

Yester-ways

I almost pass many sketches on this or that wall.
Just now, push-pinned in every room.
portraits on wide, off-white sheets appear,

I hold no velvet bag filled with lovers
I have pushed away (or who have quit me).
You and I can not claim failed marriage;
then we might be done forever.

What is love's expiry date? Its best-if-used-by date?
A shattered bond does not dim nor erase what was.
We were kind to us. Thus, our long-ago joys
ever remain...in a Hawking space-time,
where and when what *was* still is.

Am I inconstant and unchaste if I notice
portraits of others, as well as yours?
While not *the* one, you remain one.
Your face and the others' present to me.
I sigh for anyone who does not see sketches.

Of course, we had our moments...
Nights surely, morning frolics too,
and café afternoons with sweet—then bitter—
G&Ts over tiny white tables right on 7th Avenue.
While M20 buses and peds passed, we shared
anticipation, the soon of mind, word and hand.

If you wonder do I keep feelings for you,
if I still think well of us, know the yesses.
The ideal of us lives and loves.
You can only murder love doggedly.

Our thousand feats are a crumbled book of us.
I do not and cannot know you in this moment.
Yet sketched and etched, we are deeply rutted
and strongly ruddy in our shared past.

Ever-you ever-us.

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