

ODE ON INTIMACY

Karen Kovacic

Come closer, my friend; I want so much to reach you,
But when you are here, I motion you home.
My glance sweeps your soul and though I beseech you
To know what I'm knowing I still am alone.

You tug at my heartstrings
(I feel they are broken)
You say all the "right things,"
(Which are best left unspoken)
Your eyes filled with kindness you offer your hand,
Of course, that's your own form of subtle demand.

A tortuous trail of silence, then scorn,
Beginning at duskfall and lasting till morn,
I attempt to elude but I'm still so unsure—
The twistings and trystings leave me insecure.

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