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Re-writing the Love Rapport

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RE-WRITING THE LOVE RAPPORT

Rain drops freezing on the road tonight

Find our hearts sliding, one into the other, at
the Happy House on Harrel Street
(if you can believe it, but it's true) Blacksburg,
Virginia the U S of A, by God, and the universe
as well. Our universe. Inside the

Happy to BE House. Putting felt tip to
Paper towel because the music in the
living room is too loud, too live and too much
to overcome. I begin with THE interruption got lost
between the sheets of innocence and trepidation.

That's a poetic idea (in parentheses).

He returns with a word and
Worldwise abstraction: Eschew Obstrufication.
WHY are men so abstract?

Because it is a more elaborate dance, a more
impressive mating ritual,
if you will

DANCE

with the true word of a man
Clinging to (or attempting to grasp) the world
of autonomy, in the 1980's. A humanitarian,
holding on to the seat edge of
Masculinity,
and knowing better.

I'm wordless.

DAMN right you're wordless.

But on second thought, trudges along with yet another
pompous, fear-induced vaguity. I break a smile.

Shared empathy for the null set eternally searching for
a few tangible numbers.

Others call it love.

J.E. Bostock