Memory of You - May 2020

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May 2020

Papering over the cracks--

Something rotten at the core!

Your soul is calling out to mine,

But we won't find

What we're looking for.

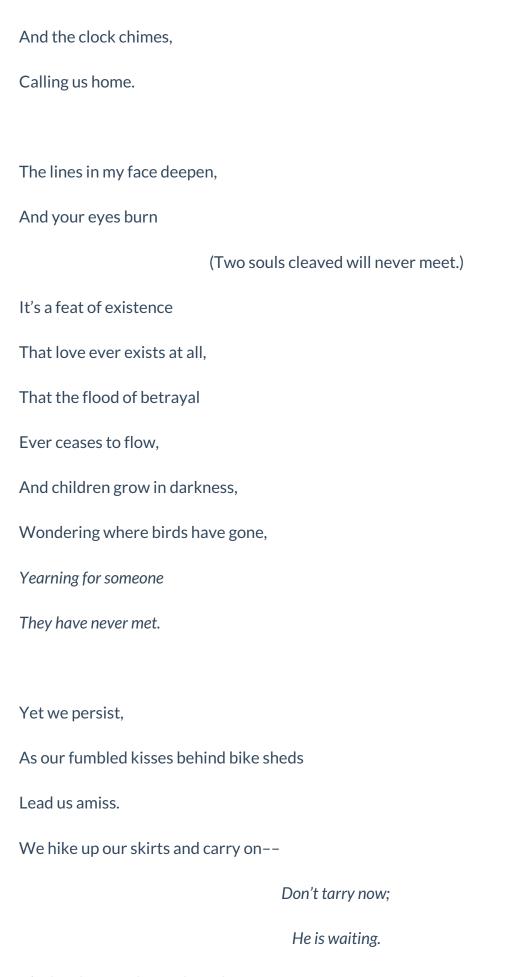
Anything you want,

And more?

Swimming against the tide,

We're all in
For a wild ride
Feeling lost and alone,
So far from home.
Where have we roamed?
The ghost of you,
Shimmering in the dark
Terrified of what we've lost,
But we're through with taking chances,
And raking over the past,
Finding nothing but woes.
Close the door to memory
Who knows the future?
Not me, or you,
Though we certainly feel blue
When it turns out badly.
I'm glad for hoping,
And the rope I used to hang myself
Snapped.

We clap endlessly,	
Like trained seals	
	And yet I feel so alive!
Thriving in the puritanical bo	x,
My soul bursts free,	
Transforming endlessly	
In a fiery waterfall of light.	
	It's so bright,
	She cries.
I've had enough of your lies.	
Marching on and on,	
Footsteps etched in mud.	
The blood has dried,	
And we are in love;	
Dancing, happy children	
Running free	
On open moors.	
	Close the door;
	It's not what we were looking for,
Though it distracted us for a	time,



It's the ghost in the cupboard $% \left\{ \left\{ 1\right\} \right\} =\left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1\right$

Who called out your name!
We will never be the same,
After love's bright flame
Licks over dusty letters
Unfettered and wild,
Now the child has suddenly gone.
knew that you were the one;
saw it in your eyes,
And to my surprise,
You were the echo
That replied.
_ove's a funny old thing,
Not like gold rings,
Or the wings of a bird.
Danger lurks at every turn,
And not.
The false promises we made
Fall by the wayside,
And the pride we had,
t turned to dust.
Γhe snide looks of girls

Who have nothing at all—		
Enthralled to the king,		
He seemed like he had everything		
(But I know better).		
And the letters we wrote,		
Are so funny now,		
The prow of the boat launching through the sea,		
Bringing you		
То те.		
So you see,		
When the way is dark,		
And the branches tear your clothes,		
You are not alone.		
Beyond the clouds,		
The proud king reigns no more		
What was it all for?		
She cried.		
One day you'll learn,		
But you won't care.		
If you dare to dream		

Nothing really as it seems--

You'll find that the treasure	
Was under your bed,	
All along.	
And the throng	
Baying,	
Bleating	
Fades to silence.	
Revelations are so deep,	
But we find meaning to keep	
In the smiles of children,	
All the while,	
Your hand was in mine.	
Your soul is mine.	
All it took	
Was time.	
You look luminous	
	I'm hypnotised by your eyes
And to my surprise,	
We are electrified.	

So in love with you,
Eccentric genius,
That your words are prayers,
Floating up to heaven;
And we'll be gloating no more;
No one's keeping score.
I am yours.
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