<u>3 x 5 Love Affair</u> I could be with you On the phone for hours To avoid seeing you

Your words are never Wasted on my ears Unless I'm not listening

The daily struggles seem bearable Unless you're there

A kind word from A pleasant voice Is never heard

The bad news is we're growing apart The good news is I've never felt better

Enduring

I look to the woman I know and see a girl I knew and feel a love I felt For you

Mother's Day I remember growing old. I remember being young. Everything I'll do, Everything I've done, Has been touched by you. 'Thank-you' blushes from the corner; insufficient, captivated by the sacrifice of self, submersed in daily repetition, to build a life with no guarantee of reward or end. Love and madness flirt ~ uneasy allies bound by a driven heart to sculpt a shapeless soul from yourself, of yourself, though distinct. Through sorrow and joy, absent emptiness {occasionally craving loneliness} You offer tear drops, smiles hugs. In time, these: Build Create Develop Endure. They might question your method but can never question your motive.

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Eyes opaque pools of waste. Breathe a fetid stench. Hands caress a soured soul. Our love decays. The days gorging upon your emptiness. History opens its infertile throat crushing in the gullet defiled memories of youth spent with you. Company kept while by your side - flaccid pity has no place. Longing for communion 'Pleasure' comes. Still and cold Embalmed you satisfy no one. Our bed a mortician's table. Attraction has ensnared -A wild beast, I would consume my own flesh for respite. Vows of love?! You knew before you spoke disdain. Yet, matters unresolved evolved entwined.

Coming of Spring

A visceral, doubtable image a ghost rising from the ground following the fall so anxious to make its course downward. Once freed rises. Smooth deliberation. Buffeted only by a draft of the passing storm