

# 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.

