

Together, We Wait Alone

Unseen by others betwixt the hoary stones
That mark life's twilight in roan tones,

I sat upon this stone bench with you
No longer ago than one full moon.

The world beyond this wrought iron enclave
Was then no more relevant than these forgotten graves.

For then there was but you and I,
Nothing more needed I espy.

But now, as I sit upon this bench alone,
Amongst these innominate, worn gravestones

That, with anonymous stoicism, mark the forgotten lots
Of bygone lives' stories, buried within irrelevant plots,

I become acutely aware of their unexpected relevance
As I sit alone, upon this cold stone bench.

Forgotten and lost, do they still also await
The overdue return of their love, their mate?

Resigned to repose by life's final nocturne
How long have they awaited a sun that would not return?

Alone and prostrated, my body now conformed
To this cold stone bench that we once warmed.

Alongside plots lost to time long ago
I close my eyes and hope to let go,

But all options, it seems, my heart intends to exhaust
In search of a plot it has recently lost.

Thus rest comes not, it eludes and defies
As my mind's yet ensnared by your beguiling eyes –

Dual pools of Caribbean blue
Reflecting Heaven's azure hue.

Our eyes interlocked, our hands entwined
Feelings long forgotten, nay, long confined

Were free to come forth, to discard their disguise
When I gazed within your sparkling eyes.

How long had I remained at rest
Before your touch had awoken me?

How long have I remained at rest
Awaiting your return to me?

How long must I remain and wait
For what I know will never be?

All I Need

I could promise you an open heart,
But its contents have drained away.
I could promise you devotion,
But I have no strength left to convey.
I could promise you honesty,
But what use is the truth when all I know is wrong?
I could promise you forever,
But I am too weary to go on so long.

You could promise me your open heart,
And I might lie within at peace.
You could promise me devotion,
And I might see my strength increase.
You could promise me honesty,
And I might know the secrets of your soul.
You could promise me forever,
And I might have time to reach my goals.

You could promise me the world,
And I might believe it's yours to share.
And though realizing promised reveries
May seem a living dream so fair,
And were I to receive your promises
I could not suffer want for all you profound,
All I need is a shoulder,
And there's not one to be found.

A Spider's Delight

Surely, wrapped warmly in dreams, you sleep
While I, in my longingness, fitfully weep.
Autumn has come, to my windowsill fell
A gloom that looms and surrounds me well
As I sit by my sill and watch spiders weave
Their traps that begat those who are so naïve
As to misconstrue their self-safe flight
And so learn to discern what is wrong from what's right,
Only to be purged of their knowledge new found
By a foot-sure creature who, being tied to the ground,
Envied the deeds of those not so downed.
So here I stare still through the haze all around
Wondering and pondering what there is to do.
As my thoughts fly out through the haze to you,
So slowly now flow, your dreams fragment and ebb
To me by my sill, as I weave jealous webs.

To Dream

Awaken,
To a trip through mortality.
Docility is left to laden
The converging untaken.
Perpendicular mutuality,
Creep I upon.
Efficacious;
Of solitude drawn,
Upon me don
Myself; capacious.
Hasten,
Through phantasm's magic,
Mortal conscience taken,
From consciousness, awaken
To dream, when life is tragic.

Mother Earth

Oh Mother Earth,
Sweet Mother Earth,
Hast thou lost thine youthful breath?

I know that once your tender touch
Had graced this withered bulk
But twisted trees and singed stalks
Stand lifeless where I walk.

Where every stone I overturn
Has been upturned before,
And in the sky there are no birds,
The spring songs are no more.

And even as the frigid wind
Bites deep into my skin,
Strong and foul is the smell of death
Upon your listless breath.

So now I must turn to you, my back
And move in search of a world that lacks
The anguish of life wrenching life unto death.