**Why is There No Emails Anymore?**

*Portland and Rabbit Creek- 2008*

Why are there no e-mails anymore?

No mas. But blank screen

No whisper of a poem.

No message. Mention of a though.

Why for. Poor hope.

To call. To only know.

No voice.

No one home.

Perchance you’ll deign

To grant another chance.

Share another glimpse

Into your heart.

A draft to quaft

The thirst to know

A glance.

Into your inner room

Perchance to start

A dance to taste

Each other’s fruit anon

Stave of this dreaded wretched drift apart

A dance of truth

And meaning

Pray no guilt

Ray of sun of

Simple trust

One knows

And feels

Thoughts that spring

From deep within

While

One feels the touch

Of that one

Knows as real

I wait and hope

To hear your

Voice once more

Know kiss of wave

Of you upon

My silent

Aching shore

No matter what

Your silence was

May grant

May say

No matter when

Or where

Dear dark of night

Or break

Of day

Just strike a chord

A note

Or two

Of you

Lit in any of

Your inner

Score

And I

No longer

Will this

Tortured soul

Pine and cry.

Far from

Such stuff

Such music

Of your song

My world

Will soar

Once more

Anew

From cold dead sleep of dark

Despair arise and to

Those blessed by gift

Of love once more belong.