

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