



...september 18, 2017..

*are you my love?
am i your love?
somehow we seem to be
with years and years beneath the skin
in faded memories –
we often share the river thoughts
that no one else can see
while hovering the inside edge
of informality –*

*we know each other much too well
to prance or to pretend –
like shadows in a veiled mind
we always hang around –
it is as if we are like trees
that seem to stand alone
while hidden roots reach into depths
to sooth and intertwine –*

*no matter what the argument –
no matter what the calm –
no matter what we do or do not
share beyond ourselves –
beneath the surface we are more
than eyes or ears perceive –
in loving one another
we learn to love ourselves.*