

# RECONCILIATION ATTEMPT

*John Hayes*

On the walks we once took  
you would look  
at everything along the way  
then go splashing in the bay,  
remember while eating a picnic lunch  
and drinking well spiked punch  
we solved the mystery of the universe.  
You wrote it down, tucked it in your purse.  
I've long forgotten our resolution  
no doubt you know  
our fragile solution.  
But your kisses were always cold  
and I was loath to hold  
you tightly.  
Yet nightly  
we laughed and talked  
and drank and walked.  
Why were your kisses cold?  
They felt like a plaster mold.  
Where was your love, your lust?  
Couldn't you just  
strengthen your zeal  
try to feel.  
I tried  
I cried  
why didn't you, you witch  
you bitch.  
You don't even care  
I hope you lose your pubic hair.