

# Present Conditions

*by* XXXX

Our love used to be so artless,  
unstained by a knowingness  
that perceives time in minutes  
whenever you visit,  
always conscious of your leaving,  
of maybe not being able to come back,  
or never wanting to do so again.  
Now: dinner for no more than an hour,  
conversations cut short by the beeping  
of your digital watch.  
To wear those legs around me like a vest--  
I can only dream about such evenings.

