

Lost and found

What if we just stopped now?
got off here and departed
in opposite directions
with no last look back
shuffling on
to whatever comes next
never again to lay
with our legs entwined
our faces close enough
to feel the pounding of hearts
the hotness of breath
lost without each other

What if we just stopped now?
and started again
put on our shoes
and went for a walk
where no one knows us
familiar feelings fade
leaving us holding on
with nothing else to do
but drink till we are half full
daring to take one last sip
before it is all drunk
and we forget
how we got here

Speak to me

Cold language on a frozen lake
drowns us
Feeling something is not quite right
we sit silently
listening for the words we want to hear
but cannot
because we are too much under water
Nothing to do but wait
Spring will come
eventually
to put the sun back into our voices
slowly melting our words

The mess they left

What can we tell of this place
by these pictures on the walls
the jars filled with glass candies
wrapped in paper that cuts
What do we know of them
who lived here with their secrets
kept in plain sight for passersby
to admire:
the water stained wall
the empty picture hook
the drawer full of broken glass

Listen and you can hear
the uneasiness of a life
never quite cleaned up
or put away
asking only for a quiet place
to be left alone
Maybe if we wait awhile
these walls will spill open
their guts to explain
the sudden change of plans
But for now we stop and sit
amidst the mess they left
and contemplate their reflection
looking back at us
from a broken mirror

The journey

The push of youth gives way to the pull of old age
its gravitational field weighing upon each step
in a struggle to stay upright

I look at myself in the mirror to see what is there:
a worn piece of shoe leather that has become my face
the lines telling of a journey taken without a map
the worn eyes that have gazed upon too much

There is less acuity of senses now
less feeling in the hands and legs
but some things are felt more
like the cold which even on a summer day
leaves me with a chill I imagine is
death's coming attraction

Emotions grow less sudden but more deep
put away except for special occasions
brought out for the young to behold in wonder
that something so old could feel at all

I am being pulled a little faster each day
every moment racing toward the horizon
only a matter of time till we get there
might as well enjoy the ride

Elegy

He was alive
and then he wasn't
Just like that he went out
a candle leaving smoke
then disappearing quietly
It was cold without him
A dozen springs came and went
bringing a chill each time
always a surprise to me
I don't know why
after all these years
I should still feel alone
never filling the space
that awaits his return