

Enigma
by Sophie Katz

A single night has passed, and you have gone
Away from where you lived inside my heart –
And I've forgot what it was like to want you.

I lie here in the darkness, reaching out
For hunger that I know will cause me pain,
But still I cannot grasp or bring it in me.
Still I cannot find it, not within me.

A single day since I no longer love you,
And every inch of me no longer loves you.
Attraction gone as quickly as it came,
Attraction lost as quickly as a text.

And this demisexual, left behind, perplexed –

With this enigma:
For you were once so much, so much of me –
Not long ago at all, so much of me –
How can you be nothing to me now?

Two nights ago, I savored every thought of you.
Two nights ago, I quivered at the touch of you.
Two nights ago, I kindled deep within for you.

Tonight, it's like I never did at all.

And if want of you can vanish so completely,
What else of you can vanish so completely?

We shared so many firsts, and even more
Were things I did not know I had before.

I did not know how quick my heart could rush
At thought of one; your presence showed me that.
I did not know how close someone could seem
Though far away; your nearness taught me that.

I did not know what love songs really meant
Or that I'd ever sing them, and yet I sang to you.
I did not know what pleasure fingers brought;
And yet I came to learn, with encouragement from you.

And now –

I reach for you not out of warm desire,
But out of fear of losing all those things –
Those happy things, those shining things, love's things –
That through my love for you I had discovered.

But all those things that I through you discovered – **THEY ARE IN ME.**
And though you're gone, I find them still within me.
This heart, my power to love, is still within me.
This voice, my power to share it – still within me.
This touch, my power to pleasure – still within me.

These powers are not lost to me, as you are.
This goodness has not fled from me, as you have.

Myself is mine to keep, and mine to hold,
And mine to choose to give to someone else,
To woman, to man, to gender-boundless soul –
I'll give to them as once I gave to you,
I'll get from them as once I got from you,
I'll feel for them as once I felt for you,
I'll sing to them as once I sang to you,
To they for whom **MY LOVE** will me attract –
MY LOVE. For though it has no subject now,
My love – for who? – is still within me, too.