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THE CUP
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The Cup

I once reassured some girl on the phone
that I could possibly learn to love
even her, when my uncle - the gorgeous one -
came out after his shower, wet and naked.
It was inevitable how mother had lost
me down the middle of a sentence about
the makings of a happy life, among words
like 'marriage' and 'a Christian faith'.
Even as I kissed my true love
with the appropriate force and urgency,
my mind was opening a window
at the back of my head, scanning
the horizon for that vague silhouette
of an earlier love, or a future one.
To think I was utterly convinced
at some point in my life that I would
be one to pour everything
into the worthwhile relationship,
any meaningful enterprise.
But maybe it was simply the case
of the cup being too small with
whatever it held always spilling over,
hence the distracted watchfulness
of the heart turning in its seat to gaze
somewhere else beyond its shoulder.

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