

I Ask the Impossible

by Ana Castillo

I ask the impossible: love me forever.
Love me when all desire is gone.

Love me with the single mindedness of a monk.
When the world in its entirety,
and all that you hold sacred advise you
against it: love me still more.
When rage fills you and has no name: love me.
When each step from your door to our job tires you--
love me; and from job to home again, love me, love me.

Love me when you're bored--
when every woman you see is more beautiful than the last,
or more pathetic, love me as you always have:
not as admirer or judge, but with
the compassion you save for yourself
in your solitude.

Love me as you relish your loneliness,
the anticipation of your death,
mysteries of the flesh, as it tears and mends.

Love me as your most treasured childhood memory--
and if there is none to recall--
imagine one, place me there with you.

Love me withered as you loved me new.

Love me as if I were forever--
and I, will make the impossible
a simple act,
by loving you, loving you as I do.