

Just Above Freezing

10/13/89

I can't seem to break
Thru' the ice
Compiled air countless
winters.

As crystal clear
As multi-layer glass,
I see there

Out of reach,
What it is I wish to touch.

I see the laughter
And tears

Of reality
But,

I can't touch them anymore.
The ice is so thick

And cold

I am unable to stand the pain
Of penetration.

So, I live and breathe
In solitude

Honey

10/1/89

Honey comes in more than one form.
While all the world
Is ~~in~~ the supermarket
Gathering jars,
I've gone into the forest
And found a hive.
Raw and pure and natural,
I'm exhilarated
By the scent.
How should I approach?
Softly . . . wrapped in bear-skin.
A few stings
Shan't dissuade me
From that taste
Upon my lips.

Seduction

10/2/1

I would phone you
But the telephone
Offers little or no comfort
For what ails me.
I long to hear your voice
But
I long more deeply
For your touch.
This time

I wish

You'd Hold

Me.

How strange,
It's the first time
I recall the desire
To be seduced.



Pretend

10/21/89

The lights
Are soft
And low.

My favorite music
Is playing.

The night
Is cool,
The kind of night
For closeness.

The drinks
Are chilled
And sparkling.

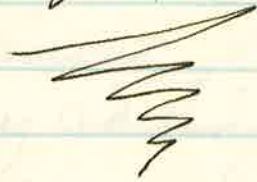
How perfect
It all is.
So bad

It's all
Pretend.

Beneath the Snow 10/24/89 9:25P

Some things are well worth waiting for.
I learned that long ago.
Like the tender bud of springtime waits
Beneath the frozen snow.

I've waited thirty-plus some years
For something warm and real.
I'd wait beneath the snow, as well,
For you, the way I feel




Lay You Down
Lay you down, sweet darling, 10/2/11
Midst your forest bed, now brown.
Softly, as the moon drifts by,
Gently, lay you down.

Close your eyes, sweet darling,
As the trees sway to and fro'.
Sink into your midnite dreams;
Let your feelings go.

For in the forest's breathing,
On the midnite's mist,
I send to you, my darling,
A lonely lover's kiss.

I'm there, just past your window,
Upon the autumn wind
Listen for the whispers, feel
The touch upon your skin.

Lay you down, sweet darling,
Midst your forest bed, now brown.
Let my love enfold you, darling,
Gently, lay you down.



In Common

10/25/01 11¹⁰/₉

I want to taste it all with you
when you're free.

Let's go to an old-time, outdoor
gospel sing.

You'd love it because I do.

The next week-end we could
attend the symphony.

I'd love it because you do.

We could see a scary movie.

You'd love it because I do.

We could stay home and pet poodles.

We could watch football.

You'd love it because I do.

We could sit on the back porch
and drink highballs.

I'd love it because you do.

You see,

We have all the world in common.
Through one another.



Where were you?

10/26/89

12:25 A

Where were you thirty years ago?
Why did you go away?
And, now that I've refound you,
Promise me you'll stay.

Stay. I need a second chance
To rediscover time.
Let me hold your hand again;
Let your eyes meet mine.

There's a world you haven't tasted,
A love you've never known,
A dream I've long been dreaming,
A love I've never shown.

Where were you thirty years ago
And why did you not stay?
Growing to perfection? for
The love we share today.



ature

Living Death

10/26/89 11^p

I had some days of happiness,
Some moments free of pain
But true to form, true to life,
It's here with me again.

It's impact somewhat lessened
Through practice over years.
I've even learned to cry without
The shedding of my tears.

They've turned on me like daggers.
They rip and tear inside.
Tears have changed to ulcers
That I can sort of hide.

I don't cry much anymore.
I'm not sure I can.

It happened when the loving stopped,
The living death began.

The bones decay, the mind erodes,
The spirit creaks with rust.
The heart beats autonomically
And slowly gathers dust.

(OVER)

9/11/72
Sometimes others notice but
They never really see
The death, the pain, the dying that
Makes up the sum of me.

I don't cry much anymore.
I don't think I can.

It happened when the loving stopped
And living death began.



(OVER)

1/13/89

The Hunger

10/27/89 6³⁰/_P

It's a searing hunger that burns within me.

One, I would imagine, similar to that of a vampire.

Oh, to be able to satisfy in such simple fashion:

Seek and find an unknown to me, unsuspecting victim and just feed until the flames subside in the quench.

But, my hunger is prey specific. The species must be reduced to genre.

The genre reduced to a party of one.

I shall soar tonight, just above the treetops.

Ever searching
Ever thirsting

Ever Unsatisfied.

For you
for you

ature



10/13/8

Love's Measure

10/28/89 112

Come, take the measure of my love.
 Come darling, fill your cup.
 And, when you've drunk it dry,
 Then, Come
 Again, and fill it up.

For, in the world, in Mother Earth,
 Where oceans well abound.
 I'll bathe you in my waters but
 I'll never let you down.

Come, take the measure of my love.
 Come darling, just be still.
 Don't think, don't speak, don't
 Even breathe,
 Just, simply, drink you fill.



I'll love you til the new
has turned to old
I'll meet you where the blue
sky meets the gold
I'll cling to you while the