

BRIEF TREATISE ON THE POST- IDEALIZATION PHASE OF TWO LOVERS ●

Doris Ferleger

My love craves connection.
Other times loneliness
covers him like his childhood

blanket—animal warmth
of his own body
taken back into himself.

I, too, crave connection.
Though it's the first time
I've known it.

We ride swells as if the sea
had precipices to fall from—
we are fiery, dangerous

and safe all at once.
Other times the sea calls me
and I dive in

leaving my love shipwrecked
on an island we have
been building together.

Each of us imagines there is time
to hold a grudge. Hold back.
Race to the finish line

of blame. We say we want the other
to be who they are. Each has a vision
of how that should look.

I do not know how to hold
his anger lightly.
Or mine. I find it hard to breathe.

It is said without rage
there is no ache of longing
for connection.

It is said sunlight
penetrates each tight bud
to reach the center of the rose.