

## **On the Way There**

### **The Depths**

I stood upon the rocky shore,  
At the edge of the lake once more,  
And staring into this blackened sea,  
I saw all the worst parts of me.

Black and oily, this undulation,  
Haunting me since my creation,  
And I whispered to my friend,  
“Let’s go in and back again.”

Finally, in we swam,  
Him by me, hand in hand.  
He looked at me from far away,  
“Let’s go back,” I heard him say.

Letting go, I swam alone,  
Into my darkness, my unknown,  
Staring back, upon the shore,  
My friend screamed, “Go no more!”

Suddenly, I drank the depths,  
With nothing else, released regrets.

## **On the Way There**

### **Sitting on the Porch**

How I escaped was the easiest ruse,  
As but unlatched was the door that I used,  
And I stumbled outside and into the cold,  
The wind smacked my face and left me confused.

In the corner she sat, empowered, yet old,  
The wooden clock rang, midnight had tolled,  
His skin was all dappled, his body too thin,  
I anxiously strained to hear what was told.

And I stared through the window, wondering in  
They were not sitting where I thought they had been,  
I leaned in too close, my breath clouded the scene,  
Even though I cleared it, again it'd begin.

I sat there for hours and it never got clean,  
I wondered at all that I couldn't have seen,  
But I couldn't go in, the door was now locked,  
And I wouldn't go back, so I sat in between.

## **On the Way There**

### **First Snow**

The road through the woods is covered, yet bare  
The underbrush visible as brown strands of hair,  
Blackness above stares down through the white,  
But with no moon to guide, which way is right?  
Fighting the tempting to turn, I silently stare.

Into the woods we'll go and not knowing why,  
We'll trample the grass into the shards in the sky,  
We must never hurry and never turn back,  
For what is behind us is increasingly black,  
Feather drops deep in the dark, deepest dye.

I reach out my hand to find I'm all-alone,  
The pit in my stomach has turned quickly to stone,  
I brace to call out, but beckon no sound,  
Instead marvel at all the blackness around,  
Enveloped in warmth that I've never known.

## **On the Way There**

### **Our Story**

A seed, a stem, a leaf, a tree  
Start of something from you to me,  
The eastern staring sunshine,  
Once was yours; now mine.

Kiss, caress, parting hands,  
All through the pass of sands,  
An orb that looks straight down,  
The single moment to be found.

A-part, a glance, the last look,  
Last page of the last book,  
Just beyond the purple horizon,  
A heart of mine lies therein.

The dark, the night, the stars, goodbye,  
And as this passes hence to nigh,  
Into the west, into the ground,  
Softly fading, without a sound.