**Another Try. Perhaps.**

*Fairview- April 17, 2011*

Another Try to touch Your Heart.

Another Try to give You Mine.

Why does Moon cry? Teardrops start?

As each Dusk falls with Us apart.

Pray. When Thoughts of Gone again begin.

And then. I find You in my Mind.

Shall One tell those sad and trackless Stars.

What shine so bright.

Each lonely Night.

To dim for I

Their blessed Light

Of Life.

Let fail and die.

Eons Traveled. Silent Grace.

Voyage from Depths

of Boundless Space.

Shower of perfect

Entropy.

As Though.

For Us. Such Loss be so.

As Your Glow wanes for Me?

Ask them to call my Lover’s Hail and Plea to You.

Of Pain I know at Thee.

Whose Rays of Love another doth receive.

My anguished State and Plight.

The Endless Morrow

Forlorn. Endured.

Days of Dark Clouds.

Sorrow and Dreams of Muted Blue.

So easy to forget. Over. Let it be.

Just hear No. Turn and walk away.

Until your Presence. Smile. Scent.

I feel and taste and see.

Once more the Winds of Three A.M.

Whisper. Perhaps. I might dare to hope.

That no. Not forever. Not that You meant.

Not such Your Eyes doth say.

Blind not to I.

Nor what between Us.

May merge and flow

Be Known.

But rather tell this Pilgrim Yes.

Your Dove. May yet.

Soar with my Own.

You might care and stay.

Perchance our Spirits as they touch.

Our Auras as they dance.

Will twine and kiss as One.

One harkens to

The Melody.

As Bells of

Bliss have rung.

Such Flight of Two.

Come to pass.

With Feathered Wings

Of Empathy.

Sans Icarus’ Wax

Soft Tragedy.

Of Egos Cage.

The Scroll and Plume

What writ of Love.

Will scribe a Special Page.

Sans Another’s Bonds

Of Self. Nor need to

Wall One in or Out.

Together yet Alone.

Another Plaintive Cast I fly of

Cupid’s Gentle Mirth. Arrow. Laugh.

Another try to strike a Spark of Such.

A Glimpse of Rising Sun.

Not Set. But Dawn of Day.

Do you suppose. Alas.

Ah say it so. As though.

I might be Yours. Ah thus.

There is some Path and Way.

The Future holds

For Misty Gaze.

Into Soul’s Mystic Looking Glass.

A Vision. Place for Us.

Another Try.

Perhaps.

We are not Done.

Music still calls.

Our Song is not yet Sung.

A Step.

A Flower.

To the Next.

Has bloomed.

Say Yes.

Perhaps.

It has begun.