

Love and other entreaties

by David Kozatch

And, were you the one who had whispered,
while surrendering to that dreamy, nebulous present-state
that lovers will tell you
feels like a blissful eternity but
in retrospect can seem as fleeting as the flicker of an eyelash
pressed against their lover's cheek,
"it's okay, you can come inside me,"
after which I said,
"are you sure?"
and you had replied that, *yes*, you were sure?
Memory, like love and other entreaties,
can be a slippery thing.

