

'Til Something Do Us Part

To have to hold to keep
yet to have makes you less inclined
to keep
the cynical descent being
merry and cheap

the promise is a warped ring
we hammer to refit
as want swells and shrinks
the bands' ever-creeping patina
laced with dents and dings

If permanence be avowed,
(however tongue-in-cheek)
it is fickleness belied,
always-already implied in this mental-temporal slide
of then and now -
slippery logic employed (and denied)!

How is it kept?
What does it mean to have?
For nothing grows in a keep
and to cage another is a craven act
(however discrete)
and every day I have you
halves my desire, too
dividing and dividing
ever dwindling yet never completely through