

Carpe Diem — Inspired by Robert Frost

5.1.13

Having perfected each facial feature
She walked to the door and pulled back the drape
To find, as was common procedure
The sun giving way to a convex shape.

She surged the dock, past reeds and leveled sand,
To capture every prismatic color
The sky offered before the sun remand,
And inhaled the humid Savannah summer.

Into darkness she awaited his return,
Yet pillaged by clouds, the moon would not rise.
This night, reflections she could not discern,
And inhaled the humid Savannah summer.

To live as she always had, or go north.
The stars so numerous, but so removed
Recede behind the drape of clouds come forth.
Her present, like her future, remained unproved.

Drops of rain began to fall and leaves
Pirouetting with the blustering wind,
Disturbed the placid Atlantic like thieves!
The onslaught of ringlets would not rescind.

She stood aghast, withholding for one query:
Abide in the realized, coming, the now?
What is past is past and cannot vary.
The unknown, every justice will not allow.

And the present:

*The present is too much for the senses,
Too crowding, too confusing-
Too present to imagine.*

Unrequited would remain unrequited.
And so, hoisting spirits amidst the storm,

She arose, looking to pack as best she could,
Assured she would not endure another day.
Behind, the creek of weight on rotted wood,
A sonorous voice met her ears, “stay”.