

Six Poems for Anne

by Eustace F. Pendleby

I'm Afraid to Love You

Maybe today,
Or maybe tomorrow,

Our love might finish.
And then, what sorrow.

But don't be afraid;

This is not wise.
Our love is eternal —

No beginning or ending.
You can see it in my eyes.

Why Does the Sun Shine?

Why does the sun shine?
Why, oh why?

I know the answer, but

It's a secret. I wonder
How long I'll have to keep it.

Existence, nonexistence —
What are these things?

I can teach you if you
Give me time to explain.

A Brokenhearted Man

A brokenhearted man
Is something to see.

I know because I wake up
Every morning and look in the mirror, and

There's always one there
Looking back at me.

I smile anyway, because life will go on,

And life is nothing
But a beautiful song.

Everybody Says I Shouldn't Love You

I tell everyone I meet
About the woman I love.

They all tell me the same thing:
“Forget her. She’s no good for you.”

I laugh in their faces.
They have no clue.

I know for a fact our love is true.

I could give a fuck about times and spaces.
I could give a fuck about stupid opinions.

Death and Life

I die when I'm with you,
And I die when I'm away.

I die when I go,
And I die when I stay.

I die every time
I think of you,

So I die about ten thousand times every day.

And you go on living, in your own way.
I am happy to die. What else can I do?

She Kissed the Back of My Neck

The night before, we made love for hours.
As she was falling asleep, high and drunk

And dazed, she asked if I could do it all night.

I said I could this for days.
I took two Valiums, drank half a Singha,

And smoked a cigarette.
In the morning, she kissed the back of my neck.

She said, "I love you." And I was awoken.
There are no more words that need to be spoken.