## 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