

What He Remembers

What he remembers,
is her aroma filling the room,
filling into every empty space,
tickling the inside of his nostrils with a sweet flavour as he'd smile.

What she remembers,
is every wrong move he made.
He was always the bad guy,
With a crude mouth that sprays out words without fore-thought.

What he remembers,
is every single moment they've touched.
Her skin against his feels like ecstasy,
Statically charging every inch of his goose-bump ridden body.

What she remembers,
is every wrong choice he has made.
Where was his head? What was he thinking?
With a bitter heart she storms out of the before he can speak.

Enough

For sixty years a greying man,
sat on the same crippled wooden chair
surrounded by the same towering shelves
filled by an abundance of dust-collecting books.

For sixty years his withered, claw-like
fingers skimmed through each page yellowed by age.
His feeble hands held the wrinkled leather spines
and his cataract-riddled eyes squinted and focused on the words.

For sixty years he has studied different
tongues, mostly of beauty and romance.
He spent his time learning each word
to create a sentence that he's yearned to speak.

For sixty years he's thought of her
and how near-indescribably perfect she is,
as perfect as the first day his young eyes surveyed her,
no matter how far the distance between her and him spanned.

For sixty years he's search each language
to finally explain to her how much he truly loves her.
He knows how to say 'I love you' in every single one of them.

But for sixty years that has never been enough.

The Herald

I cannot be here
Any longer.
As he above me
Feasts and grows stronger.

I am trapped
In this bubble of immortality.
As he Hungers
For the end of humanity.

I miss my Zenn-La
I miss my home
I miss watching from a-far
I am trapped in Earth's o-zone.

I am the Herald.
I am the Sentinel.
And as I surf the spaceway
I am so alone.