

*Impotence:*

I think (you'll say I'm judging)  
you thrust passionately  
against love  
because if you don't, if you  
(god forbid)  
let someone inside,  
if you give love, you give power

Wouldn't want that  
...would you?

Have you ever permitted pain to penetrate –  
reveled in it, given yourself over  
to the exquisite anguish?  
(It hurts, you know, this business of being human.)

If you haven't felt that, you can't have known  
pleasure, been blown  
by the ferocious intensity of love's first bloom  
nor the intimate strokes of its more tender articulations.

These barricades you erect  
around your heart  
make loving you  
a cutting, fruitless effort  
that leaves me wondering:  
What meaning can life have?

when all you have left to live for is your anger