The Relationship

Roberta Carrie Stewart
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THE RELATIONSHIP

He flies to me
    on his own terms
    withholding favors
    as he sees fit.
Aloof, alone, ignorant
    of my friendly advances,
    he plays with my attentions,
    leaving on a whim.
How I would beseech:
    come, spend some time
    but unanswered, my words
    fall on a void.
He searches vainly his mirror
    for his own companion
    needing only that
    to know himself.
Pretender, this one,
    he needs nothing
    sufficient unto his being
    but I know better.
The world is too big:
    rather languish
    than stretch wing
    and soar from shelter.
Caged in security
    he finds refuge
    while I, the jailor, bring
    sustenance and clean pan.

Occasional advances
    bring quick retreat
    to comfortable familiarity
    of confinement.
When once he advances
    it is of his choosing
    at times inconvenient
    for brief interlude.
It only takes
    small slight:
    the turn of my head another way
    and he’s off.
Leaving only the
    excrement of his visit
    as evidence
    that he was here.
Bird, Man, or Muse
    All or one
    You choose,
    as you wish...

— Roberta Carrie Stewart