

Love Cycle - a serial

by Deborah Oster Pannell

1.

How can one begrudge the cracking open of a heart?
When the lava love fire loaded insanity of self-control disappears
And the raw spewing begins
You better be ready for the truth
It ain't gonna be pretty
You'll wish you were dead
You won't recognize where you are
You'll be so fucking angry
You'll watch your perfect dreams dissolve in the burning smoke of
illusion
And maybe, just maybe, if you aren't humiliated into oblivion,
You'll take a deep breath, look around and realize that
Maybe you just had a few unfamiliar feelings

2.

You just gotta relax, he said.
You just,
You,
I am surprised at how flexible and bendy I can be
How eager to please
How patient
And then, how much I expect
How much I need
And desire
And hope
And then,
The veil of romance is lifted
And all that remains is something crafted
Something designed to please and
No one is wrong or right,

Just trying on their latest stories for size

3.

When the sex is so good
You forget every lesson you ever learned
Every stop sign
Ignored
Life becomes very simple
Get
Some
More

4.

My poem is not an invitation.
It's not a come on
Or a manipulative gesture
My poem is my heart
On a plate
Or maybe it's a mirror
To some imagined place
It's definitely not meant for only you
Why would I be as obvious as that?

5.

She cooked for him, bore his children, stood by him in sickness
And so he pleased her
It was a good arrangement for a while
He soothed her tears when she was lost
And so she allowed him to find solace
Deep inside her flesh
And it was a good trade for a while
But what of the restless heart
The wandering mind
That can't be held to this place, this time, this coupling
When that heart opens, can it find its match?

How do you recognize a kindred spirit in the forest of commerce?
When does the shimmering begin
And the breathing deepen
And the alignment of souls set you free?

