

## Eleanor Koldofsky

### We Could on a Park Bench Sit

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 could on a park bench sit  
And hold eyes  
While our hands  
Idled and twisted  
And wished, too.  
Wishing wells  
Wellings wasted  
Staring at your mouth  
Wondering on which part  
Of me  
It would like to be.

We met as tumultuously  
As the sea crashing on the  
shore  
Colliding.  
Our love rushing in and  
out with the tides  
Walloping 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 forever!

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.*