

On Valentine's Day I Am Angry

It turns out Auden's balm to "let me
 be the one more loving"
just appeals to our obsession
12-step nonsense
 forgiveness—I will, can you
 take the steps...

But deeper into that old poem
 we find just another narcissist
 loves only what he sees--
the stars at night
 but what of the daytime? The stars
 more complicated trajectory
 through the sunstar-illuminated sky?

What happens when I walk away
 because you keep telling me to go?
 like a star blinking out, the dark skies forced into sunrise
 a fire's flames brightening all around?

Maybe that anger really hides
 the grief and loneliness but
I am that dim star
 just my back turned as I walk away
 to blaze again in the day. Bold sun
 afternoon's star, let no one ever
 wish you gone.

Let no fair love forget you in the night
nor love you more just when you're bright.