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Feckless Replies

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Feckless Replies

William Vollrath

We weren't always this way—
 We too want and need a soft touch and
 reassuring smile, like you
 the crisp, fresh air through the open morning window
 after a night of blissful intimacy,
 the deeply sought, dependable, faithful moments,
 nights of ardent desire fulfilled,
 of symphonic, orgasmic release

But such nights became increasingly rare—
 They became the exception,
 while the days of disquiet multiplied,
 filled with hurtful pokes and jabs
 from your sharp sticks fueled by too many insecurities
 brought forth from childhood into our fragile relationship

Resigned surrender became fecklessness in your eyes—
 Your sufficient man seemingly idealized
 as superman, not realman
 Not the flawed humanity, the reality as we are created,
 needing support and encouragement,
 needing second, even third chances
 Not we discouraged, frustrated creatures
 desperately seeking some nobility
 amongst the oxygen-sucking, energy-consuming
 E-mails, deadlines, road rages, constant crises, daily deaths
 of a toilsome today

Honest angst of being less than perfect,
 prematurely and unfairly labeled fecklessness—
 Interpreted as a lacking in love,
 real love you chose not to see and nurture,
 being blind to treasure just beneath a scarred surface
 left to mutate into a debilitating sad loneliness
 unnecessary and unwanted fecklessness in your eyes,
 or perhaps just cruelty's bastard child
 for us each, and too many others...