5-1-2011

My Love is a Shadow

Monica Logan

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Logan, Monica (2011) "My Love is a Shadow," The Promethean: Vol. 19 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol19/iss1/6

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
But on a woman's body it becomes a flock of birds.

San. No more! Be thou away from me this moment! Thinkest thou that passion substitutes a want of wisdom? I could with my chastity not bear to part! Thy presumption becomes thee not; go. Apply to Scripture, that thou mayst become wise.

Aff. I know what the Scriptures read! "Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair." "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet." "Thy breasts—"

Ver. Ah! that is enough; get thee hence at once,
And come thou not again with that foul mouth,
Which hot and cold it spits out all at once
Words too loose to belong to a strumpet
And base blasphemies of the Living Word.

Aff. May maledictions and afflictions, torments, imprecations, tribulations and calamity befall ye! Thou art anathema to me, the both of ye; thy visages are hateful. But as thou didst fail, foul Ratio, so thy life, wanton Sanctimonia, I shall spare.

Exit Affectus.

San. I know not what to think! Such villainy,
Without cause or motive – which was the worse?

Ver. The Lord doth not rank sins by less or more;
All vice is the same. As to knavish ways,
Though in their bosoms each had his own plan,
Yet both of them were equally vile.

San. Come, my love. Let us think of this no more.
My thoughts rest on thee, whom I doth adore.

Ver. My dove, steal away! Let us now be one,
That the Lord may smile, our love sealed and done.

Exit Sanctimonia and Veritas.
The Promethean, Vol. 19 [2011], Iss. 1, Art. 6
My world depends on you,
My Hermia

How could I have lived this way?
Do you see how much I need you?
Without you, I’m just a piece of plastic without a soul

Like a shadow you can never grasp,
My love will follow you always
Being your beloved and blue cell phone

The woman on the park bench is exhausted. Her hair is unbrushed and her head hangs, hiding in the hood of the sweatshirt that conceals the rest of her figure. She’s been sitting for hours, hardly moving, barely distinguishable from the bench she occupies. Several people walk by and consider sitting down, but move on to other benches. Something about her aura pushes them away. It is obvious that the other half of the bench is being saved for someone. Whether this person is tangible or just the ghost of a memory is unclear.

A man, casually dressed, stands by a nearby tree. He watches the woman for a good ten minutes before approaching. He sits like he belongs there, and suddenly, he does. He is the one she’s been waiting for.

“You’re early,” she says without looking at him.
“You’ve been here for a while,” he counters.

The woman does not reply. She simply sits, expressionless. His presence does not change anything in her demeanor. Indeed, it appears that as far as she is concerned, he has been there the whole time, occupying the other half of the bench. Perhaps his haunting presence in her mind is what preserved his seat all this time.

“Well? How are we going to do this?” The man looks around impatiently, obviously not content to spend all day in the public park.

“Are you still seeing her?”
“Tanya.” He sighs, not wanting to put up with her questions.

“No. This is not about me. You had time to talk about me. Now it’s about her.” She straightens up, demanding a response.

“Yes. We’re still together. But you don’t know anything about it. You can’t understand.”

“Well then, there’s not much to do. You can get your stuff out of the house or I can give it to Goodwill. You decide.