

*Obsession:*

When idle dreams they break the seams

And night is waking day

What "lover's" call that seems so sweet

But lands in cold decay.

"When does love become obsession?"

Asked one fool to the wise.

Upon that prompt he sat and spoke

On where the difference lies.

"The latter hurts upon the desk

Who's surface sees no note,"

"While love it finds it's bittered pain

When read what has been wrote,"

"Love is felt; it pricks and sticks

While obsession feels like hate,"

"Love it fades, but off the page

While obsession dies to fate."

*The Artist's Plight:*

Short and true these thoughts they seem when spun in  
abstract yarn

Though concrete means they show me that these thoughts  
will not go far,

For when a thought becomes a line or two and three to  
boot

The love and loss and scope of life become that ideas  
noose.

Interpretation weakens that which thought intended

And any human's view of thought is grand and vague  
invention.

The artists plight it haunts him who dares to pass the veil

All the thread that crosses over always loses scale.

*Weary Hearts:*

What weary hearts do come to me

With songs of lovely romanced dreams,

But 'ere an hour soon does come

Where those same hearts have come undone.

"Why should I love when I'm unloved?"

"What battle fought have I yet won!"

How cruel man is to love romance

But forget love at love's advance.

*Twilight:*

A million setting suns

Hide their light behind a hill

A turning sky

Of spotted dye

That seemingly sits still.

Empty ends and new beginnings

All familiar; marked by grace.

The sky it twists

A cosmic tryst

Then returns to its place.

*Jaded:*

When a lake becomes a glacier  
From the freezing ways of nature  
And each ripple is unchanging  
From its final icy staging  
What then is it worth?  
A lake has piercing depth  
But a glacier is a block  
What value then is breadth?  
Merely desert there to walk?  
Its beauty is its drawing force  
Of that one can be sure,  
But all in all at time's discourse  
Its beauty fades away.  
It built up walls  
To keep out man,

But little did it know

The only path to slip their hands

Is by water, not by snow.