

## NAOMI CAMMAYO

### LOVE POEM

It is in pain that I am potent,  
in happiness: seemingly unnecessary.

The world looks still, watery, and green  
but blue up close and overpopulated  
with clichés unrequited and returned  
to their miserable senders, words crowding  
around feelings they will not mean  
and strangers they will never meet.

I lay abandoned on the happy man's desk,  
suffocating in between pages  
of the delirious woman's scented notebooks  
waiting patiently for their need to arise—  
when they will tear at the volumes,  
ravage through the wastebasket,  
shake the drawers vigorously  
in desperation until I disclose what  
joy it is to lament. Defamiliarizing  
in debauchery of verses chronicling  
the tortures of bathing alone  
in the rain, sinking into a corner  
after silencing the telephone lines,  
masturbating on romances,  
nursing self-inflicted bruises, then  
the customary crumbling wall.

Oh the violence in belaboring love!  
As if loss were inevitable, a phenomenon  
one can document and navigate in detail.

