

Regina

When I was a young man, my mother took me aside and told me that love between a man and a woman was spiritual. It was a cautionary confidence. I'm sure she believed what she said, but I later suspected it was a way of her telling me not to engage in wanton sex. At the time, I thought, "Well, if it's spiritual, then it must be good." I took it as the ultimate seal of approval. I found out she was right. I also found out she was shielding me from the sheer pleasure of it all. I found out I was fascinated by the nature of love, spiritually, emotionally, psychologically, and physically.

This story is about the relationship I once called "the love of my life." It asks the question, "Is this girl the love of my life, or is she merely the object of the love that is my life?"

Steve Abhaya Brooks

The Woman of My Dreams

Last night, the woman of my dreams
sat up in bed with me and my lover,
she proved herself to be my equal
and my lover to be a dream.

How little do I know my desires,
when they have been my constant,
insistent companions, for as long
as I've known them.

The one I love best is equal
to this dreamer and truer than
the dreams that stain my bed
with their fertile, futile juices.

They sit apart from my true love,
who comes to remind me I am never
so alone as when I dream of another.