

# 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?

