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I Am Tired Of Love

Douglas Blazek

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I AM TIRED OF LOVE

An old wooden boat
carried
upon my back. . .
each time it rains
I set it down
waiting for enough water
to sail

the rain stops
leaving the boat partially
filled

I tip it sideways
drain the water
then heave it again
upon my back

my oars are my hands
you can see them
moving toward you
as I walk

do not cry
or spill your drink
else I will set
my boat upon your lap

when you rise to leave
I will capsize
becoming trapped
underneath myself

it will be dark
I will be dreaming
how calm the sea
how smooth your body

the old wooden boat moored
safely to your bones