

## **The Eucalyptus Bay**

I remember when we went to the beach one day.  
It was filled with white pebbles, secluded in a bay.  
The eucalyptus trees bent low,  
almost touching the water's surface,  
as if whispering secrets to the waves below.

I went out to swim far away from shore.  
You watched me from a cliff, your gaze steady as the tide.  
Your feet dangled freely, touching the space below.  
I felt the cool water surrounding me.  
The sun stung my eyes, blurring the sky.

I could sense how the clouds came and went.  
Carrying the past like whispers in the tide.  
Like a memory of us that I could not find.  
Floating free in the ocean, lulled to sleep by the current.

## **The Silver Lake**

I think I lost something along the way.  
A sliver of hope, a dash of faith.  
A dream once carried, now lost in the haze.  
It sank deep into the silver lake,  
and got buried underneath layers of clay.  
A cold night in December when the frost first carved its mark.

I am not the young girl I used to be.  
Traveling southwards, in search of the sea.  
But what is lost can be regained.  
Flowers wilt and grow once again.  
Where there was weakness, strength is born.  
Life comes back, but in a new form.  
Like seasons turning, I am born anew.  
Torn but not broken, embracing the storm.

## **Alternative Lifelines**

I wonder where it goes, all that does not come to be.  
All the joys and the wounds that we never see.  
Is it locked up in a drawer filled to the brim,  
of unanswered questions and forgotten dreams?  
Words never spoken and kisses never kissed,  
tied to the silence of an unwritten wish.

A letter never sent, an unspoken claim.  
Journeys never taken down steep roads to the ocean.  
Drifting like whispers in unseen dimensions,  
where the shadows of our choices are lulled softly to sleep.  
Floating around, our alternative lifelines.

## **The White Cobbled Street**

Before the pain had moved in  
when I walked by your side,  
your hand in mine.

The park provided shadow from the trees.  
Our feet traced the white cobbles  
of your childhood's street.  
I tripped, you grabbed my elbow to steady me.

I often go back to that first day of spring,  
and feel the sunlight against my skin.  
When promises were not yet broken,  
and the summer months were still to come.  
Before we started living in each other's wounds,  
and they became walls that we couldn't breach.

There was hope to find,  
a path not travelled,  
an open road.

### **Where the Wild Roses Bloom**

I laid down my love where the wild roses bloom.  
By the roots of the old oak tree just before the first snow.  
The ground not yet frozen, still moist from the rain.  
There it will sleep as the season's change.  
Where our story was planted in the realm of dreams.