

Conjured love

by Mathew Paust

Love heals.

Lovers know this from the start,
Yet they may not know with certainty
What love is.

Not that it matters especially
When they find the magic within the power
Of unfolding lust,
Of redemption,
Of unmitigated joy.

There's a mutual recognition
In the eye to eye surrendering
To trust,
To promise,
To the unimaginable other.

And when all is gone its memory remains
To wield the rage,
Reminding the heart
What love is.

