
Ghost Channels

"Good-bye" in a crowded room,
I rehearse the word to myself,
across the current I look at you,
and cannot express the mood;
You extended your hand towards mine,
but the bank I could not reach,
-- ghost channels wide,
 -- ghost channels deep;
Often within tomorrow's world
I dreamed with you I'd be,
although my eyes fill with sorrow,
I didn't ask you to wait for me;
"Good-bye" I see the somber wave
within your eyes as you turn to leave,
it seems I've waited in silence too long,
fresh, rose petals stale upon my lawn;
I hope you'll find that better place
where summers never fade,
I hope good things you someday find
won't dim my smile within your mind;
The words I spoke before were true
within your room of margarita moons;
I never meant you any harm,
sometimes I find I'm only wrong.