

## Footprints

Soft touches  
Unload  
In a deep commitment  
That goes  
Again and again  
Persistent  
Until a figure  
Looks past  
At the marks  
That are fading fast

A forgotten lifespan

## Just His After All

The easy target  
A fools victim  
Willing a circumstance  
through uncommitted desertion  
Is what I am  
What I have chosen to observe  
point blank  
After all he came  
With an unattended plan  
To take me there  
Within a haven of trees  
Long and fortuitous each  
To speak so freely  
Their frankness though  
not so freeing to me  
Once you see  
I am not there  
Not an existence  
Or a person to him  
Not anymore anyway  
For I am only his to commit

Be the extension  
Of where his pleasure elicits  
As a tool  
A contributor  
An observer to consider  
A companion that acts through confusion  
To this witness protection  
Covering up and protecting  
For what he knows isn't right  
Which continued  
Even past its prime  
Unmasking us both  
In our youthful pride  
Until we branch off  
To go back to our own lives  
That moment  
Now just his  
I only wish for myself to distance  
Being unconvinced  
It ever went on to exist

### For Alyssa

From the start  
You only saw the darkness  
Its empty abyss  
To envelope your existence  
But I will show you  
There is still a glimpse  
Of those clear, blue skies  
Waiting to be spoken about  
In your lifetime  
They only need to be nurtured  
Self-assured  
To carry the weight  
Of your emotional burden

Even if only for a little while  
It will all be worth it  
Just so you have your moment in time  
Free from the disappointment  
Your mind confides  
And to choose whatever you like  
As soon as it arrives

Troubled soul  
Who struggles  
More than anyone else I know

### Temporary Misplacement

Out on the hilltop  
We sit together  
Above the park  
To hardly talk  
Of anything going on  
Not the least of which is  
How I was talked into it  
To participate  
In his glowing review  
That my opinion  
Obviously had no use  
Bouncing off  
Back to him again  
In a cycle  
of miscommunication  
Missed opportunity  
Right in front of him  
For this man  
Is otherwise consumed  
Getting invested  
By his own predilections

No longer uncertain  
To question what should be done  
As if it were meant  
To be that open  
Completing our time together  
In that little corner  
Of the world  
I secretly despised  
Now that I know why

### Waterworks

Chugging softly  
The lone abider  
Enters the field  
Of snakelike pauses  
Wrapped around  
this puget sound  
All snug  
So it can make its rounds  
The back and forth  
Between two distant terminals  
That is unending  
Keeping themselves in attendance

While a shuffle of people  
carry their dead weight  
In body bags  
Stretched up  
In a familiar look-alike game  
Hanging around  
To keep the ferry  
In its usual lane

The scene shifting  
To constantly replay