

LOVE

J.B. Drori

“Love me,”
I said to my love.

“I cannot,”
She said.

“Why?”

“Your arms are folded.”

I opened them wide and whispered,
“Love me.”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Come closer. Look at me.”

I stepped forward.
“Love me,” I said again.

“No.”

“Why?”

“Open your heart.”

“My heart?”

“Yes, your heart.”

“Where is it?”
I asked.

And my love flew away.