

Coeur Casse

She thought I would forget!
But, --how could I forget?
The charm of her singing by camp light,
The glimmer of her speaking: scented words
Which she hushed about me to her friends
That hyperboled seasonal gale-blown furores
Assaulting the shores of the living.

She thought I wouldn't remember;
But, --do I ever recall,
Her simple smile that ran
From one dimple--through soft lips --
To the other: a small movement of happiness
Spread just for the shaking of my day.

She thought I should Regret!
But, --why should I regret?
The deep underlying emotions
In the verdent carrot flecked orbs
Which brightened
Her youthful knowing;
She said with eyes
What her heart thought most about:
Fall walks among the many, and touching bows with few,
Or spying upward along the branch-breaks
For the yellowed lofty needs of the one.

Time, too, thought it would make me forget;
But, --how do I just forget
When the separating aches,
And our vows that paid and bought pleasures,
Still dwell in the hiding of the mislaid years.

...Then...

I'll never FORGET...

The two twinned passions that pressed chest to chest
Amidst a four hundred year nightmare of hatred,
Where two different worlds kissed
And for a Titanic Time four treds trammed
A quantum solace of lover's lanes.

...NOW...

In a moment of reverie

I form a resemblance of her
Down in the wet heated gold of my bone palace.
Seeing this visage of her again
Spanks the sinew of my pride,
Stinging inactive flesh into a milestone of movement:
Though I joy in pulse and velleity,
I spring back for our youth with brimming almost cries.

Living her love again like this

Is like a river coming home from the sky,
Falling with torrents of refreshed sound
Into dancing leaves upon a velvet mountain range
Of green verbal 'mem-ries.'

*In memorium of Stacy,
Written by Habb Nelson & Sam Dumas, NOV '88*



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