Question

You will walk the stone wall of my heart
uncannily. They use mortar here

so you think it's normal
not to cut a stone, not to find

its friction complete in the stack.
I want you to know all my good intentions

boil over when I think you don't leave
me in my natural state, but in a state

comprised of missed chances, poor
decisions, and general mediocrity.

Yes. It's a far sturdier thing,
our love, with its concrete composition,

but you can't tell me I wasn't beatific
when I pushed the stones together all afternoon

in the woods.