**ON RETURN**

No such a simple word should

Just be hand

Yet love wed eyes so blind

The heart beats still. The thought.

Streams must. Absurd count twice.

The passing rules. At the mind so bright.

How can two lives so might as one to be

Drift through this world apart and never

How can you love another soul

The flower of what shoud be

Mine such as thou

Can it be the woes you

Spine the real

Could it come to pass time is

No space

Has this pour old heart the

Truth concealed

Has the light wave died?

The future dark?

Ah alas the depths despair.

So low.

I see of you. I hear you.

Say it. No.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

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