

James B. Nicola

It's not that I'm not fond

It's not that I'm not fond or even passionate
but that my one great love (before today),
when asked about love, well, never did say.
Since then I could not help but over-ration it,
which can be misconstrued as being cold.
The silence made the end of that affair
ambiguous: I'd had such faith that there
was so much *there* there. It's a story told

too often: like a two- or three-week flu
that lingers past the four-week mark to five
months, six years. . . I don't mean to puzzle you,
who cure and give me cause to act alive:
But my last great love never did say no.
So for a little while I may seem slow.