

What I know about love

by Lillian Ann Slugocki

There are many forms of impossible love. For example when the rain soaked streets are littered with yellow leaves. When a fine mist hangs in the air, and it is twilight and you are not here. And I am left only with the memory of the vulnerability of your naked body. How can this be? That in the whole universe of living, breathing things, I walk the streets and can only remember what it was like to kiss you. So far away from your lips, your hands, your face. But, this is what love teaches us. It teaches us to be patient. To be like the mountain enduring centuries of wind and rain, as time etches the story into the hard stone, and so high up only the gods can be certain of reading it, of understanding it— because I'm down here on earth, bound by gravity, by my weight, by my feet on the rain soaked pavement, my head fairly floating off the stalk of my mortal body, oh love. There is nothing about you I understand.

