

Love Story – May 2015

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May 2015

Somewhere – there - beyond the sky,

Lady Luck winks a clever eye;

Now things are not as they seem.

Far

Away,

Inaudible voices linger

In your mind, like ghosts:

Malingering

Hosts of words catch your throat,

Enthralled by bloated, non-existent

Mawkish dreams -

Nothing is like what it seems.

Fairies tripping (in the wood),

Anything natural

Is good!

We know that this is our ideal-

This isn't real, this isn't real!

(No one knows you cannot feel).

Buy, borrow, beg or steal:

The shop says "closed until tomorrow."

Magical implements

Tricked you into hearing tragic

Confessions.

(like hallowed intentions)

Is this what you wanted to hear?

It's getting to be an obsession.

And though you have no fear,

Memories playing games

(Trading happiness, for fame;

Cascading love hearts all the same)

Would make anyone confused.

Bemused because you missed the bus,

Don't worry, since it's only us,

And there'll be another one.

Lay down with me, in the sun!

(Save the time before its gone)

Before we know not what we have,

And sing the sorrow song you gave

Before you lay down in the grave.

"Here you are, darling.

"It only cost less than a farthing."

Where are we?

What is the scenery meant to be?

Nothing looks real,

Well, I never said it was ideal.

Yes, you did--

Veiled illusions in the glass,

Your suffering will soon be past

"This feels too good to be true:

I can't believe that this is you."

Fantasy has my attention,

Romance tales are your convention.

Too late for an intervention,

Shadows show things how they really are!

(Really, we are in the dark)

Parks in the springtime,

Your names do not have to rhyme

“Knock, knock...

Who is there?”

Nobody is ever there.

Cigarette smoke

Shows things for what they really are,

Or does it?

Are they rendered more discreet?

The mindless tapping of your feet

Makes echoes.

It's just how the story goes

(Like the cloying scent of rose)

Pictures trick your mind.

It is so hard to find

Much to rely on, these days.

Like the little girl, who sings the song,
And plays, in lovely ways,
We soon forget.

Ring-a-ring-of-roses,
Clutching hands in different poses;
(This is not how I supposed it)

I've had enough; it's time to close it.

"But Goldilocks is *such* a whore!

The three of them weren't there before...

I cannot bear this anymore"

Puts into words what you already know

But the western is unsettling -

And you are more compelling

(While the angry crowd is heckling) -

So we should close the windows soon.

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