

And now?

by John P. Portelli

You told me: I reconsidered everything, and it is best that you delete those photographs which have been tormenting you for fifty years from the shelf of memory. I know we were created for one another; all was lost a while ago because of doubts, fixations. You know that for me you were the world. But either destiny is blind or a firmly bolted door. Our love is built on that which once was. I crave you, but I can't. And now?

I replied: I wandered and wandered to find you again and maybe it was a fatal mistake. I empathise, but you left me as one does burnt food at the bottom of a pan. If only you had allowed me to kiss the calmness of the sea that I still witness in your eyes. I would have been able to forget all. In vain I played the accordion of our youth to console you! Talk of passion is too harsh for your taste, like my life of solitude. Yet, we are still here turning in our dreams without anyone spotting us. How long shall I purse my lips to stop the tears? And now?