

THE DESTINY OF ME

Touching the face of the sea
 Oh yellow moon half-dangling
 I feel her silent touch distant:
 A messenger there aroused
 Almost, not quite

The destiny of me...

It's here I sit flirting
 With the what ifs; how could we
 Have been more discreet
 To the cries of love
 As her silent touch distant
 Moves further away?
 A curse lost to this world
 Is rubbing against my brain
 Like bits of paper rustling...

And as a word grows out of itself
 Tears flow – tears dry – pieces –
 It's how I identify her
 With the pieces I was born with,
 And the pieces that are mine
 And hers shared,
 And not quite ceasing until
 The spirit of our souls together
 Becomes one eternally present
 And past tense...
 God, please help me –
 What thoughts must she have of me
 When she sees my face touching
 The eyes and ears of the sea – drowning?
 I move when she moves,
 Can you take my hand and see?
 She puts clouds in my mouth
 To give me life, to be still me...
 And yet, I need not shed tears
 Unto my eternity because I did
 Not try to help her
 Get back her life – still being me...
 Touching the face of the sea

Oh yellow moon half-dangling
 I feel her silent touch distant:
 A messenger there aroused
 Almost, not quite

The destiny of me...

**"The fact is...there's no understanding the future
 without the present, and no understanding where we
 are now without a glance at least –
 to where we have been!"**

**Touching you, touching me –
 face to face, in the midst inscribed,
 pieces, of a phantom inch**

left uncertain

and transformed into something else...

**...The arrow endures in its gathering leap something more than itself
 when this "destiny of me" is nowhere, nowhere aroused, no more**