

The Gap

You won't like it, but I first fell
in love with a little gap in your teeth.

I came to know it very well.
Such that it became (fastly my belief)
that love and beauty are often found
in unlikely hollow or hidden dell.

Where one could gladly go to ground,
in love with the gap between your teeth.

Threadbare

I am threadbare in places where you used to be.
The more I scrub and wash and rinse,
the more my dress comes undone.
As if I could clean you off and you'd be gone.

I can't – you're running through my threads.

Buttons fall to the floor, scattering.
And I can feel my hem unraveling.

Simple Things

There is a quiet corner full of books
and a worn blanket,
and two cups of lemon-ginger tea.

A cat naps nearby, lazily.

The air smells of dried wildflowers
left in the vase too long.
And I look up and yawn,
a bit too warm in the afternoon sun,
but not too warm to hold your hand.

Come sit with me and
drink in the simple things.

Loving a Shadow

It's like loving a shadow.
The shape of you, almost.

Except sometimes very tall.
Or short.

And sometimes walking slant.
Or not.

Trying to catch up to you.
Just you.

Wanting to hold you so.
Except there's only air.

Searching for your shadow,
only to find mine there.

Bottom of My Glass

The bottom of my glass reflects your name.
I decline the next and close my eyes.

There. You. Are.

A blink away. A drink away.
In my mind and on my heart.

So very close. So damned far apart.
My glass is cold and empty.

And I remember you didn't want me.