

# The willful heart

by [Stella Nesanovich](#) in the [May 1, 2007](#) issue

What is this agitation now that I am old,  
this pining for a svelte body, sinuous  
as the vine embedded in words, a line  
of lovers dancing to dream's empty tune?

Flesh, in secret, raises a clamor,  
quakes her soul with yearning  
for consummation, the message so  
rhythmical it masquerades as truth,

those old clichés of satisfaction.  
Bargaining heart, your illusions  
spit in the face of old age, tear  
like treachery at the lessons of years.