

untitled

strange -- i seldom dream
(at least that i recall)
and never have of you.
but i did last night...

short, with no clear images,
just a knowing it was (We.
no hot passion of demanding sex,
just a warmth of smiles and
gentle touch, freely shared.
then i awoke

without the tears of yesterday,
but with the echo of your short
note --
the surety of your texted words:

"hey, steve -- it's all ok" ...
it is ... and i (Am

sham

my poetry is such a sham--
a coward's way of choosing words;
to turn a phrase in such a way
that deeply felt and starkly, simple
Truth) is camouflaged in hues of
sometime-sensuous, alpine green.
or perhaps an earthy, virile rust.

all they do is mask a fear to say
straight-out the simple words within
my heart that long to burst upon your
ears --
i
love
you

no tomorrow

there is no tomorrow--
never has been, never will be.
so forget the 'what ifs?' and
'suppose thats?' ... let's risk it all
and go for Door #1.
we don't really need to know
what's behind it or what's coming.
i just want to take your hand,
your heart-- and walk

with you

in (Now.

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