love
is
unusable

by sam deleo

Whether I was need of luck
Before I met you or not,
Whether I slid down dark roads
To defy the familiar, feeling
Degenerate, placing as many bets
Against myself as I could, like setting
Traps in a forest and forcing myself
To forget my way — or whether
I simply found the stamina
To avoid, as they say, skipping
Ahead to the end — no great feat,
People do it every day, right?
Or, lived naked and unafraid,
Counting as many rays of the sun
As I could stand to look at
Before everything went black,

None of that matters now.

Your love makes me less
Necessary to myself in a
Way different than when
I had no one who wanted me
In the ways you want me.

I am without purpose again,
Your love makes me unusable.
And no love is stronger than that.