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Lowen: Love Story or What Polar Bears Know

LOVE STORY OR WHAT POLAR BEARS KNOW

Cynthia Lowen

Into the arctic summer

we drifted, you on my back
thinking that which grew between us
and all those studious men

violating the frost with their yardsticks

was a strait through which you'd some day slog home.

They watched us leave the party
hoping something had taught you swim,
or better,

drink

comparing their measurements,
saying *tipping point*
but meaning

fucked.

I kept floating toward the future
until you saw

seals
exposing their stupid necks,
the solution

just ahead
of your teeth.

Endless day. The more I became of the black
sea the more

the sea
devoured me

over time
so you did not observe

my heart was not what it was
but what we would
become.