

LOVE SONG FOR RECOVERING CODEPENDENT

He thought he had loved her as a drowning
man loves the boat-mistress reaching with her
sure-fingered oar, but as they capsized, seasoned
by the gnawing salt of the Atlantic, arms and oars
impotent, he knew he loved her as a drowning man
loves a drowning woman, weary, fish-breathed
and failing, content to waltz helpless
into the inky, starless night