

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.