

THERE YOU STOOD

Do we catch what is distant, or what's to close?
 Or do we mix it up while trying to plumb
 The voids inner sense... Can we define
 What has been lost when we think
 How much effort was spent perfecting
 This petal of flower, this scent, this word
 Or two, "I don't deserve," for that one time
 Appearance, which is all we're allowed
 So aloofly precise

**...and god staggers
 looking for a way out of here**

And so fragilely proud...
 Fire and water, miles apart, robbing
 And giving into desire, and assaulting
 One another's otherness... Both heads nod
 But which one agrees? Just another night
 Where they have guessed their eye's expression
 By the silence of the dark, and in their arms
 They only hold the air, leftovers
 From a secret time of togetherness untold...
 There's a two-fold silence
 That results in a breathtaking orchestration –
 Sea and shore – body and soul –
 Memories – and tearful lore...
 A memorable fate found my soul drifting
 Above my body one night
 As the antiseptic drip of demon fluids
 Cleansed my body in mid-sentence
 Of cancerous cells... Fire and water,
 Miles apart – chance or curse –
 Have all I loved, I loved alone?
 A poisonous wave of radiation
 Flowed through passageways
 Gripping fast all throes of the past
 My funeral kiss naïve...
 And my soul was lifted into a light
 Where all colors coincide

**"...words," she says,
 "just words"**

**...if to burn at a distance or
 freeze nearby, if love should
 dismantle me, in sickness or
 in health, "I do," the blame is yours,
 love, the loss with me**

**"...I now pronounce you –
 Husband and Wife"**

Oh bittersweet night,

While my eyes perched on a windowsill
 Looked down at my life as I, climbed
 The ceilings cold height (**I can make no sense of my ordinary world**)
 (theft)

Without consent
 ...And there you stood

All smiles... Past help... No matter...
 Fire and water, miles apart – chance or curse –
 Have all I loved, I loved alone?

A question too fixed a sense erases
 Your love in its faint traces...
 Standing there you said, "There may be
 A dot above the "i, departure" of our untidy separation...
 And there may never be a "we, abstinence" – but stay –
 Stay for me and finish

What you must do!

All evening you have called my name
 Burdened with the weight of absent flowers...
 Cast aside what the dark devours
 And choose your chosen way...
 Have all I loved, I loved alone?
 No, and no more... Stay!"
 Adrift and woe, oh song: were you mocking me,
 Try as I may, will I ever be your red, red rose?
 Waiting, always waiting for your petals

...Is loves immortality never seen?

"Stay awhile, awhile stay"

To enclose me...

Empty hour, hollow hour, or an hour
 Of do-we-vanish-too-without-a-trace...
 Both heads nod,
 But which one agrees...
 ...And there you stood
 Fire and water, and miles apart...
 All smiles... Past help... No matter...

**...Souls one – crisscrossing earthy
 and heavenly bodies touching each
 other, and I, you, craving love**

In early April of 2003, this poet lyricist actually left his body, and was thought to be clinically dead... So the lyrical boundaries of this particular poem attests to a story told of memorable documentation, and the unforgettable dimensions of a dreamscape too vivid to ever comprehend in its true and most infinite meaning... By what trivial circumstance are men so often led to assert what they really or truly do not believe? I must cast aside what the dark devours, and choose my chosen way –

... Just because I love you

"When you are low, with nowhere to go, remember this: when you open your eyes. your heart, your spirit, and yourself, there you will find the stranger called hope..."
 Hope – (**faith and love**) ... It's what lives beyond the pale when all else fails,
 abandons us, forsakes us, I, we, and farewell/carpe-diem...

**Something else will again someday, someday, with something
 else spell "love..."**