

Our Love

by Steven J. Kolbe

Where did our love go—the one that proceeded from us like the Holy Spirit, our physical compromise, our spiritual amalgam? Is he in some rocking chair eternal, dozing in the lap of God? Forget it. I am tired of playing the old game: Saying something old in a new way. So let me do the opposite:

so much depends
upon
 a red wheel
barrow

filled with daff-
odils

beneath God-
zilla.

I don't think anyone has expressed as much, and furthermore it seems completely like something a little boy might find hilarious. I don't know why anybody writes about grief at all. Does it speed up the getting over? It hardly seems like a sufficient form of expression. To the uninitiated, it's an unknowable feeling. And as for everybody else, what more do they need to know? No, nobody ever talks about the train they missed, and if they do it doesn't get them where they need to go and, furthermore, it seems that everyone we talk to has missed a train as well. But there I go again, trying to refurbish an old song when the best I can do is try to make myself clear to you.

