

High Living – April 2011

Last Modified on 05/13/2020 8:47 am EDT



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April 2011

Red balloons mean we're young, and in love,

(Floating down from up above)

Which means today is not enough,

So to get what we can, we'll have to bluff.

Shooting stars and sweetheart kisses

Capture us with childish wishes...

We mustn't act suspicious,

But something is amiss.

So you'll love me, always,
Because you're romantic,
And I'd hate to be pedantic,
So, I like it (the glittering repertoire).

The sweetly smiling scimitar
Draws me to you and you to me,
So I shall dream of cups of tea.

The flyaway confessions over drinks
Only endear you more, you see.

She's wearing that dress

(Though you'd want her nonetheless,

You know the one)

She'll probably do it just for fun.

Oh, how I love your fond caress.

Why do you do this to yourself?

You don't want anybody else.

"I've loved you for two years,

"But, please, don't get me wrong, my dear.

"That's not to say you weren't my friend.

"I'm there, right with you - 'til the end."

Singing sirens in the garden,

(Are we doing this again?)

If I'm wrong, I beg your pardon.

Re-runs, love and letters

Don't make anyone feel better.

Do you think I'm pretty?

Spending nights in garbage city,

Indulging our frivolity,

(the kids today are not like me),

Hoping that they'll be forgiven,

Since our dreams of life are driven

By sounds of aching indecision.

Old notes are better than nothing;

Young hearts were made for loving,

(though sometimes we should be discreet).

We can have ice cream, and toppings,

Without pause for breath, or stopping.

A game you know you can't win,

But, naturally, drawn to sin,

We see nowhere else to go.

Where do you think she will go?

When all reward she has to show

Are scars, on skin, for everything she knows.

Old notes and trembling chords

(Make you think, then pause).

But you'll continue on, of course.

Wicked words (though obsolete)

Give comfort, and our feet

Ache so, from dancing.

And our limbs still hurt, from marching

Down

This long, hard, dusty road.

Beautiful, false sets of lashes

(while her dream of romance crashes)

Render things a little more distinct

When we've reached our rapture's brink.

Records gather dust and

You don't work well anymore.

(Someone said that she's a whore.)

The merry-go-round turns

On and on

And, we'll stagger, on and on.

We'll flirt, smoke, drink and talk,

Eat ice cream, and, with sentiment, shall walk

(When we're married)

To the end, though we've tarried.

Playing word games in the parlour,

Spending too long in the shower -

Forgetting clothes in youthful fashion -

Making do with threadbare passion.

I could not live without you long,

(reminded of you by that song).

We'll play scrabble, touch hands, and

Watch old movies

(Or, watch the world, passing us by).

One day, soon, I'll say "goodbye";

Surrender - softly - by your side.

But, though there's something missing,

(All the while, we are kissing)

We will know that it is good to be alive.

Credit: Photo by [Paweł Czerwiński](#) on Unsplash

