

Your Remaining Days with Me

When I was a child,
the desperate cries
of
the neighbor's wife
echoed night,
after
h-a-u-n-t-i-n-g night,
but
each and every time
morning began to rise,
to
her wounds,
her man would apply
his alcoholic alibis
of
several days gone by,
appeasing her with soothing
promises, gifts, and lies:

-

-

there

would never be

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

. . . another time . . .

-

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My best friend

married

after high school,

when the

family dream

nearly seemed

. . . b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l . . .

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-

. . . a-c-h-i-e-v-a-b-l-e . . .

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-- continued next page --

He tells me his life
is so wonderful now,
but
all I can see is how
he wakes early mornings
and works late evenings,
. . . seven days a week . . .

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-

~ juggling multiple ~
jobs,

-

-

schedules,

-

-

. . . and routines . . .

-

-

a

n

d

-

-

he rarely
seems to sleep,

-

-

constantly
troubled by the:
. . . h-o-u-r-l-y . . .

-

-

. . . d-a-i-l-y . . .

-

-

. . . w-e-e-k-l-y . . .

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-

. . . w-o-r-r-i-e-s . . .

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-- continued next page --

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meeting his family's
... accumulating needs ...

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I ponder every
once-in-a-while,
whether in the
... rare ...

-

-

... spare ...

-

-

seconds between,
he secretly thinks
of
how differently
his life

-

-

... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...
... might have been ...

-

-

So, you believe
you might like
to spend
your remaining
... days with me ...

-

-

-

.

.

.

-- continued next page --

~ waltz foreverlands ~
hand-in-hand
with the man
who presently
brings you peace,

-

b

u

t

-

how forgiving
will we each
be willing to be,
should the pleasing
. . . melodies cease . . .

-

-

-

~ should our journeys ~
fail to match the scenes,
within the colorful pages
. . . of our glamour magazines . . .

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-

-

My college roommate
once married
a woman he
had always endeared,
but
just within
a matter of weeks,
they began to argue
about all they
held so dear

-

-

until their
passion
. . . disappeared . . .

-

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-

.

.

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-- continued next page --

~ until their ~
passion
... disappeared ...

-
-
-
.
.
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They could never
seem to agree
on even how to share
... their ideas ...

-
-

... their fears ...

-
-

... their hopes ...

-
-

... their tears ...

-
-

so, now she lives
in some distant city,
with a new baby
who will inherit
monthly alimonies,

-
-

until she turns
the age of eighteen
from:

-
-

a man she
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...
... may never see ...

-
-

-- continued next page --

One of my colleagues
has been married
. . . for years thirteen . . .

-

-

-

~ says he ~
sometimes
carries
doubts

-

a

n

d

-

uncertainties,
yet claims his love
. . . for her is real . . .

-

b

u

t

-

sometimes, I can feel
his eyes exploring me,
and
the flesh beneath
the taut, cloth barrier
of
. . . his own curiosity . . .

-

-

-

I ponder how often
he bathes in the fantasy
of
every other man
he secretly
. . . wishes to please . . .

-

-

o

r

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-- continued next page --

whether he will ever
find a way to:

-

-

. . . break himself free . . .
. . . break himself free . . .
. . . break himself free . . .
. . . break himself free . . .
. . . break himself free . . .
. . . break himself free . . .

-

-

So, you believe
you might like
to spend
your remaining
. . . days with me . . .

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~ waltz foreverlands ~
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within the colorful pages
. . . of our glamour magazines . . .

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My mother was married
for almost thirty years
to a man she said
she used to fear,

-
-

I can still recall
the bedroom screams
as
I trembled beneath
the appeasing
. . . “Winnie the Poo” sheets . . .

-
-

~ how by ~
the next morning,
she

-
-

would always
hide the tears,

-
a
n
d
-

I recall thinking:

-
-

*we'd journey
far from here*
. . . *someday we'd journey* . . .
. . . *someday we'd journey* . . .
. . . *someday we'd journey* . . .
. . . *someday we'd journey* . . .

-
-

-- continued next page --

Well, her divorce
... went final last week ...

-
-
-

~ thirty wasted ~
years of waiting,
before learning
how it feels
to live:

-
-

... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...
... alive and free ...

-
-

So, kiss me:

... s ~ l ~ o ~ w ~ l ~ y ...

.
.

... s ~ e ~ r ~ e ~ n ~ e ~ l ~ y ...

.
.

(
)
(
d
)
e
(
e
)
(
p
l
)
y
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)
(

as the
wedding bells
begin to:

-

-

. . . lean and sing . . .

. . . sing and lean . . .

. . . lean and sing . . .

. . . sing and lean . . .

. . . lean and sing . . .

. . . sing and lean . . .

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Let us savor
the moment's
final peace,
within the magic
of
yesterday's naïve ease,
when we each
bathed within the
. . . foaming . . .

-

-

. . . soothing . . .

-

-

champagne
dream
of
all the hopes
and joys,
our tomorrows
might bring,
for
starting today:

You will spend
your remaining
. . . days with me . . .

-

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-- continued next page --

~ waltz foreverlands ~
hand-in-hand
with the man
who presently
brings you peace,

-
-

let's each be
forgiving
should the pleasing
. . . melodies cease . . .

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.

~ should our journeys ~
fail to match the scenes,
within the colorful pages
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