

These are the unanswered questions that silently

Pour out of me into the night,

Theories that only the future can prove.

Til then I must rely on the only sure things I know:
My head rested on your strong shoulder,

Your hand firmly grasping mine,

And the sound of your heart as it beats with my own.

Cliché, I know. I need to work on that.

Freedom

Allyson Stone