

Love Poem

by Deborah Oster Pannell

I want to be very angry at you
for reminding me of my first husband,
or someone I'm afraid of becoming
I need to be not sure
if I like what you eat, or who you've slept
with in the past, or that old sweatshirt you wear
Please make me understand why I should
trust that you won't suddenly change your mind
about everything, once I let the tidal wave of
want rise up from the small pool of doubt I
keep hidden beneath my playlists, leftover
spaghetti and snappy retorts to virtual friends
And then, in mid-ramped-up argument
you surprise me by declaring, it's just OK
and I am silenced into desire

