

No End in Sight

there is only one end
the ultimate end-
death

everything else
once it starts
circles
around and around
for all time

I know this
because
the circumstances
I've found myself in
if there was an end
it would have happened

and yet
I still found myself on the beach
letting the black water
crash in over and over again
forever and ever

talking with a woman
about our love
that should have
ended if any
rational logic
had at any time
had anything to do with it

but it never did
and it never will

the house had burned down
one thousand times
our hearts had been broken
in the sand one million
times
but there we were
piecing them together again

and it became clear to me
that simply trying to avoid
these feelings of mine
was a completely fruitless idea

that she would be there
until the end of my days
and I would love her
even beyond that

“do you think our friends
think we’re crazy?” she asks

“Yes.” I say

“They tell me I shouldn’t talk to you anymore.”

“Well, screw them!”

the very thought
of not speaking with her
was laughable

if all the telephones of the world
were destroyed tomorrow
I would write a letter an hour

if all pens and paper evaporated today
I would travel to her
and play the violin
outside her bedroom window
every night

they have no idea
what we have
these *friends*
of ours

they do not know
the thing that binds us

how could they?

I seriously doubt
they have ever experienced
anything half as strong

I have killed it
in the grisliest, filthiest way possible
and it has climbed out
of the grave
bigger and handsomer
than before

there is no end in sight
because you cannot
put a lid
on a flower
as wild
and beautiful
as this one

the flames
are too hot

the color
is too bright

the roots
are too deep.