

## Room 23

Love thrives on absence and abhors clear sight—  
perhaps. Yet in the fading of late night  
each solitary evening, in this room  
which piles of books and soap and socks make home  
of sorts, pathetically, I know I feel  
absences which define this love as real.  
Sweet love, to make love isn't all of love  
although I ache for it. Even above  
delicious privacies, I've understood  
even to quarrel with you would be good.  
Proust, I suppose, once and for all defined  
the intermittencies of heart of mind  
whereby the gone becomes the never wanted:  
but these Athenian solitudes are haunted  
with images of you. At three o'clock  
I wake each morning staring at the lock  
as though the turning of a key might bring  
you suddenly into the room; some spring,  
as in a schlocky song, green and make right  
the vacant winter's day, the interminable night.