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Why Call it Climax?

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WHY CALL IT CLIMAX?

David Kann

Why call it climax?
It's the place we really met
where we lived face to face.
You threw your leg
over my thigh,
nestled your heel
in my knee's hollow.
With each cry
the doors fell away.
You offered me
the child behind your eyes.
We orbited each other
like a double star
milling our stones to fine dust,
mingled and unwinnowable.

Why call it coming?
Sooner or later
it's really going.
First we came to each other,
and we met flesh to flesh.
Then we came together,
and breathed inside each other.

Then we came apart,
and spun away from each other
like chaff flying from grain
in the windy basket.
We arced so high that
the fall was likely.
Time pounded us
into razory debris,
unbuilt beyond repair.
Why call it coming
when I can see
that from now on
it will be either leaving
or being left? ☹