

Poetry IN THE PLAZA

PRESENTED BY THE VILLAGE OF GREAT NECK PLAZA
Fourteenth Annual Poetry Contest, April 2024

First Prize
Other Lover
By J R Turek

He does not stand silent with arms folded
cadence of foot tap, long exasperating sighs
as I skim through clearance racks of adornments,
pick through produce, deliberate a dinner choice;

he doesn't hold my cheek in soft caress
rifle fingers through my hair as he speaks
to me a stream of endearments that vein
from his heart, a skin-on-skin embrace,

he never kisses my lips as my other lover does.

He waits patient for me to beckon him
at times aloof to my needs, yet not in ire
as he does not judge me. In glorious times,
he comes to me, spirit cradling all I could want,

more than I can hold and I am in reverence
to his power, acquiesce to his reign over me.
Nameless, I can only conjure him by thought,
by action, by a desire deeper

than any my other lover and I share.

He is not, nor ever will be my true love,
he'll never prick a jealous thorn from his armor
over time spent with my soul-mate, never says
a word against him as he knows our time together

transcends my other lover in a way

we understand but never show in outward
affection. Both he and my other lover share
chambers in my heart, so different from one
another, and yet sometimes I see him, my muse

in the eyes of my other lover.