

# The Revolution

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I love you,  
But don't ask me why,  
For I would lie to protect the image I have of myself as a civilized man,  
And I fear the reflection of my love from the truth,  
Would only show the lipstick smeared on your face,  
And my hands wanting to trace the curve of your waist flaring to become your hips,  
And the understanding that a shiny new BMW can never sit in the same garage with a  
beat up Volkswagen without a revolution.

I fear the revolution as much as I yearn for it.  
I fear the truth.  
For in my dream, your lipstick was applied with impeccable taste,  
It is my fingers that smear it on your cheek,  
And my hands never pause for permission before responding to the sudden solidity of  
your body's lines,  
An invitation I am powerless to refuse drawing me to the contours of your skin.  
And though you respond to my touch,  
You do not choose to respond to my touch,  
Any more than I chose to want you.

So if you ask me to tell you why I say that I love you,  
I can only give a second truth,  
The shadowy image of the first,  
And say, "I love your smile,  
I love the look in your eyes,"  
And to ask you for your kiss as a gift,  
And to offer my kiss in return,  
And to pretend that we might progress from two strangers to one soul gradually,  
By the exchange of kindness and respect,  
While ignoring the whirlwind,  
That inevitable consequence of the ferocious three-way battle between  
life as it is, as it could be, and as it should be,  
which arises whenever hearts come close enough to one another to touch.

How can I, as a civilized man, admit the truth? I want the revolution.  
I want to hold you safely to my heart,  
as we turn together to open ourselves to that wind,  
And even if it should lash everything around us to torn splinters on the ground,  
to be strong enough to hold on to each other until the storm fades,  
And when the storm fades,  
to have the prospect of your hand in mine as we sort through fragmented stories  
from the ruins of exploded lives,  
Searching for pieces strong enough to serve as the foundation,  
Of one life, greater than the two that came before.