

Pointed

"What Love Requires"

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You may be
Unaware, but secretly (upstairs) I've fought and cursed
and bled
And now I need a warm, soft breast on which to rest
and calm my head
And draw that living touch before I fall down dead

But even
Among ideals, I must reveal mine's not-so-everyday
That slender wrist and iron fist that knocks my blahs
away
That taut and tiny body who could overtake a bear
Who'd fell a redwood should its branches tangle in her
hair

Who is the central source of her own innder fire
Who knows what love requires

I know, I learned long ago
That an iron will and mental skill are imperative, and so
I ask my whats and whys and whens and hows and
wheres and whos

But still, I need that spark to fire up the machine
But the things that give me charge one day so quickly
seem routine
So Venus, send a priestess my way worth the
conquering
(Let me work to be the victor I have longed to be!)

Who, by so taking, shows what led to my desire
And shows what love requires.

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