

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.

