After The Fire

Donna Lewis

you really astound me
you with your half closed eyes
far far awayand me wide eyed and focused
intent on perfection
what a fool to believefiercly wild in the presence of strangers
meeting for the first time
an innocent desire to display your charmsbut I shall not see
I shall not fear you
I shall not hear you
call me a friendtears shed over one's broken promises
blaming the foolish one
for a poem out of timebig child sullen and self willed
flashes of anger
blood red to the corehow easy it would be to let uncontrollable
words burst from my mouth
but why should it be me
to tell you the truthso I shall not see
I shall not fear you
I shall not hear you
call me never call me a friend

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