



*A Brief Heart
Opening*

To Kyle from Bette

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

A Brief Heart Opening To Kyle from Bette

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

“Working on intuition to some extent to find common ground”
He writes to her, to find a link, a register, a common sound
“Can I stay on that question for a while longer with you?”
Could he just jam with her by text and respond to her cue . . .

“Timing is everything” and it is as she has just returned
To online dating as her three year relationship has adjourned
“Your reading list is rare for these parts” he reflects
She wants only special people to come to her from its effects

Would he be one of these, she wonders, these rare breeds
One in a million, filling the body, the mind and the spirit’s needs
He knowing what he wants and what will satisfy his urges
In a relationship until 4 months ago, now seeking, he emerges

She wonders about the two seven-year eras between them
“It makes things interesting” – there may indeed be a gem
That has nothing to do with age, nor origin, nor vocation
“What brings you to me?” he asks, wanting an explanation

“Life. Gaia. Isis. She wants me to get out a bit more,”
He responds “Yes, she thinks you need a change . . . or
. . . you want to be more intuitive, or more impulsive”
She: “Yes, change is in the wind, and I could be compulsive.”

He misses her when she is gone, realising there is substance
So when she returns, he is gladdened despite his initial reluctance
He challenges her about her disappearance and jaded views
He sees her ambivalence and wonders if this all could be a ruse.

And yet they frolic with their words, they laugh, they smile,
Their words, their flirtations, their wonder, their search does beguile,
Wanting to know each other through give and take rapport
Via slightly delayed text, with each statement unveiling a bit more

They are both quite fast wits, perhaps too fast for the other
Jousting back and forth, keeping enough air so as to not smother
“My designs on you are utterly Aristotelian” he declares
She, delighted that he HAS designs, simply imagines the affairs

And then “Imagination fuels everything” he ruminates
At this she almost swoons, and he may not know that he illuminates
Her soul to its depths, silently closes her eyes, touches her heart
Thanks Mother Earth, Her Bountiful Gifts She does impart

“The mind is a terrible thing to waste,” he reminds
She couldn’t agree more—then her tight dividing corset unbinds
As she realises there is someone quite special on the other side
Someone she can trust, someone in whom she can confide ‘

He sees immediately that she would find it difficult to find a man
Of appropriate depth, or curiosity or imagination or with a plan
And she confesses that this is true, so very true, and she is tired
As she wonders what he wants, and whether he was inspired

“When was the last time your mind was blown” she asks
He retorts four years ago, but “only momentarily” and he masks
She then shares her heart breaks and hints at the fear that hounds
“It hurts longer, Heartbreak,” he agrees, the heart knows no bounds

At that, she sighs into her heart now. The world is still.
A pin could drop as he listens to her and what is in her will
“Someone I can care for quite easily” she says so clearly
And then she wonders if she frightened him, asking if so sincerely

**“I can steer you gently” he whispers with his text
She shudders and sleeps soundly, waiting for the day to follow next
As in the morning, he already offers his imaginary hands
To caress her shoulders, her emotions, he already understands**

**As he then proceeds to text her all day long that Wednesday
Never far away he wants to know her movements, her pathway
He wants to steer her towards him, understanding her sensuality
Understanding the significance of orgasms in their actuality**

**She longing to find a partner to explore the spiritual dimension
Of the sexual union – and all that it means, in comprehension
Before the Universe, beyond orgasm if that were possible
To understand, to grasp in all of our connection transposable**

**“I would love to explore with someone gently, respectfully”
“Well we are in the same arena of discourse” acceptably
“It is a mutual giving of gifts,” he adds beautifully
“The decision needs thought and time and many attempts” humanly**

**“I think I understand some of what you need and want” he says
“...to have a quiet, adult and open meeting of minds” he does
“You need someone trustworthy, sweet deft” he knows
“Sweet is not quite it – intuitive” and he continues as she glows.**

**And then he reminds her that sex is only one part of what he gives
“It is all forces that make up a person: voice, thought, touch: lives”
In him and she smiles inside and out and starts quietly to fall
In love with this 37-year-old, whoever he is, over the internet wall**

**But there is fear in her still as her heart has been broken many times
“I want to know lots about you” he asks – about these heart crimes
“I need a guide – someone to steer but also to take my hand.”
Will she miss that this means she’ll need to take a stand?**

“Someone with a compatible energy and sense of curiosity and drive
A strong personality, a womanly body -at a moment of change in life
And maybe blossoming,” he quietly lists his search description
She wonders if she can meet his list, can live up to his prescription

And he begins to tell her more about himself, the oldest of three
Never married, never tarried – not wanting children, and carefree
He likes sexy, funny literate women – catching them like butterflies
Loving the poetry as the highest art, valuing art in him she recognises

“I liked it that you were thinking of me. Touched and excited.”
She was thinking about him A lot. In a beautiful way. Heart lighted.

“I like my own company but it has its boundaries” he reflects
“having spent the last 4 months thoughtful, celibate . . .without sex.”

And now he is beginning to get under her skin as he whispers
Lips on her collarbone, listening to her breath putting on her slippers
He wants her to run a bath, but she can't stand the heat
So changes the topic to avoid overheating, changing the beat

“Because once you learn to have a positive male energy”
“Firm but gentle, confident not arrogant.” he writes cleverly
And she is all but purring on the other side of that damn computer
As he finally calls her sweetheart and becomes her tutor

“I am very firm and quite gentle” he writes and she shivers
“You are touching something in me.” His text delivers
“I want a lover,” he writes and she replies “God, so do I.”
And he knew she was blossoming and would be his ally

What does she want – honesty, a zest for living and learning
Generosity, curiosity about how life is, a heart that is burning,
A knowing how to forgive, how to laugh, how to be tender
How to transform making love into an extraordinary splendour

**“You want a crystalline connection” he writes as he begins to see
“One cannot quench desire or dissatisfaction” he offers wryly
“Longing for a bedroom in summer with a breeze blowing in”
“A continent of a woman unexplored next to my naked skin”**

**“A lifetime of experiences and emotions to imbibe through her”
And as he continues to write, she is holding her breath with a purr
She needs to see him now – and hold him and meet him and kiss
And yet he seems to be happy just imagining and writing in his bliss**

**He wonders if she is on such a spiritual path that would deny
A guy like him and she laughs – is he such an Australian guy
And he realises maybe he actually does have more depth of course
But she wonders if this is the point that he felt the fear at its source**

**He returns to confirm “Spark, immediate understanding, leaning in”
And asks to speak on the phone tomorrow, to which she does listen
“This is new. I have never met anyone this way. Not in many years.”
On the other side of the line he may not know she is shedding tears**

**“I wrote to you because you are literate quirky and strong.
And I could see myself in bed with you” - - and now she longed
For him to be with her in flesh, in touch, in person, in skin,
And felt reassured by his “I am not a heartbreaker” said then . . .**

**Continuing to talk as much as the agreement has been made
They will meet in a park – she will relax into him, and she prayed
It would be soon . . . it is indeed “Like receiving a gift”
“I would pull and shape and place you.” At this, her heart took lift**

**She keeps hearing that last sentence now and imagines it before
She falls asleep, each night, his hands on her back, holding her core,
“It might be time in your life to accept” he cajoles
She has already accepted – and open up all of her soul**

**“Accepted Gratefully, Graciously Gallantly Gleefully,
Gushingly, a mare in the stables stomping her hooves ceaselessly
A lovely thick mane being tossed as the frustration rises
Knowing the risk, and the reward is worth the prizes**

**And then he disappears, and she wonders what transpired
Between the lover’s heated night and the next day desired
No word, no explanation, no trace and she thinks she overstepped
Or he was just playing all along and naïve, she was quite inept**

**It didn’t feel like that, and she would prefer to remain naïve
To think that men can be like he was, in his honour to believe
It is better for her to be in this trust, in this kindness
Then to wallow in cynicism and descend into blindness**

**Please let him know he is safe, that she will allow him peace now
That she was grateful for the beautiful man he was so
Very briefly—’twas a beautiful and exquisite conversation
And a memory cast that will keep her warm in her meditation**

**And should he ever change his mind and wish with her reacquaint
Please let him be assured she has placed not one constraint
But is delighted to hear from him at any point with no promises
Other than respect and kindness and yearning for all that is possible.**

To Kyle from Bette

By Katharine McLennan

(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)