

EVEN THE SILENCE HAS LOST ITS WILL TO LIVE

I splash in the safety of the shallows
avoiding the abstract horrors of our relationship
that you insist to explore
in the concepts you call honesty, trust,
safe boundaries, acceptance,
congruence and cores.

I splash in the safety of the shallows
over dinner, where I am at a loss
to quantify love by definition as you demand,
until I concede to ask,
'what exactly do bay-leaves add to the sauce?'

I have given your silence true purpose to exist again.