

Like Michael

I recall dawn flowers
scattered upon the day
your warm spirit
went away,

-

a

n

d

-

whenever

I try

to leave,

-

-

uncertainty
always reigns
in some
familiar place,

-

-

never
far away
from where
your memories
still remain
for:

. . . He looks like Michael . . .

-

-

-

. . . He sounds like Michael . . .

-

-

-

. . . He walks like Michael . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

*~ I do not like ~
to lose control,
but
bulkhead doors
become difficult to hold
when flood gate tears
. . . begin to overflow . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.

*~ when flood gate tears ~
. . . begin to overflow . . .*

-
-
-
.
.
.
s
o
-
-
-

excuse me,
while I secure
the hatches
behind
my eyes,

-
a
n
d
-

prepare
my mind

-
f
o
r
-

-- continued next page --

. . . the spiral dive . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

Let me submerge
beneath the surface
for:

. . . *a week* . . .

-
-

. . . *an hour* . . .

-
o

r

-

. . . *a day* . . .

-
-

~ who knows ~

how long,
when I begin
to

. . . feel this way . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

I only wish
to lie
at the bottom
. . . of the sound . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

-
-
-
.
.
.
f
o
r
-
-
-

all I really want
to do right now)

i
(
s
)
(
)
d
(
r
)
o
(
w
)
n
(
)
(
)
(

within the
melancholy,

-
-

spinning me
into the ease
of
a serene sleep,

-
-
-

-- continued next page --

where
memories
still
breathe,

-

-

a
n
d

-

-

feel real
... to me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ where ~
memories
still
breathe,

-

-

a
n
d

-

-

feel real
... to me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

f
o
r

-

-

-

-- continued next page --

. . . *He laughs like Michael* . . .

-
-
-

. . . *He sings like Michael* . . .

-
-
-

. . . *He shines like Michael* . . .

-
-
-

.

.

.

a

n

d

-

-

-

only
when
I fall
asleep,

-

-

can I
find
Michael

-

-

still here
with me.