

*Megan Ouellet*

## THE INADEQUACY OF A LOVE POEM

When I try to understand  
how much I love you  
I ask how can everything  
in the universe and all  
my experiences in it  
  
like an umbilical chord  
and my breathless blue  
baby face, California  
and my sister's eyes  
buried in my shoulder  
on the plane, marriages  
and my mother's jaw, shattered,  
a long standing family  
recipe of white bread,  
snowmen wrapped in shower  
curtain clothes, punches,  
like the one I drilled  
into a boy's chest during recess,  
nail polish chipped and cracked  
like the sheetrock crumbling  
under my brother's anger,  
college walls as white as a hospital's,  
ribbons of green-blue kale  
layered across a farm field,  
the first time I saw you  
in a bar, still and quiet,  
my past becoming the same,  
laying beneath red pines,  
wind shifting the forest  
with such grace like your  
instructions on how to eat  
a shrimp tail stemming  
from a sushi roll

be thrown into the wide mouth  
of a funnel and whirl down  
into one point of convergence,  
into this science, this chemistry  
or psychology, this compatibility  
that cannot be narrowed  
into the last line of a poem?