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Rising With the Sight of You

Denis Drachenberg

California State University, Monterey Bay

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Rising With the Sight of You

Denis Drachenberg

I layed in all
my lonesome and fatigue.
All day, and found myself
Looking out the window,
At the sky,
as if I waiting
for something.
And the longer I waited
the blander the sky became.
I watched it transform,
And watched how everything
else stayed the same.
Except for the silence-
shattered by you.
As you came to look through
the same window-
At the same sky;
And admire the subtleties,
That I had not not discerned.
So we go to the beach.
And the bit of sun
that was left in the atmosphere,
chose to give itself to you.
Its last drops of light;
so that you are illuminated and golden.

I watch you watch the ocean,
The sea shining; blue and silver.
Retracting from the earth,
And wonder if you know that it
rises again with the sight of you.
I rise again with the sight of you,
And in a moment
it's gone.
You
are gone.
I don't know if I'll ever have you in my arms in the same way.
or your fingers entangled in mine the same way,
But it does not matter

The thought is enough-
It is intoxicating to me.
The wine and feel of you-
makes me woozy.
It spins my head clock-words
and counterclockwise.
I rise and can't reach you.

I never understood forbidden love,
Until I met you.