

MARIE UNGAR

True Poem

I lied. The first time I fell in love was before I can even remember. I must have opened my eyes and missed the most significant moment of a lifetime. Nothing is that new anymore. The sky in all its versions. Every kind of touch. None of it can hurt us right. Hello, old sky. Hello, old touch. It's not that I'm unhappy to see you but that when I am with you, I am reminded there's nowhere more to go. Here. Here. Here. See. Each time we cross paths, which is endlessly, I try to paint you into something unrecognizable. Then, I am angry you never show your plain, true face. I am hurting for you. But not because of you. Which is what I am wanting. What I would like, what I would really like, is for there to be something you do, just now, and then just now forever, that enters me from some unthinkable beyond and changes everything. Strike me down with a perfect bolt of lightning. I'm waiting. I have to believe you've done it before, would do it again. That you are just saving the impossible for when it will be the most.