

I Still Myself

Quietly
I drink green tea,
stitch needlepoint,
eavesdrop on Japanese conversations,
as I wait for passion to die.

We meet in an Asian Gourmet Market
for sake, sushi, speaking.
Not my hotel room,
where we could have fallen
into bed together,
tipsy on wine and wanting.

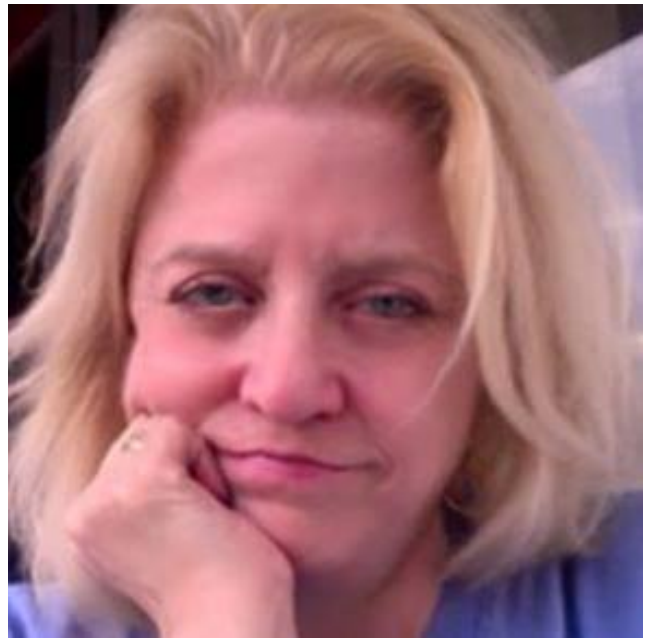
I still myself,
to meet a friend,
promise myself I will be brave
and calm and indifferent
to your lips.

Forgetting how good
you felt inside me,
I small talk.

Is there no part of me
That you want to touch,
So soft, so thoroughly
That it is a part of you?
Is there no part of me
That you want to hold onto?

I press my cheek
Against your neck,
Warm, in the crook
That smells just of you,

I still myself,
Knowing,
Aching,
Waiting,
Wanting to be over you.



Stiller and stiller and stiller.
Almost as if there were no more blood
Left to boil in my veins,
Almost as if there were no way
to want you still,
And you are cool,
maybe even cold,

And, in your arms,
I still myself.