

## The Touch of the Moon

A pale moon hung over an empty sea,  
 The sand was cool and dark,  
 We sat there — you and I —  
 I looked up and sighed.  
 Quiet and alone — we shared  
 The beauty of the night.  
 I felt for an eternity and cried  
 With a sudden swell of emotion  
 — The seconds of happiness in your kiss —  
 To bring back those moments — a dream —  
 And yet I will hope and wait. . . .

## Daze and Night

Remember the crystal sky and the fleecy clouds  
 And how they made the day a dream;  
 When the sunlight poured through the window  
 And woke you gently from your sleep;  
 The day when morning was fresh and clean  
 And at noon the heat drew beads of sweat on your arm;  
 Dusk and the purple-red sunset in the west;  
 Low evening filtered about the trees and finally there was night;  
 And the quiet peace that rested between the stars;  
 And the darkened grass that blew slightly in the warm wind;  
 Remember that day when I kissed you on your cheek  
 And we felt so very close and sure.  
 Then, my love, we found something more lovely than day.

## The External Triangle

When I look into your eyes, a new world  
 unfolds and makes me dream  
 of things wonderful and exciting, and now  
 so far away, these disappear and  
 I stare blankly at the wall thinking  
 about the days just past when you made my life  
 much fuller than ever before.

I feel sad that you couldn't care, that you  
 wanted life and love with your own rules  
 and left others, and me, behind  
 strewn like broken shells on a sandy beach.

I should have learned but never did and now  
 must pay the price that others before  
 and after will pay: that debt which will  
 bankrupt their hearts and their minds  
 and twist their tears from their eyes.

And whose fault is this? Not yours, but  
 mine and I am sorry.  
 I thought that you might be that one in life  
 who could pull me out and let me live.

