

## I Keep on Yearning for

That moment in time when  
the world turned  
upside down. I

found myself lost  
in thoughts, contemplating,

what was,  
what is,  
what could've been?

– Only for it to never be revealed  
and I keep on yearning for  
that moment in time.

## Love Until Nothing Exists

Long brown hair  
thin gold streaks,

freckles on porcelain  
soft, pink cheeks.

Curly lashes  
framing blue eyes,

soft red lips sometimes give  
a kissing surprise.

Til the end of day  
they promised  
without fright,

skin to skin  
her head in her  
arms each night.

## Nothing is lost

When we were young full of hair  
and skin without mountains and valleys

life seemed easy, doors  
wide open, rooms  
stuffed with goodness to unpack; we  
kissed, we laughed, we loved, we baked

at midnight until the moon and sun  
appeared in the milky blue sky  
– simultaneously. When we were young

our eyes and arms did not reach  
the halfway line, where we  
lost all hope, all money, all jobs

to the game of the fittest and rolling  
the dice but chances decreased. When we were young

we did not think of getting old, needing  
a hand, a home, or good health. And now

that we aren't young, we  
can only hope for the better.

Or die.

## Write a Poem or Two

That time in Philly when  
A different person then  
Couldn't conquer the waves to fit  
Got trapped by life giving you \_\_\_

Instead

Said, "Write a poem or two 'bout  
Saving your life'll lead to 'nother route."

Alternatives weren't an option, too late  
You fell for the flame of a spate

Of despair.

So I left you behind to hit  
The highway  
In mist, my car got lit

Then I knew from being with you:  
Saving my life needs writing  
Dozens of poems or two.

## Goodbye for now

You beautiful beast. You  
dream of a ride. You  
passed like a storm  
on a midsummer night.

I wave my hanky. I  
collect the drops of sorrow 'n' joy. I  
am undecided  
on the ship — Ahoi!

We wink at one another. We  
say our farewell. We  
know it can't last forever  
to feed you, Mademoiselle.

Years of journeying have passed. She  
has become part of mine. She  
will never be forgotten  
so will the cage of confine.

Now, I walk freely. I  
breathe air of honey and mist. I  
will always remember the sun shining  
on the first day we've ever kissed.