This is the moment when the Gods expect me to beg for help. But I won't

even try... I want nothing in the world but myself to protect me. And I

won't lie down, roll over and die.
All I have to do is forget how much I love him.

All I have to do is put my longing to one side.

Tell myself that love's an ever-changing situation.
Passion would have cooled and all the magic would have died.

It's easy.

All I have to do is pretend I never knew him.
On those very rare occasions when he steals into my heart

better to have lost him when the ties were barely binding.

Better the contempt of the familiar cannot start.
It's easy. Until I think about him
as he was when I last touched him and
how he would have been were I to be with him today.
Those very rare occasions don't let up. They keep on coming.

All I ever wanted and I'm throwing it away. It's easy.
life.

But then I see the faces

of a worn, defeated people, a father and a nation

who won't let a coward run. Is this how the gods
reward the faithful through the ages?

Forcing us to prove that all the hardest things we've done

are easy, so easy.

And though I'll think about him till the earth draws in a

round me, and though I choose to leave him for another kind of love,
this is no denial, no betrayal, but redemption redeemed in my own eyes and in the pantheon above.
It's easy
It's easy as life.

Broadly

molto rall.