

U N R E Q U I T E D

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by Benjamin Aleshire

You are the Albert Einstein of lovers:

believing that love, like energy or matter,  
was created in anti-apocalyptic ecstasy  
& cannot be destroyed.

Or maybe you are the Nikola Tesla of love,

divining its vibrations  
in the places we can't see  
or choose not to look.

You could be the St. Francis of Assisi of love,

letting it roost unbidden  
in the palm of your hand when you least  
expect it but I don't think so.

I think you are the Vivian Barclay of lovers,

reading poems' braille  
reading poems like maps.

-- for Vivian Barclay, who always asks  
street-poets for this same topic,  
who still believes that love can be  
unrequited even after a breakup.

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