



...march 17, 2019...

**i'm drinking in magnolias
and dancing petal dreams
while you are somewhere puttering
the depths of yesteryears –**

**you spin elusive promises
of honeymoon escapes
wrapped in vanished travels
that we will never take –**

**we weave through weeks of in an out
circumscribing in plans –
as i slip in between the realms
of sun and stars moon –**

**are we really partners
or are we distant friends –
our worlds are splitting further
than hearts can understand.**