

Candles

I remember
the glimmer of candles,
the flickering glow
of the light.

She gazed bemused
at the candles
that mellowed
that magical night.

She spoke
of a life of disorder.
that led to
a splintering heart.

I couldn't repair
such disorder,
I hadn't a clue
where to start.

She talked,
I listened
in silence.

She talked,
I dared not speak.

I felt stupidly cowed
in my silence,
so I just put
my hand
on her cheek.

She paused,
gazing wide-eyed
in wonder.

Her smile was the soul
of delight.

I soared, renewed
by her wonder
and pressed her
for marriage that night.

Now I help her
with all of her troubles.

I'm really quite clever
that way.

She swamps me
with oceans of troubles,
but her smiles

have drifted away.
I must buy some
long, tapered candles.
I'm sure
they will summon
her smile.
I'll rely
on the power
of candles,
but helping must do
for a while.

Rick's Lament

**I wish
Sam had come.
Louis is much
too smart
to look
into his heart
and mark
his feelings' birth.
He sees the Earth
as irrevocably bent
and rough justice
is sufficient
to sanctify
his intent.**

**Louis' gaze
is cold,
Sam looks within
and taps
some spring,
then music
fills the room.
He raised
my gloom
a hundred times
from terminal despair.
It helps to have
a conscience
that can sing.**

**I will
miss Sam
Louis thinks
my time
misspent,
writing letters
never sent.
He sees me
as a lovelorn fool.
I need some tool
to open wide
my brass-brazed soul.
A conscience is worth
more than ten percent.**

The Process

**Erosion is a gentle thing.
The water flows and seeks its path.
Both rising tide and mountain spring
Exert their will bereft of wrath.
The mansion stood on rocky soil
With pillars strong and windows bright.
A structure built with heavy toil,
Its solid presence filled the night.
Yet water flowed by ancient right
Into the dwelling's guarded bones
and worked its will though out of sight
Till naught was left but scattered stones.
Envy and resentment too mark all with liquid stain.
They seeped into our marriage and split the one in twain.**

The Game

Love can be
 a thunderclap
or drift away
 at tidal pace.
Death can lay a
 sudden trap
or end a life
 with languid grace.
Love and death hold
 kings and aces,
but we play
 some winners too.
Humor fills the
 empty spaces
and conceals some
 pain from view.

Mistaken Identity

I moved smoother
dancing with her.
Her limbs celebrated
my grace.
I felt lighter
dancing with her
and knew I read joy
on her face.
I was shrewder talking
to her.
My discourse quickened
her thought.
I moved mountains talking
with her.
She stood awed by the lessons
I taught.
I felt molten
loving with her.
My passion
ignited her soul.
I flew higher
loving with her.
She took wing when
I took control.
Yet the smoothness, the lightness,
the shrewdness, and blaze
and all that I knew
of our life,
had the substance and color
of wind-drifted haze.
The pain of loss cut
like a knife,
as I fell from the center
of her indifferent gaze
and was pushed off the edge
of her life.