
A Pale Farewell

I wish today
I could paint the rain
that tiptoes upon
the scattered pages
of our college days;
End-over-end
the loose-leaf sheets
somersault into the wind,
never to be seen
by eyes again;
In silence I breathe
these journeys deep,
a desperate moment
before you turn to leave,
. . . r-e-a-c-h-i-n-g . . .
. . . r-e-a-c-h-i-n-g . . .
for those naive dreams
once green in the trees
that will forever only
toss and tumble helplessly
upon lonely, autumn streets;
My cruise ship now
begins to sink,
and it seems
everything will be
swallowed by the sea,
for the ocean is selfish,
filled with jealousy,
she surrenders nothing
except the
- - h - a - u - n - t - i - n - g - -

I wish today
I could paint the rain
to hide the linger
in the eyes that say:
*"I wish you didn't
have to leave",*
you -- the last lifeboat
sailing away from me.