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THE DIFFICULTY
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The Difficulty

The mind leaks from my face as tears.
I am not crying because you left
but because you are no longer enough.
In the past, a door within me swung open
and since then it has refused to close.
Loneliness is a cold wind passing through me
an hour after you promised to call me.
It is as if my irises were made from tears
the way they wobble in my head. I close
my eyes tightly to keep them still. Left
alone to step out from the airport into the open
air, the extent of your absence is enough
to make me forget how it is not enough
to know you will never stop loving me.
Even if you knew my secret you would open
those arms to hold me, ready tears
springing from your eyes. I would be left
speechless, humbled, and moved to close
my hands over your hair, pull you close
to me, as if it were everything and enough:
this brief amnesia, the capricious mind left
waiting beyond its periphery. "Kiss me",
I whispered before you could see my tears.
And you did, bravely so, out in the open,
inviting looks from other people. "Open
your birthday present only when you're close
to tears from missing me," I said, tears
creeping into my own voice. Enough
is enough, another voice inside me
scolds, just as a couple appears on the left
of me in the taxi queue. Having left
the airport too, they now kiss in the open
with only an audience of one, that is me,
to steal a side glance at their love, so close
that I can almost touch them. Enough
of not being understood completely, of tears
and feeling sorry for myself. Enough.
A cab draws up close to me like the future.
With no tears left, I open its door and go.

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