

Stationed

by Ivan Reyes

I
Waited.
You never showed up.

As the snow fell down
Covering the leaves
That covered the road
I wondered if I was crazy

Or just crazy about you
Was there even a difference?

I wondered,
Was love a mental illness
Because I knew I hated you
But before I knew that I hated you
I fell in love
Before I knew anything
And so did you
With a mirage you thought was me

Are we both crazy?

Or is it crazy to be sane because the chaos of the world is dimmed
and shut off
And despite the fact that I hate you
And you hate me for who and what I am
In you I stirred a chaos
And chaos is possibility
And in me you did the same
And when we succame to our own humanity
And returned to our senses

The possibilities disappeared.

Love is a blind, rabid dog.

Love is...

I got back into my truck.

Turned it on, I never went in for that corny mess,

Peace and love, it's a nursery rhyme the old tell the young

The middle aged know better,

Love is a fuck and a beer.

Love is a stolen lottery ticket.

Love is the twinkle in your eye when you punish yourself for being weak.

Love is a sack full of french fries and ketchup and napkins.

Love is the sight of eternity.

And it only lasts for a moment.

And we feast on that moment for years.

Until we depart.

And, maybe, meet again.

And, maybe, we dance again.

To relive the moment.

To affirm, at least just to us, that it was real.

Fragile is the moment, and so easily lost.

We lose our minds protecting it, and pain is the cost.

