

Blue Note on Faded Paper

It—my heart—skipped like a child once,
jumped for the sun,
and brashly sang.

My body, now, covered with scars--
Unhealing wounds where your fingers lingered,
touched me with the
warmth of your presence,

But now those places burn anew for
return of your
flame-hot caresses,
throb for touches that no longer come;
And sear through to the depth of my soul.

My body is
covered with scars
Not ever even time may heal.

Outside the radiant window--
when I waken

it is Sunday,
trickling of an open hydrant
the only sound on quiet streets,
until the church
'cross the sunshine
Rings its' petitions' hollow bell,
But I do not answer that call--
what pleasure is
in redemption?--
For I, this Saturday night, have not sinned,
And I wake up to the crossword puzzle
of Sunday's Times...
instead of you.

--J. F. Lowe