

Midnight Yearning

I know
it never happened

-
-

yet, I think
about it
. . . all the time . . .

-
-
-

~ I know ~
it never happened

-
-
-

still,
I ponder
where
you are
. . . tonight . . .

-
-
-

. . . *I know* . . .

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-
-

. . . *I know* . . .

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-
-

*that you and I
must continue to live
. . . our separate lives . . .*

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-
.
.
.

-- continued next page --

... *I know* ...

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-

... *I know* ...

-

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-

*tender feelings inside
could never survive
... unrelenting pride ...*

-

-

-

still, I merge
hopeful illusions
of the past
with those
of the future

-

-

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

... I merge ...

-

-

and just
when I feel
... almost secure ...

-

-

-

~ almost self-assured ~

-

-

-

... the images blur ...

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-- continued next page --

. . . the images blur . . .

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*Alcohol
has
a way
of
inducing
smooth
and
soothing
. . . words . . .*

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-
.
.
.

*Alcohol
has
a way
of
inducing
emotions
that
falsely
. . . reassure . . .*

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-
.
.
.

~ I yearn ~

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-
.
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.

-- continued next page --

I dance with possibility,
embrace all the warmth
a moment can bring

-
-

my innocence
waltzing naively
into your
... private fantasy ...

-
-
-

~ conscience leaping ~
from extreme-to-
extreme-to-
extreme:

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

!!engAGE!!

!!engAGE!!

!!engAGE!!

!!R-E-t-r-e-a-t!!

Now, when I think
of the eyes
that stared with
narcotic curiosity:

)

(

)

-- I fight the urge --

(

)

(

)

a~n~d

)

(

)

-- continued next page --

I must be
addicted
to the
. . . ride . . .

-

-

f

o

r

-

-

often, I ponder
the finger-paintings

-

o

f

-

. . . forbidden desire . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ indecisive colors flying ~
all hours of the night,

-

b

u

t

-

left alone to cry
against the turpentine
of restless tides
. . . rushing by . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

I know
it never happened

-

-

yet, I think
about it
. . . all the time . . .

-

-

-

~ the night ~
that never
happened

-

b

u

t

-

I would
never trade
the lie.