**Lovers Lane**

*July 15, 2012*

The call of Healing Rain again.

Soothes my Heart and Soul.

Yet still the Tracks of Ache and Pain.

Take their Taste and Toll. Of Spirits Store of Light.

Joy. Bliss of We so strong.

Sure. So bold. Our Precious Private Song.

Portend the coming Night.

With Dark Clouds and Winds of Woe.

Whispers of Tales untold.

Alas you perchance grant another Yes.

As you still tell me No.

Where lie You now I only guess.

What Thoughts You share or hold.

Of Us or have We come to rest?

As all those Loves of Old.

What knew the Heights of Love and Trust.

No Moment save as One.

Has perhaps our Vessel cracked and breached?

Awash on Rocky Shoals of Heartaches Mournful Sands and Fateful Beach.

Beyond all Healing Hope or Reach.

Say must. Our Union shorn.

Bequeth. We so torn. Suffer. Know.

Such Pain be Real and So.

Touch of Teardrops as Sisters to the Rain.

The Music Fade. And Die.

No more the We of You and I.

No more the Grace of Sun.

The Haunting Notes of Done.

As Over has begun Yet still the Tracks of Ache and Pain.

Fall of Your Footsteps of gone.

Echoes of Then.

When we shared Couch of Quiet Repose.

Shared Minds Caress and Kiss.

Of Each Inner Silent yet Sweet Refain.

Knew Gifts. Of Each of Those.

Strolled in Bliss.

Path and Peace of a Lovers Lane.