

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.

