

OUR HISTORY

As I sit on my lonely terrace
during this closing chapter of my life,
I ponder all our shared memories
which began on a balcony now destroyed:
the one that held flames of everlasting love.

My mind slithers back
through the soil of my memory
to those sensations of new love
and wonder about the magic
to re-ignite their ambers
without setting aflame to the rest.

I shiver through my optimism
which hangs on the distal hooks of my mind
twisted beneath some rock
which I hesitate to lift
in fear of those worms

which hide for cover
like I do on my own balcony
when the dark
is brighter than the light
and I want to be saved
from all that lies ahead.