

## **I See Us Drifting Apart**

*I could strangle him with love  
- Sophie Bers Tolstoi*

I see us drifting apart she said  
I into my own sad world  
he into his of work and doubt  
which takes up so much time  
yet seems to give him no pleasure.  
He is never joyful now.

I have given my life to him  
but he is too busy to notice  
details of our relationship.  
I am a source of satisfaction  
— a nurse, a piece of furniture,  
a woman — nothing more.

He lives entirely in his head,  
his thoughts, what he wants to create.  
He says an artist puts the best of his life  
in his work. So the work is beautiful  
while his life is pathetic.  
His influence on me is depressing

painful and humiliating. I am  
am afraid of losing myself in him  
without becoming like him.  
How sad that my emotional  
dependence on the man I love  
should have killed so much of me.

I no longer know what started this quarrel  
between us or what triggered it.  
I no longer trust him, no longer  
enjoy his fleeting amorous urges,  
hardly respond to them but protect  
my heart and the freedom of my soul.

I smother my flame gradually,  
my desire, my abilities,  
my immense energy. This love  
was a delusion. Yet, is there a woman  
more happy than I? I love him

with all my might despite everything.