

POEM OF THE WEEK

I SAW YOU TODAY

I saw you today, as if for the first time;
I heard someone else's voice
come from your lips, Your penumbra
looked darker, faint echoes stirred the air.

The presence of another intruded strutted proudly,
then retreated. I heard someone else:
your mother, father, sister or brother;
love long lost, a departed lover.

I heard echoes of arguments long unresolved.
You looked at me; your eyes were not your own.
They berated me, scorned and scorched me;
stripped me bare. Am I yours to disown?

I have seen you, young and vibrant;
no dark cloud. You held my hand, led me to your bed;
impassioned embrace, a simmering heat expands;
proud and erect, you could say I made my stand.

In the morning light, what did we say?
"Hello, did you sleep well?" You smiled.
Why now do I see your brow creased,
has some sacred memory been defiled?

You look at me as a stranger,
I hear another's voice. You look at me in wonder,
as if, "Have I made the right choice?"
You speak of things that haunt you,

that will not let you sleep, bind you:
shadows of a dark keep. Shards of pain
bite deep, sharp and diamond-hard.
You are lost for the moment. Let me help you regain

the path to the light; it is your right.
Is it not the mystery of living that deep inside,
the product of tradition, DNA, and chance
there are too many lives to take in at one glance?

Lives, real or imagined, from which to hide;
so many voices demanding, ever ready to chide;
we are a product of the ages, aware or not;

layer upon layer of consciousness and meaning.

I've seen your face before; I will see it many times again.
It will not be the same; the difference might lie in your eyes,
the tilt of your chin, the shy smile, a wondrous grin.
We fight a battle of sorts; one we can never win.

Pause for a moment, take a deep breath, open your eyes,
hold my hand; say "Look at me": I will. Locked in silence,
our eyes connect; no need for words, there is no need for pretence.
Embrace the present. Perfection be damned, etiquette an encumbrance;

we try, struggle, and sometimes we win. Where there is an obstacle,
there is also a place to begin. The spectres are patient, ruthless,
and will not retreat. Here, together, we create our legend,
write poems in the sand, and sing our songs.

I saw you today, as if for the first time;
I found melody, a sweet sound; asked for neither reason nor rhyme.
We spoke of ghosts, voices in the dark; demons that dwell in the night.
They can stay there. We are lost in each other's sight.

Leslie D. Bush
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