

R.W. MEYER

ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVE

Requited love I know.
It is brief
Unless nurtured,
And requited hate I have seen
To be addictive between pit bulls.

Requited love for hate
Or hate feigning love for love,
Of course,
Can last
Just
As long,
For after all,
Such familiarity
Can breed poison as easily
As a dagger in the heart.

Yet I know
Going forward
Is the only way to find
A woman
Who has out-survived
Survival
And wants merely to exist,
To live.

Requited,
One does not *fall* in love;
One rises.