

## **When an Abstract is all that's Left**

Love had become  
an abstract, the victim  
of five years of our failing relationship.

I fussed with mid-length hair  
that was as confused as she.  
It lay on my head,  
not sure where to go-  
slowly, desperately reaching  
for whatever lay ahead.

She said, "Why bother  
just for me? If it annoys  
you, just get it cut."

I replied,  
"You are trying  
to reason in the absence of love.  
All I can tell  
you is that love is my reason."

—*Michael Pracht*