

Love in Pencil

He laughed like river light in a dance.

He believed...

Two people will always live two
different journeys.

This should be accepted or one could
exist with an unreal purpose like the
scarf that warms the neck of a snowman.

In case of sharpness, draw life in
un-ink where erases can reach with
ease like a return button that brings
living back to a blank page.

To hunt for forevermore-ness is like
a search for seams on the side of a
raindrop

Or, to feel for hard corners on an ocean
wave. One cannot live with the safety of
breast milk for a lifetime.

He was so clear and eloquent in
cynicism-I thought

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