We were always looking
For each other
Without knowing who
Each other was.
We could never be happy
With anyone else
It never could last.

Even never knowing there was
An each other
We would have been looking.

We met as tumultuously
As the sea crashing on the shore
Colliding.
Our love rushing in and out with the tides
Wallop the rocks
Of our obstinacy
Cooling
Caressingly
Tidily calm.

The wonder is you
There were other loves
Those promises, vows
The passion, the sex
The exchanges.
The violence and the pain
The forevers!

Now
You exist
The rest, shifting mist.

The days whirled by like leaves
caught up in a wind tunnel.
Furled against each other,
lost in timeless love, rising and falling,
losing our limbs to each other round and round
wound and wound and wounding.

Tightrope
Your love for me is no longer strong.
It’s broken.
No longer will it mend the words spoken
nor speak of the dreams we shared.
What will I do without my lifeline?
It has become a tightrope.

My night face
A portrait
an etched visage
a mask of private winters
the peculiar harvest of time.

As her eyes feast
she unfolds each secret
one by one
eases them from their past
the wintry mask dissolves

The pulse is right
between us

yes
We are safe
entering into each other’s hearts

My mind
a windless snowfall

Excerpted from a manuscript-in-progress, tentatively titled “We Could on A Park Bench Sit.”

Eleanor Koldofsky’s poetry has been published in Canada, The United States, and the United Kingdom.