

Attending to the death of love

We are waiting for this
to pass. There is promise
of death but no directions.
There is this blindness in me.

You have some experience.
You tell me I may not
use my hands, some moves
are ruled out, not to impose.

I shall name my love to death. Fusion,
I say, need, obsession, light,
vision. And it swells with new
blood, my blood. There is
this pernicious sickness in me.

I try persuasion. Torture,
I say, dead end, despair, fate worse
than death. There is silence.

When you jab, it squirms,
it bleeds. It lives. You tell me
to come back later.

Waiting out this agony, you are
the patient one.

Florence Treadwell