The Reach

by Jennifer Aikman

Inside—The Ache
of only one source—the schism
Oh, quite so, not pronounced
    not profound
    nor serious
But as wrenching
    present if at all
Inside
An Ache
    the sound of our voice
    -not-quite-right-
Unspoken yet communicated.
Take heart—
    it still is our voice
    not his nor mine
    even in the dark moment
Love assured.
    (this is all that matters, of course
     of course)
Why then the Ache. . . ?
    it is the voice
    saying so much
    speaking the cue—each to each
I skipped class today
    writing verse
No sense comes of it
    I can observe
    reveal
    dig deep
But the Ache remains buried.
I fear.
    Yet still I seek it
I cannot assume the defense
Ignorance is blight
    not bliss
This strain
    is strange
    our voice reveals it
    (Be glad—still it is our voice
     not his nor mine
     even in the most inward)
We both want love
We both want each other
    (No "... don't we?" need be added)
Then why the strain?
It is not Us!
Rodin's "The Kiss"
this is Us . . .
The love—still assured
Then why? Wherefore the injury?
And, How to heal?
We've talked it out . . .
. . . ignored it . . .
The malady continues

I want so to make it right
Yet my skill is lacking
my degree still unearned

Then sweetly
miraculous inspiration
We extend our hands
The remedy
in the reach.