

The willful heart

by [Stella Nesanovich](#) in the [May 1, 2007](#) issue

What is this agitation now that I am old,
this pining for a svelte body, sinuous
as the vine embedded in words, a line
of lovers dancing to dream's empty tune?

Flesh, in secret, raises a clamor,
quakes her soul with yearning
for consummation, the message so
rhythmical it masquerades as truth,

those old clichés of satisfaction.
Bargaining heart, your illusions
spit in the face of old age, tear
like treachery at the lessons of years.