

# Villanelle

Spring 2009

Spoken softly never reaching my ear  
-sounds over again and over repeat,  
-I only wish, your words I might once hear

Being no longer a dream - crystal clear-  
feeling the woof, the texture of defeat-  
Spoken softly, never reaching my ear

As if your figure stands both far and near  
I saw you standing on the wild street,  
I only wish- your words I might once hear

As I slowly blinked, you did disappear  
-flesh, stone and steel longing to be concrete  
-Spoken softly, never reaching my ear

Waiting for -a solid shape to appear-  
you left me suspended yet incomplete  
-I only wish your words I might once hear

Vibrations animate your darkest fear-  
-bring me to life! I dare not miss a beat-  
Spoken softly never reaching my ear-  
I only wish your words I might once hear