saying goodbye to Loma

I pulled up to the curb in front

of you your house the future a hope

dropped into a whirling wave of pasts that were not

mine yours only men who betrayed you silently not

speaking English but loving you your body flesh and children

came one then two on fire heated floors but never the look

desire I had just there at the curb knowing you only online foolishness

of e-harmony and other deceptions I drove endless hours into off the grid

town village smear on the map Veer-oh-quay at first seeing you

farmer’s widow ex or something no geography could fix

only to fall blindly into the abandonment of all those others so

eyes gouged out you sensed only my bloated body wishing for

another slender more slender with no belly fat no presence of gravitas

my hunger ravaging you found no place in your heart frightened your mind

failed ring I was to offer, gift of a long friended goldsmith but

children walked with books in their face indifference in their gait

no male male masculine was to penetrate this most prophylactic of gaze

I was undone, emasculated, de-horned but persevered did I

imbecile of romantic love, months across from you ignored by you

in time friendship, ask I more?

12/4/15