

## Everywhere

\*A hospital corridor stands quiet and dim,  
the grey of pre-dawn fighting the shadows  
on aged tiles and bricks. My steps alone,  
violins radiate through my ears, as my thoughts  
drift to you, and hover mid-air.

Eyes on the downhill slope, I glance up on a whim  
to see a small figure, who grows  
larger, walking towards me. Well known,  
is your form, like one blue in a sea of red dots.  
Look at you! You're beyond compare.

I'd know you anywhere. Filled to the brim,  
my heart races as I watch the distance close.  
Do we realize our walk will set the tone  
for the day? On the rope of time do we see the knots?  
Tied to you, with the days we share.

\*Times come, when we are apart (you know),  
when longing is a heavy chain around my neck,  
when I turn in circles surrounded by the masses  
and my heart, in a chasm, is lost.  
Without you, I only despair.

You hear this and say "It can't be so!"  
"Who am I to make your heart such a wreck?"  
We accuse each other of possessing rose-colored glasses.  
Yet my judgement holds, without hoax, unglossed.  
Always you, in your soul, I'll swear.

With your hand, you attempt to bestow  
peace to me, placing it on my neck,  
or more commonly, on my chest. The fear passes  
then, as you say "Remember, I'm here". And, so embossed,  
I feel you, my water, my air.

\*So in every song, every poem, in every book, in every line,  
in every look into each other's eyes,  
in every moment we are forced to spend apart,  
in every return to that heartfelt embrace,  
I grasp you, you're my daily fare.

Our future, Distance, in cruelty, will define,  
but we will have our retrouvailles!  
You'll walk towards me again, My Soul's Counterpart,  
and even when only in my mind can I peruse your face,  
I'll see you; you're forever there.

In every project or creation I'll design,  
in every sun and moon that will rise,  
pulsing through the winds, through my mind, my heart,  
you'll be with me in every place.  
I love you. You. My Everywhere.

## Yet Still

Many times I thought I grasped  
the concept of love, thought I understood  
all there was to possibly know.

*(Yet still, you teach me)*

It was in the two hands clasped  
Then plunged into soil, as if planting would  
Only cause the flowers to grow.

Looking into the past, I perceive  
its presence more clearer in hindsight.  
Like your winter moment of panic and need.

*(Yet still, you calm me)*

when you first began to believe  
obligations would move you elsewhere, right  
as our friendship was just gaining speed.

Your unfulfilled comfort, which I provided.

Then there was another time, I grabbed your sleeve  
to stop you, to show you the deer, in the summer light.

*(Yet still, you show me)*

Remember my touch? Remember our thoughts confided?

This walk like many others, save it was eve,  
not afternoon, in such an open place, full of delight.

Love was in a Monday I missed  
our moment to speak, though the day I'd pre-arranged.  
I stood in the frigid cold, as you, far away, read my prose.

*(Yet still, you read me)*

It was in that wrenching longing that continued to persist,  
because Fate decided to change  
and diverge our paths....and the day came to a close.

Think back. We knew only of that one chance. I asked  
if you were sorry because it bothered just me,  
or if such sentiment was shared.

*(Yet still, you share me)*

Love was in your honesty, unmasked.  
It bloomed warmth into my icy sea.  
It was in the right answer you declared.

Time marches forward. Each day I ponder  
in what new way love will reveal  
itself, what surprise is in store.

*(Yet still, you surprise me)*



The way two souls thus align- what marvelous wonder!  
Ask our younger selves, we'd say "it's unreal".  
But to what heights such a love can soar!

Of late, love is in your face. I gazed  
up, watching the edges of your face melt,  
crumple, like paper wadded in a ball and tossed.

*(Yet still, you melt me)*

Pleasure was folding you, leaving you dazed,  
overcome with the intensity you felt.  
Would I live to re-enact this, no matter the cost?

Love: is dandelion flowers as I walk,  
left on the cement for me to follow your trail.

Oh to find you  and hold you  for a little while!!

*(Yet still, you hold me)*

My heart in my throat, I cannot talk.

my legs like wings  hasten me  help me sail!

Love: waits there at the sidewalk bend, in the solace of your smile.

## SURETY

\*7. In the dimness of a day

5. you took your repose.

9. Was it twilight of morning, or eve?

9. No matter. For what absorbs my mind

7. is you, facing me, to say

5. Whate'er mattered most,

9. hushed voices, truths given and received.

9. We lay separate, but thoughts intertwined.

7. But this image I portray?

5. It's my thoughts, disclosed.

9. For it was but a dream, I concede.

9. Just a wish to which my heart inclined.

7. I awoke. "Let this dream stay!"

5. Resigned, I arose,

9. vowing to be thankful, to believe

9. in possibilities unrefined.

\*7. In an undefined building,

5. an office unknown.

9. Your hand grazed my cheek with love and trust.

9. Suddenly I was whisked far away.

7. Through classrooms I was trekking,

5. feeling lost....alone...

9. Taken from you, the world is unjust!

9. Strangers crossed my path...children at play.....

7. I ran past more doors, hoping

5. my doubts to disown,

9. down a familiar hallway, I thrust

9. the door open, my fear and dismay

7. erased. You were there, standing.

5. Your eyes said "atone

9. not for absence, but stay now, you must".

9. But ^ this? Another dream I display.

\*7. Dreams reveal depths of my soul,  
5. what most I desire.  
9. To speak, be understood, and valued  
9. despite the faults and imperfections.

7. To be spoken to, in full,  
5. and free to enquire  
9. on every given day about mood,  
9. about fears, wants, doubts, and life's lessons.

7. To know and be known. Made whole,  
5. you and I retire  
9. a former life where such was just viewed,  
9. unattainable aspiration.

7. Touch, as well, hope of which stole  
5. joy, and once caused dire  
9. melancholy; this, I too, include.  
9. We touch, we love, we fill with passion.

\*7. Not many days thereafter,  
5. in person we passed  
9. the time, our eyes, minds, and heart to heart.  
9. Your hand surprised me, grazing my cheek.

7. I left with thoughts of laughter,  
5. and suddenly, past  
9. dreams were remembered. We were apart  
9. by then, that day. But I became weak

7. and my heart wrenched. (You captor  
5. of my heart, at last).  
9. Your touch came and went in time so short;  
9. I forgot to relish such unique

7. an occurrence. Hereafter  
5. I vow to hold fast  
9. to memories of love of this sort,  
9. dreams realized in YOU. Of such I'll speak.

\*7. Thus, Sunday I now present.

5. Peruse. Analyze.

9. Recall words spoken, life's trials revealed  
9. in the quiet hush of honesty.

7. Recall your hopelessness rent

5. my heart, filled my eyes

9. with worry that I could not conceal.

9. Don't forget, love, what you promised me.

7. I held you, you gave consent.

5. Not to tantalize

9. you, yet my hands filled with touch surreal.

9. We drew closer still, subconsciously.

7. Dreams need no longer to content

5. me, this I surmise,

9. for we exposed without jest, revealed

9. everything with generosity.

\*7. One more precious moment, view.

5. This one just today.

9. You contemplate a bed without touch,

9. just two being together, at peace.

7. Plans made in your sole thoughts; true?

5. Allow me, if I may,

9. to remind you of words prior. Such

9. similarity in thoughts released!

7. Of this I'm sure, through and through.

5. Love is here to stay.

9. Dreams and reality become much

9. the same with us, and do not decrease.

7. Questions, concerns, may ensue.

5. You KNOW what I'll say.

9. To the truth of you and me, I'll clutch.

9. The truth of you and me, will not cease.

## In Our World

### Grasslands

*The day breaks over fields of prairie,  
yellow grasses shining with the glimmer  
of the early morning sun.*

*For this trip, take only what you can carry.  
Better yet still, supplies even trimmer-  
your hand in mine; packing is done.*

*Wind whispers in your ears and fills  
your nostrils with green. It speaks  
in the pastures, and they wave to each other.*

*Your first shoeless step sends thrills  
up your spine. Cool earth streaks  
your toes, veiled from sun by the grasses which cover.*

*Morning is our time of learning.  
We tread the land, we meet  
prairie dogs popping up to tell a tale.*

*For new knowledge we are always yearning.  
We walk for miles but our feet  
never tire, endless meadows behind us without a trail.*

### Beach

*Midmorning, we reach the ocean blue,  
no longer hand in hand,  
for you are sitting on the coast, and I am the water.*

*You sit and ask me things, consider choices before you.  
You grasp at the sand  
and wait for my response. I am the marauder.*

*I rush in torrents to the shore.  
I take you, I toss you, I encapsulate.  
Yet, I would do you no harm.*

*And as you rise to sit and dry, remember before,  
when I whispered "don't forget your shells". Sate  
your fancy with the view, warm*

*yourself in the sun as I recede,  
then we will join hands again, and resume  
our journey. Soft sands and cool breeze,*

*joyous a place, we are agreed.  
But there are others, we both presume,  
and thus take our leave, with ease.*

### Mountains

*No need for nourishment midday,  
unless for fun we choose to take a repose.  
There's full light and such majestic sights to see!*

*Some slopes in the distance display  
cottages of those we love, if one should propose  
a visit. Others rise to peaks of an alarming degree.*

*In our world there presents no need  
for snowgear of any kind; all the lines  
were tied ahead of time.*

*Since all is possible here, we can proceed  
to any of these summits if we incline,  
or wish aloud, and altogether skip the climb.*

*Though our summits may not be the same,  
in spite of everything we achieve  
them together, insusceptible to the cold.*

*What we reach for, the truths we claim,  
we see in the expanse all that we believe  
in, and it is marvelous to behold.*

### Desert

*Heat, pulsating, vast sands in the sunset,  
a solitary Bedouin tent,  
waiting for a tribe of two.*

*Curls of hair, warm, quick breaths, tendrils of sweat..  
few amenities required to keep guests content,  
the floored linens and pillows will do.*



*Flesh steaming as the drums  
beat, our fingers dip in the oil bowl,  
then hands are raised in contemplation,*

*as moisture slides and drips and the heart thrums  
in our ears. The air assumes control,  
thick, commanding, invading every sensation,*

*touching every inch and to it we open our arms.  
We close our eyes, understanding we are subject,  
incapable of escaping its power on our flesh.*

*Thus we stay, until Pleasure has revealed all of her charms.  
Regardless of whether or not we object.  
Then once again, our journey we will begin afresh.*

### Forest

*Twilight has turned the sky  
dim, what little you can see through the navy trees,  
thousands if not millions of trees in which to be lost.*

*Here, your statement and my reply  
could be simultaneous; here, your thought agrees  
always with mine, as our souls are mixed and crossed.*

*Mist and smoke coil around us as we walk  
silent steps on white coverlets,  
the air hushed but consistently billowing.*

*Indeed, it seems we become one as we talk,  
reflected in each other as silhouettes;  
the trees peer down, not knowing*

*where your being begins and where I end.  
But they do know - no outside traveler is welcome here.  
The canopy kneels to guard us from the outside world.*

*Let us not forget, in this overstory we can always depend,  
for even if reality in ugliness should appear,  
in our hearts this hiding place can always be unfurled.*

*Tundra*

*Night. Darkness we now unfold  
The skies a black death of tapestries  
that are absent of all the stars.*

*If it is you that sits in the cold,  
contemplating mortalities,  
questioning the lashes, injuries, and scars,*

*then I am the stones,  
in a world of nothing they are your only company.  
An empty place where there is no speech.*

*If I am the one who sits alone,  
you are these pebbles looking up at me,  
always present but remaining out of reach.*

*A dismal event, at the end of the day,  
in this nothingness where we are unable to grasp  
onto the joys of which the other lands consist,*

*unable, it seems, to travel away  
from here. Light and love we can no longer clasp,  
as if the bond between us, never did exist.*