

Poetry Series

**TP Sage**  
**- poems -**

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## TP Sage(March 24,1958)

I write to touch my reader's heart or soul or funny bone or memory or any other part of their corporeal or metaphysical being. At least that is my goal. Please let me know if I was successful.

I am older now than Byron and Burns, Keats and Kilmer, Poe and Plath, and Stevenson and Shelly all were when they died but I am 10 years younger than Emily Dickinson when she wrote, 'Because I could not stop for Death'.

I'm kinda hoping that means I'm only halfway home. I should probably go ahead and write a few masterpieces pretty soon though....just in case.

If you enjoyed something that I wrote, please let me know. If instead you thought my writing to be amateurish or trite or (gasp) mediocre it would waste both of our times for you to tell me. Sadly, it will be impossible for me to accept or validate your vitriol, and I will summarily dismiss your opinion as a symptom of your bitter and unfulfilled life. It's nothing personal. If you are a writer, I would expect nothing but equally strident self preservation.

Exceptional writing never exposes a writer's self important ego but exceptional writing cannot be written unless that self important ego exists.

Thank you for reading

-TP Sage

# A Lonely Thought

A lonely thought occurred to me  
borrowed from lost tragedy  
contained within a shielded heart...  
destinies dismissed.  
Early morning melancholy  
framed by loss, or perhaps just folly  
grasping onto broken parts  
healed by mundane lists.  
It's nothing but soiled reverie  
juxtaposed on memory  
kisses ending at the start  
lost within time's mist.  
Mesmerizing parity.  
Nothing grows from apathy.  
Order from a broken heart  
Persistence dulls remiss.

TP Sage

# A Man

Without a dream  
to brace his steps  
or an answer in his heart.  
With no beginnings to inspire  
and no endings clear in sight.  
When the last  
of all his burdens  
creates a dozen more  
and mornings become heavy  
with the hows and whys  
of sleepless nights  
A man tries.  
A man still tries.

TP Sage

# A Memory

It comes to me  
like a death row priest  
sad and somber  
but with quiet faith and practiced acceptance.

A memory  
of a silent night  
when clarity came suddenly  
and I could finally see  
the tarnished self delusion  
that I'd fashioned into armor  
to protect me from the truth.

Clarity.

With surgical precision  
parred away  
the thick and toughened layers  
of flawed or fraudulent rationalization  
that I had welded to my surface  
to hide the holes left gaping in my soul.  
One by one the layers fell away  
and truth escaped the corporeal prison I'd created.  
Truth hissed at me  
then mockingly  
transformed itself to tears.

My first memory.

A night of clarity.

A birth.

For though I'd sought and found the truth  
no one was there to be set free.  
With all the layered lies removed,  
the man that I had hidden  
deep beneath...  
was gone  
just another truth released.

It still comes to me.

The memory.

And it brings to me  
the truth

transformed to tears.

TP Sage

# Alone, With You

it's not that I'm  
afraid  
of losing you  
there is no reason to explain  
unless you're crying,  
and I'm alone  
still  
wouldn't matter  
my truth is muted,  
deleted from your songs

your sightlines are not shrinking  
you just don't see me  
unless  
it serves you  
being alone does not crowd my  
thinking  
its  
being  
alone with you

candles burning  
vanilla flames  
cinnamon fire  
slowly heating  
melting  
will  
you see me

alone with you

hearts are burning  
blood is rising  
pulses pounding

alone with you

candles melting  
hearts aflame

pain  
searing  
blood  
rising  
rising  
pain  
not  
dying  
crying

alone with you.

it's not easy  
knowing  
nothing  
more than  
i need  
to know  
is it clean  
or  
is it messy  
the truth  
hidden  
the way we like it  
can't last forever  
you told me  
so  
i believed you  
wanted to  
needed to

don't

need to be

alone, with you

TP Sage



# An Honest Mistake

It rained this morning.  
I could have sworn  
I saw you dancing  
in the puddles  
water trickling from your hair  
like teardrops.

I could have sworn  
I heard you laughing  
at the thunder  
your eyes afire  
reflecting the lightning  
like mirrors

I thought to join you.  
I even looked for our umbrella  
but it wasn't where you'd left it  
Still, I had to join you.  
So I dashed outside  
into the rain.

I looked for you beside the puddles  
but I didn't see you dancing.  
I was puzzled for a moment  
Till I remembered that you'd left me  
And I remembered you don't love me  
anymore

I felt so silly  
thinking that I saw you  
An honest mistake  
I'm sure,  
but I stood there beside the puddles  
listening for your laughter in the thunder

water trickling from my hair  
into my eyes  
and down my cheeks  
like teardrops.

TP Sage

# Angel Voices

They bring warmth  
to the coldest of hearts,  
dreams to the walking, waking dead,  
song to the lips of the freely mute.  
They are text book attention deficit,  
and not a single pill in sight.  
No concept of the harshness of reality,  
and thus,  
no limitations,  
and no understanding that  
their limitations will be  
their own creation.  
They are bald honest emotion,  
frayed, exposed nerves  
just like your very last one  
that they got on.

Can you hear children singing?  
Angel voices  
Carrying me.  
Lifting me up.  
Children's voices?  
Flying through the air like a car crash,  
but settling into our sensibilities like harp music.  
Laughter that sticks to your skin  
like warm summer rain,  
hugs that are truth...  
honesty, sincerity in their most pure expression.

And yet,  
It terrifies me to look upon them,  
for what would I ever do  
if they were not there.  
Living, breathing, laughing mirrors.  
Showing you an incomplete reflection  
of what you have been showing them.  
Talking to you in your voice.  
Reacting to their world from your skin.  
They are becoming who you are....

How to get them to become  
who you wanted to be?

I hear angels singing.

TP Sage

# Beneath Your Passion

You danced for me.  
A hundred silken scarves you wore.  
A hundred colors for me to see  
as you twirled about the floor.

I watched you swing and shimmer  
the colors ablaze as your body spun.  
Your dance began with a hundred scarves  
that now fall away one by one.

A blue fell on my shoulder  
a red landed at my feet,  
and still you danced before me.  
I reached to touch, but you retreat.

Now the colors fly off freely.  
My breath is harsh, my touch, I swear, is not.  
Your skin is flushed and shining.  
My blood is raised and hot.

The scarfs have now all fallen.  
You stand naked to my passion now.  
But as I reach to hold you,  
you back away somehow.

Ahh... the dance is just begun.  
Because beneath your passion you already know,  
if I touch you once my lovely,  
I'll never let you go.

TP Sage

# Burns

It does not take much to take me back.  
But the memories do not seem real.  
They are almost dreamlike except for the emotions.  
Puffs of smoke, unseen but still stinging my eyes.

.....I can see her sitting there, alone  
 For an instant she is who she was,  
 but her eyes twitch for a second,  
 then roll involuntarily upwards  
 till all I see are the white.....

I did the best I could.  
Stayed right beside her  
when no one else would,  
much longer than anyone wanted me to.

.....Her eyes are closing.  
 A cigarette dangles loosely from her lips,  
 fire red lipsticked lips.....

She took everything I had to give,  
wasted it all, and wanted more,  
then blamed her sickness on me,  
and I believed her.

.....The cigarette falls slowly from her mouth,  
 a slow motion movie sequence...closeup on the cigarette  
as it  
falls.....

Somehow, I didn't have what was needed  
I know now that no one did.  
Nothing, short of leaving, would have helped her.  
Leaving was the only thing I didn't try.

.....The cigarette settles softly like a butterfly on her pale skin,  
 unmoving,  
the dull glow of the cherry  
illuminates a tiny patch of ivory flesh.....

That past does not exist for her.  
For me it is still a second skin.  
I've grown tired of hoping she will see truth  
My anger has finally outrun my patience.

- .....A lazy snake of smoke,
- an almost imperceptible increase to the glow of the cherry tip,
- and the cigarette slowly begins to burn her smooth skin.
- She doesn't move,  
doesn't even flinch.
  
- She is gone.
- I can't save her.
- Never could.....

It does not take much to take me back.  
I feel the burns as if they were my own skin.  
I wear the scars  
If not on my skin, surely on my soul.  
Her scars.  
The only thing left that we still share.

- .....The soft white skin beneath the butterfly has turned pink.
- An angry crimson spot has formed and slowly grows.
- A burn.
- One of many.....

TP Sage

# By The Window

Near the sea, on a mountain in a cabin  
Lives an old man, with a beard on his chin.  
With his life and his loves and his passions  
blown away like ashes in the wind

He sits near the fire, on a chair, by the window  
and he watches the birds and the waves.  
Though his life, to some, may seem empty,  
there is still love in his heart that he saves.

As the sun sinks behind the clouds in the distance  
the darkness of night is held in check by the moon.  
The old man smiles to himself, in his chair, in the cabin,  
because he knows the time will come soon.

Near the sea, in a valley by the mountain  
walks a little girl with flowers in her hair.  
Her laughter is youth and beauty and innocence.  
And like a butterfly, floats freely through the air.

She walks up a path that ends at the cabin  
and opens the door, since the old man is too weak.  
Then she jumps to his lap, in his chair by the window,  
and the little girl kisses the old man on the cheek.

The old man, with no hopes and no dreams and no future,  
tells her stories of heroes, maidens and kings.  
And she watches his face and listens intently  
never knowing the love that she brings.

Finally she hugs the old man and tells him goodbye  
then she runs down the path on the mountain by the sea  
and the old man smiles as he sits in his chair by the window  
because in his heart, he is with her running free.

TP Sage



# California Storm

just a summer shower  
rain  
nothing special  
till I saw you in the courtyard,  
hands on the back of your head  
face lifted to the sky  
alone and only.  
something spiritual  
in the way the rain danced on your pale skin,  
beading and skating off  
as if you were a marble sculpture.  
just as I realized I wasn't breathing  
you took a deep, soul cleansing breath  
and lowered your head.  
when you opened your eyes  
you were looking at me  
a tiny smile at the corners of your lips  
you shrugged your shoulders  
your lips parted into a breath taking smile  
well, it took my breath  
but I managed to smile back  
I fell in love with you as you strolled away  
a wildflower swaying happily in the wind of a summer storm.

Now, I cannot tell  
if you were ever real.  
I can see your face, your ivory skin  
the dark earth brown of your eyes  
I can even smell the rain  
but I can't tell you where I was  
or when you were  
of if.  
did you happen when I was young  
and unaware?  
Are you a dream just surfaced?  
Only an ideal in a poet's heart?

doesn't really matter I suppose.

a wildflower swaying happily in the wind of a summer storm

I remember you.

TP Sage

# Cinnamon Moon

Beneath a cinnamon moon  
I wait for thee  
Patiently  
And silence like a shadow  
sits with me  
Endlessly  
Till darkness covers all I see  
All I see  
A cinnamon moon  
still shining  
blindly  
I close my eyes so tightly  
making lightning flash in front of me  
and like an afterimage  
you're all I see  
All I see  
Endlessly

Save me cinnamon moon

TP Sage

# Don'T Wait For Me

Don't give your best or worst to me.  
It's wasted.  
I no longer wear the words you say.  
I felt naked within them anyway.  
I lost myself along the way  
but now I'm finally found.  
Don't wait for me.  
I have to leave.

Don't plant your tears on me.  
I've grown plenty of my own.  
You took my heart and mind away from me.  
Even my insanity didn't set me free.  
It's not the only way to be.  
At least that's what I've been told.  
So please don't wait for me.  
I'm leaving.

It's not love that kept me here  
I had no clue, and still don't.  
It felt like there was nothing I could do.  
I thought that love had blocked my view.  
I must have been as sick as you  
to watch you melt my soul.  
Don't wait for me.  
I'm gone.

And please don't ask me why I stayed.

TP Sage

# Echoes

I heard your voice  
in the wind today.  
I paused a moment,  
but it just went away.  
It's was just a memory,  
a memory,  
just a lost,  
soul-less  
memory...  
to me.

I hear distant sounds  
from a black hole cave.  
It's hard to remember  
if they're sounds I should save.  
I'm barely listening,  
listening,  
I'm not even  
listening  
for you.

I can't hear the music  
when I see your face.  
Just meaningless murmurs  
from a long forgotten place.  
I'm only listening  
to echoes...  
echoes...  
echoes...

You're just a memory,  
but I can't stop  
listening  
to echoes.

TP Sage

# Enough

I am not the rain  
that makes your flowers grow  
or the wind that blows the dust  
into your eyes.

I am not the shadows  
where your evil hides  
or the light that makes the shadows  
seem to fade.

I am not even  
what you're thinking  
or what you wish for  
when you cry.

But everything that I am  
is enough  
to say goodbye.

TP Sage

# Fire Beneath My Skin

You smiled at me  
and I lived a thousand years  
in an instant.  
The earth itself stopped turning  
long enough for you to see  
through my soul  
and deep into my heart.  
Just that look,  
a soft, enveloping gaze,  
set loose the bindings  
that held still my heart.  
Effortlessly you freed it  
from its impenetrable prison vault.  
And now....  
It belongs to only you.  
Only you make my colors sing.  
Only you give immortality to my dreams.  
Your lightest touch  
creates  
fire beneath my skin.  
Igniting my blood to flame.  
I am an uncapped well of burning oil.  
All sounds are gone  
save the roaring flames  
and the pounding base beat of my heart.  
Am I dying? Or for the first time,  
fully alive?  
Either way, the sounds are consuming me.  
Somehow you understand this  
and the sounds are quieted  
by three  
simple  
whispered  
words  
that float  
like snowflakes  
from your lips.  
I love you.  
The universe is no longer a mystery.

The ponderings of poets and kings  
are but child rhyme.  
Everything is as it should be,  
and will be,  
forever.  
You love me.

TP Sage



# Heart In Cheek

If your loves are disasters  
time after and after;  
each time even faster  
then the last love that quit.  
It could be your lovers  
have need to discover  
that in and out of the covers  
you are love incarnate.  
But the answer that's clearer  
is the one that is nearer.  
Just look in the mirror.  
Nahhh.....that couldn't be it.

TP Sage

# I Am With You

i am the dreams  
that paint your sleeping canvas,  
the gentle, warm confusion  
when you open your eyes to a new day.  
you are unaware.  
i am with you.

my voice calls to you  
within the distant sounds of the quiet night.  
don't wait for me in the dark  
you won't find me.  
i am with you.

can you see me in the moonlight  
that brightens your path?  
do you feel my touch  
when the morning air caresses your cheek?  
would you sense the difference  
if i were gone?  
you don't need to understand.  
i am with you.

it is me you taste  
in the bitter sweetness of your wine  
me you hear  
in the harmony of the choir voices.  
the sunlight through the glass  
is my reflection  
you barely notice  
but I don't need your comprehension  
i am with you.

TP Sage

# I Am Your Friend

If nothing for you falls into place or line  
If your heart is hurting  
and your dreams no longer feel defined  
If your soul feels empty  
and your tangle just won't unbind  
If you need someone just to hold your hand  
I'm here  
where I've always been  
I am your friend.

If you cannot find a quiet place to rest  
If the rushing minutes  
have taken all your best  
If the rules have changed  
and you just can't pass the test  
If you just need someone to hold your hand  
I'm here  
where I've always been  
I am your friend.

If I cannot see through the blizzard's snow  
If I'm once again the very last to know.  
If I'm fighting against an invisible foe  
If I need to just hold your hand  
You're there  
where you've always been  
You are my friend.

TP Sage

# I Confess

I am trapped  
and sinking  
thinking  
nothing is there  
for me  
nothing is clear  
My heart is not broken  
Not anymore.  
Just impatient... bored  
waiting to be past  
the believing that  
you were the last  
I can see the light  
it's not blinding  
reminding  
Things won't always feel this way  
I won't always have to keep  
the memories at bay  
I am exactly what you see  
nothing more, nothing less  
but I confess  
I am not the man I was before.  
No.  
I am so much more.

TP Sage

# I Don'T Believe

I don't believe  
I ever really knew  
what you meant to me,  
what I meant to you.

I don't believe  
I ever understood  
that you could leave, or  
that you would.

And the memories  
are singing in my mind.

Arias and lullabies.  
Songs of hope.  
Songs of lies.  
I lost you  
in a sad song  
without tears.

I don't believe  
in dreams come true,  
but I hold on, because  
I believe in you.

And the memories  
are singing in my mind.

TP Sage

# I Dreamt Of You

I dreamt of you  
walking a dark path,  
trees whispering to the night,  
all in shadows  
you in light.  
I heard no footsteps,  
your feet were bare.  
Chiffon? Silk?  
Utter whiteness, contrasted  
with your obsidian hair.  
A silver chain,  
a choker  
sparkling in a muted moonlight.  
The same sparkle on your cheeks.  
Tears?  
To my heart,  
tears in moonlight speaks.  
I dreamt of you.  
You  
were  
  
alone.

.....

It was always my intention  
to reach you in the night.  
So quietly I tread.  
Barefooted  
innocence  
dusting  
your stream of dreams.  
Precious orb of light I cup  
within my glowing hands  
this treasure.  
Every  
thought of you  
I've been keeping  
lit like a candle  
to haunt you

with my  
heart;  
my song to you like a  
messenger dove cooing  
in the back of your deepest  
sleep.

You saw me alone,  
because  
I was  
waiting  
for

You.

TP Sage

# I Love You Because...

I love you because

You laugh at the things that make you mad  
You cry when you're sad but you let me think I'm helping to make it better  
You're not afraid to be vulnerable  
You feel safe when you are with me.

I love you because

You are beautiful because you know you are beautiful  
You wear old sweat pants, a ratty t-shirt and a baseball cap to the store, but still touch up your makeup first  
You aren't afraid to try something new, and you get my lazy ass up to try it to  
You know how to tell me NO, and make me think it's my idea.

I love you because

You dream big dreams, but they always include me  
You know that I need you more than you need me, and you never take advantage of that  
You hurt when I hurt  
You let me be angry when you've been wronged but you don't let me act upon it till I've settled down.

I love you because

You make me feel like I am the only man you've ever loved.  
You understand that I don't understand my emotions like you do yours  
You always let me open the new jar of pickles  
You know that I need time alone and it has nothing to do with how much I love you

I love you because

You don't tell me everything, but you never lie to me  
You don't play games....unless it's in the bedroom  
You let me say I'm sorry even when you know I have no idea what I'm apologizing for.  
You understand that my love for you would consume me if you let it



I love you because...

I just do.

TP Sage

# I Remain

I don't want to need you.  
Leave me alone...

I'm leaking.  
A slow steady drip  
Soundless, yet there  
escaping.  
Yet I remain.  
I don't need to want you.  
Leave me alone...

I'm breaking.  
A dull fading light.  
Dim, yet still illuminating,  
leaking shadows  
revealing me.  
I don't want or need you.  
Leave me alone...

I'm sleeping.  
A surreal yet colorless nightmare.  
Unreal, but my reality.  
Consuming my dreams....one at a time  
till I can wake.  
I want you.  
I need you.

Leave me alone.

TP Sage

# I Wait

You left  
Now in the misting light  
I wait.  
Shadowed thoughts  
hide open doors.  
My fate.  
You left.  
The fading memories debate  
no more.  
It's not you  
I'm waiting for.

TP Sage

# I Walk Alone

I walked alone  
while you waited.  
I watched the sunset.  
you anticipated.  
I spoke of a love  
my actions negated.  
you asked for commitment.  
I said it's overrated.

because  
I thought you were forever.  
I thought you were the sky  
or the stars,  
or the oceans.  
but

I left my footprints deep in the sand  
And swore to you  
one day  
I would retrace them  
But when I turned around  
I found  
The tide had erased them.  
Now I'll never replace them.

you were the sand.  
I walk alone.

TP Sage

## I Want To...

I want to open my eyes to music  
and close them just the same.  
I want to laugh at all my troubles  
and never shed a tear in shame.  
I want to dance while I am working  
and sing when I'm alone.  
I want to kiss you in the moonlight  
and give you piggy back rides home.

I want to dream impossible dreams  
and then make a few come true.  
I want to whisper when it's quiet  
and shout...wherever...I LOVE YOU.  
I want to hold the hands that need holding  
and help the helpless find a way.  
I want to kiss you in the moonlight  
after every single day.

TP Sage

# I Woke Up Dying

One summer morning  
without any warning  
I woke up dying.  
Had I not been insane  
I might have taken steps  
to save myself.

But I did not see it  
for what it was.  
I saw instead  
a changed perception.  
Blue sky turned grey,  
a love poem turned blue  
smiles not as easily given away.  
But since I was losing her  
I believed that something deep inside me  
now rebelled against her necessary loss.

I was blinded by my own perceptions.  
My eyes were open  
yet I could not see  
the impending end of my mortality.  
Not come upon me by mortal blow  
not disease  
not age  
not accident or incident or luck  
instead  
a passive suicide.

For I am surely being crushed.  
A massive weight placed on top of me.  
Yet I did not perceive the heinous crime.  
Because the weight  
has been imperceptibly placed upon me  
one tiny innocuous pebble at a time.

TP Sage

# If Hope Is True

If my simple words convey  
All that I mean to say  
Love's light will shine for you.  
And when love reveals  
All I really feel  
I'll open my soul to you.  
Our love will be  
the only light we need  
to embrace life's dark design  
If hope is true  
Then I'll be with you  
until the end of time.  
But for now,  
the light will show  
what our hearts already know  
with love....  
dreams do come true.

TP Sage

# If I Could Write A Love Poem

The morning sun would dim with shame  
and all the dreamers waken.  
The grasses would shed their dewy tears  
if I could write a love poem.  
The stars would twinkle their last shine  
The fires of hell would freeze.  
Time eternal would stop to stare  
if I could write a love poem.  
For that would mean I'd found my love  
The one whose eyes I see  
when mine are closed.  
Whose fears I free  
just by being near.  
I put to paper my endless love  
my everlasting devotion.  
I wrote the words  
that touched her soul.  
I wrote my heart,  
my life  
I wrote for her  
my dreams untold.  
I would show  
my love's depth  
and strength  
I know  
Her eyes would sparkle with happy tears  
Her smile outshine the heavens.  
It would all be so clear  
If I'd said so in a love poem.

TP Sage



# If I Told You That I Loved You

If I promised that the music  
would never go away  
If I showed you smiles and laughter  
when tears got in your way  
If I bottled up the moonlight  
to change your darkest nights to day  
If I told you that I loved you.....

would you stay?

If I danced with you till morning  
even when the music didn't play  
If I wrapped you in my arms  
to keep the cold at bay  
If I gave you... forever  
every single day  
If I told you that I loved you....

would you stay?

TP Sage

# If Only

If Only

Let me disappear in courage  
My deepest fears remaining masked  
Let my anger become focus  
Forgive the harshness of my task  
Let the minutes flow unbroken  
End this endless time  
Nothingness brings no comfort  
If only I could cry

Let me rest within soft shadows  
My nightmare finally released  
Let my silence hide in silence  
Forgive my selfish peace  
Let the darkness grant me slumber  
Hide the music of my mind  
Nothingness can almost comfort  
If only I could cry

TP Sage

# I'M Afraid To Love You

Everything is perfect,  
and nothing makes sense.  
One half-silly smile,  
a split second knowing glance  
and you've lifted me from the ground,  
freed me from the laws of man and earth.

And just because of that,  
I'm afraid to love you.

It's not your fault.  
Don't blame yourself.  
It's me.  
I'm afraid for you, and I'm afraid for me,  
but I still feel my pulse racing  
the instant you appear,  
a tingling that starts in my fingertips,  
then shoots up my body, .. a pulsating lightning bolt  
that splashes into my mind  
and explodes into.. hot.. blinding white light.  
A buzzing, stomping insistence that I recognize  
the affect you have on me.  
I'm left short of breath, eyes wide, dizzy  
and suddenly, longing for your gentle touch.

Chaos inside  
I am everywhere  
and nowhere.  
I am limitless yet tethered  
I am willingly losing control  
but the fear balances on my edge...  
I cannot lose control, again,  
and the confusion makes me afraid.  
Afraid to love you.

I know  
if I let myself  
I would be with you forever  
which is much longer than a lifetime.

I would take all my choices, my dreams, my fear  
and set them at your feet  
my.. gifts of sacrifice for the only one  
for who I would give my life

I would confess to you my joy  
and hide in you my pain  
for I know that you would view  
each with a critical but loving eye,  
You understand that I'm not the perfect man  
that I pretend to be  
you're ok that sometimes  
I'm not even up  
to being me.  
You accept me as I am.  
You're the only one.  
It feels so right,  
which is exactly why  
I'm afraid to love you.

Still, I see it in you.  
I'm not that blind.  
I can see what I'm afraid to see.  
You're eyes shine when I talk to you  
of simple things.  
You're breath catches in your throat  
when you've made me smile  
I make you laugh... You make me laugh.  
At little things and when we're angry.  
When I am near you  
I feel as though I should sing.  
I wish for nothing  
except our songs entwined.  
I feel you tremble at my lightest touch.  
You are a dove  
unfearful of my captive embrace.  
I belong to you,  
and you to me.

Oh God, help me  
because that's exactly why  
I'm afraid to love you.....

.....but I do....

TP Sage

# Intermission

I am body without soul.  
I am dreams without vision.  
Action without goal.  
Choice without decision.  
Half of one, leaving none.  
I am without you.  
Rose petals floating in a fledgling stream.  
Washed away by a sudden rain.  
No one's to blame.  
Everything is only make believe.  
Harlot shadows dance  
to distract the sun.  
Dreams seem shattered,  
porcelain pieces  
strewn across a darkening sky.  
But it's only the clouds....  
They've come undone.  
Why?

No one laughs.  
No one cries.  
It's just the wind and the rain.  
Where are you?  
What are you thinking?  
Are you smiling or sleeping?  
Do you have tears on your cheeks?  
I wish I knew.

TP Sage

# Invisible

Once I was the last smile you saw at night  
and you were mine  
Once Ours was the first and last dance  
and everything in between  
Once you found me always  
even in the darkest of nights

Now I am invisible

I have vanished from your sight  
Left no trace that leads you back  
Simply faded like an ending night  
Just invisible

To you.

Once I picked up your pieces and held them tight  
My embrace was your glue  
I thought I had the puzzle end in sight  
Then I became invisible.

Lost to you  
Misplaced and unremembered  
A set of keys that no longer open any doors  
Just invisible

To you

I see you dancing off the edge of the stage  
Falling where I can't catch you  
You'll be looking for me to save you, now  
But I'll be invisible

To you

TP Sage

# Kingdoms Lost Or Conquered

Show me everything you've hidden  
Lay it out for me to see  
Include what you have not forgiven  
Jaded memory from your past  
Secrets you have covered  
Evil you've discovered  
Kingdoms that you've lost or conquered  
Spells that you have cast  
All the moments lost or treasured  
Taken as they are  
Nothing hidden, judged or measured  
Whatever lies disguised within your heart  
I accept what makes you lonely  
I embrace your fears but only  
If you give them to me freely  
I'll protect you from the dark  
I am the stars that shine upon you  
The solid earth beneath your feet  
I am the moon when night surrounds you  
I am the truth you'll recognize  
Show me everything you've hidden  
Love means you are forgiven  
No kingdoms lost or conquered  
Can hide this in my eyes

TP Sage



# Let The Light Through

If she had followed you forever  
lost herself in her obsession  
would you have eventually decided  
to let her be  
to set her free?

Would just ordinary be enough  
then  
or would you be intimidated by  
the boredom  
lose your motivation  
sleep your life away.

Perhaps its best  
to cut that tree down  
let the light through  
to reach your grasses  
and if they yellow from the heat  
then  
run away  
without delay  
its not really HER obsession  
that has trapped you  
anyway.

TP Sage

## Like The Sand

If memories were silted sand  
sifting through your unclasped hands  
falling with a thousand grains  
till barely a single one remains  
within your hands a grain of love would linger  
if clinging only to a single finger  
and maybe then you'd understand  
my love's eternal...like the sand.

TP Sage

# Love In Flames

In the quiet of the night  
Before dawns revealing light  
Love is flame that lights the sky  
She is the only reason why.

She rests safe in night's repose  
Flames dance above and below  
Out of reach but still in sight  
She is the quiet of my night

Breaking dawn becomes the light  
Love in flames has taken flight  
Lost within the light of day  
Morning truth holds love at bay

Bring the quiet of the night  
When love's bright fire is my light

TP Sage

# Love Is Never Lonely

I want to show you rainbows  
and feel your soft touch on my cheek  
when they bring tears to my eyes.

I want to whisper my love to you in the morning  
when everything and everyone sleeps  
for silence will not harbor lies.

I want to hear your voice when I'm not with you  
as if it were my own thoughts  
and love was never alone.

I want to see in your eyes the truth inside me  
so that everyday that I question  
I can look at you and know.

I want to take your loneliness  
and paint it over with bright memories  
till only love is in view.

Should the stars appear for just one night every thousand years  
I would wait a lonely eternity  
to see them with just you.

TP Sage

# Love Was Like The Stars

I remember  
when the wine  
was sweet  
and our laughter  
something that  
we took for granted.

I remember  
when every dream  
seemed within our reach,  
nothing that we ventured  
ended in defeat  
and every flower  
blossomed  
that we planted.

I remember  
cold mornings  
that made each day show clear  
and black crystal nights  
with a thousand  
fiery stars  
so close  
it seemed  
they'd landed  
in our hearts  
and in our souls  
burning hot  
within our passions  
and love was like the wine  
and love was like the stars  
and love was like the laughter  
that we took for granted.

TP Sage

# My Last Breath

Hers is the only shadow on my wall  
I trace her curves with gentle thoughts.  
There is just enough light  
so that I can know  
her silent silhouette  
lies beside me.

Hers is the only fragrance in my air.  
I close my eyes and float  
with the perfumed breeze  
Her presence lingers  
like a morning mist  
and I am the meadow  
that she rests upon  
before the heat of the day.

Hers is the only meaning in my words.  
Her dreams are my poetry.  
Her life is my song.  
Her melody makes me dance  
makes me sing  
bringing joy to my helpless heart.

Hers is the only heartbeat within me.  
Cut her and I bleed.  
When she cries,  
I am her tears.  
I am a drowning man  
and she is my last breath  
sweet ocean air above me  
beckoning for me  
to save myself.

TP Sage

# My Night

I dared the night to swallow me  
Leave me blinded hopelessly  
Paint my soul in its darkest hue  
Hide me from all judging views.  
Still light seeped through night's darkest veil  
Steadfast though distant, almost pale  
A timeless glimmer from afar  
A hundred thousand dancing stars  
I let the dark relax its hold  
And bade the quiet bathe my soul  
Released by tiny hopes of light  
Light in my heart and in my night

TP Sage

# My Specific Evil

Don't anticipate my apathy.  
If you interpret my silence  
you deny me the opportunity  
to bargain with my conscious.  
Let me consider  
both the porcelain and the pottery,  
and should I shatter one  
or both  
the light of day will reveal  
the shards of my specific evil.  
Even when the day  
begins to lose its honest light  
I will help you to condemn my dusk  
or perhaps  
celebrate my dawn.

TP Sage



# My Surrender

I cannot fathom her consuming essence.  
I recognize a silent erosion of my will,  
and yet find myself  
embracing the totality of my surrender.  
Her simple laughter can stir and mix  
my emotional being  
my thoughts and words  
my imagination  
and then  
momentarily eliminate my sense  
of who I am  
and who I will be.  
Without effort she can both bemuse and bewilder  
leaving me to wonder  
without really caring  
about the answers  
Her presence can encircle my consciousness  
like flames burning paper  
yet I find myself elated  
desiring more fire.  
Thoughts of her barge into my mind  
at inopportune moments  
but more and more  
my efforts to separate her image  
from my present  
are weak and invariably  
come to no avail.  
I cannot fathom her consuming essence  
and I'm losing the desire to  
and the reasons why  
I should continue to try.

TP Sage

# Night Beat

Alone and walking slowly  
The cool touch of the evening breeze  
quiet laughter rustles through the trees  
half-closed eyes of the city sees  
Alone and walking slowly.  
The night is comfortable with the noise it brings  
telephone calling out with helpless rings  
city sounds of silence sings  
Alone and walking slowly.  
Neon dances to the jungle beat  
metallic glass sweats from the faceless heat  
lonely candles melt in cold defeat  
Alone and walking slowly.  
Above it all the moon is crying  
mourning what no one knows is dying  
eyes are seeing but hearts are lying  
Alone and walking slowly.

TP Sage

# Not My River

I was walking and I heard  
a river  
laughing  
somewhere behind the trees  
It's not for me.  
Not my river,  
not our trees.  
Not your laughter,  
not for me  
Then  
I was sleeping and I smelled  
your hair  
on the pillow,  
next to me  
It's not you sleeping,  
couldn't be  
not your scent,  
not your sounds  
but I saw you  
sleeping  
next to me.  
only  
it isn't you that I see.  
And  
I was walking and I heard  
your laughter  
when the river flowed  
but it's not true  
Not my river,  
the sound's not you  
only water,  
cold clear water  
rushing over me  
everything becoming dim  
but it's ok,  
in the end  
I've always known  
that I could  
swim

Why didn't you?  
why didn't you

TP Sage

# Ordinary Things

First, talk to me  
of ordinary things  
of morning walks  
time smoothed rocks  
and trees with green forever.  
Then, tell me why  
all things die  
of age or time  
some in their prime  
and most without true meaning.  
Don't misunderstand  
I'm not feeling sad  
just a bit lost inside.  
If it's ok, I'd like to hide  
in your arms  
if only for a moment.

TP Sage

# Passion

I want you  
My passion controls me.  
There is urgency to my desire.  
An almost painful intensity  
that overwhelms my senses  
and thoughts.  
I am consumed by the need,  
to touch you  
to be close to you  
so close that I am part of you  
inside of you  
till we are one.  
Your senses are mine.  
Your quickened breath and soft moans  
echo in my thoughts.  
There is nothing but you.  
I must touch you.  
Every soft place and gentle crevice,  
I must taste your skin,  
smell your hair,  
hear your quiet gasps.  
I cannot conceive of anything but you,  
the curves of your body,  
your perfumed scents,  
the soft silk of your hair,  
the inflaming smoothness of your skin.  
The very sight of you,  
the longing in your eyes,  
the vulnerability in your repose,  
the pureness of your bare skin,  
are fuel that burns in my tunnel vision.  
I can no longer think.  
There are no choices in my passion,  
but there is clarity.  
I want you...now

TP Sage

# Rain

If I'm standing in the rain  
that's where i want to be.  
Can you see me?  
Glistening on your skin.  
Trickling from your hair.  
Why did you turn away  
from me?  
Just one more touch  
like raindrops on my skin.  
It's getting cold.  
You'd laugh at me if you saw me  
soaked and standing there.  
I feel it.  
I don't need more loss  
raining in my eyes all day.  
Everyday.  
I need to hear you whisper,  
To lose myself in the quiet of your eyes.  
You turned away from me.  
I'm not what I appear to be  
I'm not how you think of me.  
I'm more.  
There must be more.  
If you cut me  
I bleed just like you.  
Mostly, I do.  
I'm by myself on my ledge.  
It's not that far to the ground.  
Maybe everything will look different  
When I get down.  
If I'm alone,  
It's because I choose to be.  
Why can't you see?  
Are there raindrops in your eyes  
just like me?

TP Sage

# She Is The Night

She comes to me  
under muted moonlight,  
walking barefoot  
leaving fragile footprints  
in the soft wet grass.  
Night's quiet scent drifts to me gently  
hiding in a summer breeze.  
She is close.  
My heart is alive in my chest,  
jumping like a tribal dancer.  
I can see the stars in her dark eyes.  
Her lips are melted crimson.  
Her skin is pale but glowing.  
She smiles as she catches my stare.

She is the night.  
Beauty with no beginning or end.  
For an instant, I'm alone with silence.  
Then she surrounds me like a comforting darkness.  
I'm floating untethered in her arms.  
Her skin is hot.  
Her breath is sweet.  
Her quiet night sounds  
are glowing embers  
igniting flames within me.  
I am burning.  
We are burning.  
The night is aflame.  
Fire engulfs us  
roaring like a captive animal released.  
Flames dance across our limbs  
upon our skin  
outside  
within  
and the night explodes in fire and light  
thunderous and shaking  
thunderous and shaking  
shaking  
trembling



trembling in near silence.  
The only sounds  
are night's whispered sighs,  
a siren's song  
burnt into my soul.  
She is the night,  
and the dawn  
and all the time that follows.

TP Sage

# She Opens My Eyes

She carries morning's first light  
Beauty that opens my eyes  
Lifting the day from the night  
Chasing the dark from my skies.

She is the nightingale's song  
My love's growing melody  
Sound that can only prolong  
The notes of our symphony.

She dances with butterflies  
Floating as if she is air  
Carries me to the night skies  
Makes me feel I belong there.

She is my dusk and my dawn  
The place and time I belong.

TP Sage

# She's Happy In The Dark

She's walking through a ghostly mist  
alone beneath night's glowing disc  
midnight denial seems an easy risk  
she's happy in the dark  
and  
her heart is distant like the stars  
her emotion hidden like a scar  
to feel at all would be too hard  
she's happy in the dark  
but  
the mist transforms to streaming rain  
she's soaked in jaded, justifying pain  
her love is just another stain  
still  
she'll cling to what little does remain  
she's happy in the dark

TP Sage

# She's Not Listening

This song I'm singing is for her  
I feel her sounds inside of me  
She is the music in my mind  
Her heart my only melody

This whispered secret is for her  
She'd understand if she only knew  
She is the only sound I hear  
I wonder does she hear me too

I'm singing with my lonely soul  
My naked voice has been set free  
But I'm just singing to the moon  
Because she's not listening to me

My songs are fading whispers  
Muffled by the morning dew  
And the whispering wind is telling me  
She's not listening to you

TP Sage

# Swim Until The Ocean Ends

Hold on to angry persistence  
Lean forward into bitter winds  
Brace yourself against the currents  
Swim until the ocean ends

Choose your own direction  
The road less traveled, the beaten path  
It matters little which goal you've chosen  
For the journey, not the destination, is your task

TP Sage

# Tears Make No Sound

In a darkened room  
alone, except a memory  
the night cries for daybreak  
but her tears make no sound.  
dreams melt by candlelight  
the night, an ending song  
she cries below her surface  
but her tears make no sound  
morning comes before she's over  
her song, a muted buzz  
she cries inside the minds of many  
but her tears make no sound  
pray for tears that sound like rainfall  
pray for songs inside your head  
dream away the night, but waken  
mourning comes before the dawn

TP Sage

# That's When I Know

When I touch you in the morning  
and the days first sunlight warms your skin  
When your eyes have barely opened  
and your day can now begin  
When you feel me there beside you  
and you reach to bring me close  
That's when I know I love you  
That's when I need you most

When I kiss your shoulder softly  
and you tremble at my touch  
When I wrap my arms around you  
and time does not mean much  
When you whisper to me gently  
that I make you feel so safe  
When a single crystal tear  
appears momentarily upon your face  
That's when I know I love you  
That's when I know my place.

TP Sage

# The Absence Of The Light

In the silence of the night  
when the sharpest edges  
are softened  
by the absence of the light  
and a new moon glow  
reveals the path less traveled  
without advice or hints or judgement  
if it's wrong  
or if it's right  
That's when I'm frightened by the dark  
Enlightened by the dark  
And I'm dancing without music  
though all my golden arrows  
have badly missed their mark  
In the stillness of the night  
when all movement  
is hidden  
by the absence of the light  
and a new morning glow  
is but an expectation  
of the exploration  
of the certainty of today  
That's when the whispered voices  
come unhindered through  
And I'm afraid for you  
My thoughts delayed  
for you  
Till the whispers  
softly shred your memory  
to the winds  
The silent stillness of the night...  
...it never ends

TP Sage



# The Bench

They sat on the bench together.  
An ancient looking woman, and a boyish looking man  
They watched the children playing,  
making castles out of sand.  
Not a word was spoken.  
Not a feeling felt.  
Silently  
each began to question  
the lives they had been dealt.  
The young man sat in numbness  
on his face a hopeless stare.  
He still hadn't found his answers  
and he no longer cared.  
As they sat on the bench together  
tears formed in the old woman's eyes.  
And when the tears flowed freely  
he softly asked her why.  
She turned to him and whispered  
'You know you've lost the battle,  
when nothing makes you cry.'  
As he watched the woman leaving  
he began to search the feelings  
that he'd so deftly tried to hide.  
And with a flicker of hope forming again inside him,  
the young man sat alone on the bench,  
and cried.

TP Sage

# The Most Important Thing

it's all good.  
i really feel that way.  
i do.  
it only matters what's inside.  
the storm may rage  
and tear away the pieces  
that you see.  
but that's not me.  
not anymore.  
it used to be  
when I looked at the moon  
i saw an endless possibility.  
not anymore.  
lately all i see  
is the darkness that's surrounding me.  
not anymore.  
i'm going home.  
that's what i need.  
i'll be ok.  
so please don't cry  
for me.  
i left you all  
the important things.  
my hopes  
my dreams  
my naked soul  
i left you who i really am.  
and it's all good.  
i hope you see  
that at the end,  
i got to be  
who i really am.  
it just wasn't enough  
to keep me here

so i'm going home.  
where the moon is magic  
and the darkness  
just a frame.

i ask  
one thing of you.  
please take care  
of my soul for me.  
it's my most important thing,  
and maybe  
if it touches you  
that will help you be  
who you want to be.

and when you look into the dark night sky

i'll be the moon.

and you will see  
that i'm still shining

just for you.

TP Sage

# The Music Plays

I thought you were the ending  
to my final story.  
The last chapter I would ever have to read.  
I thought your sounds  
were ones that I was making.  
I thought your dreams  
were visions  
of everything I need..  
I put my heart into your hands  
for keeping,  
but when I looked away,  
I found that you had set it down.  
For an instant  
I lost myself inside your memory.  
Frozen.  
Confused at waking all alone.  
Empty promises framed my confusion..  
I clung to every entropic dream.  
If you closed your eyes and listened  
You could hear the isolation in my fear.  
There were no children laughing.  
No soft and soothing sound.  
Just crumpled paper voices  
in dim and dusty places  
a din of fragile silence  
trapped my lonely soul.  
except  
Silence, as a prison  
is illusion.  
A gossamer cage  
to rest your id.  
I have everything I ever had  
inside me  
the music plays  
I dance  
I sing  
inside me.  
I'm not alone, now  
and truly

never really was  
because  
inside me  
the music always plays.

TP Sage

# The Only One Who Cries

I hear your gentle whispers  
as if you're standing near.  
I see you in the morning mist  
when nothing else is clear.  
And sometimes when I'm half awake  
and real and dreams are one,  
I feel you lying next to me  
and the nightmare is undone.  
It's not that I am lost,  
though I miss looking into your eyes.  
And watching a sad movie is not the same  
if I'm the only one who cries.  
I no longer understand the endings.  
Why were you the one who dies?

TP Sage

# The Sound Of Snow

The sound of snow.....  
it is all of these together  
or separately  
or combined  
and sometimes  
none of them at all,  
like a dark still night  
where sound just doesn't belong.

....it is a kitten landing on a feather pillow,  
a single thin piece of paper  
floating from side to side  
then settling on the ground in one graceful slide,  
it is a wind through a spider's web,  
long silk hair tussled by a breeze  
....snow is not silent it is discrete,  
hiding in the open  
....a three year old's sleeping breath,  
a tear of joy escaping down a red round cheek  
....the sound of snow is  
the moment between sleep and consciousness,  
fuzzy and both empty of thought and full of promise all at once,  
snow is the sound dreams would make if we heard them while awake,  
snow is the sound an angel makes as it guides a soul to rest.

The sound of snow  
...it's all of these together  
or separately  
or combined  
and sometimes  
none of them at all.

TP Sage

# Thoughts Like These

I'll see you  
across an endless sea.  
You'll smile  
when you sense my stares.  
You'll wonder  
if we've met before.  
We have.  
In our restless prayers.

Are you out there  
thinking thoughts  
like these?  
Are you out there  
waiting?  
Will you know,  
like I know now...  
that our storms  
are soon abating,  
that only chance  
keeps us apart,  
that fate unhindered  
binds us.  
That eternity  
can only start  
the moment  
time  
unwinds us.

You'll see me  
on an empty street.  
You'll pause  
till I sense you there.  
You'll wonder  
if I'll come to you.  
I will.  
In our answered prayers.

Are you out there  
thinking thoughts



like these?  
Are you out there  
waiting?

TP Sage

# Thoughts Of You

You were  
the last thought I had last night  
before I shut my eyes.

Then I dreamt of you  
dancing barefoot  
in gossamer silk  
and smiles.

Alone  
in a moonlit meadow  
with an orchestra of stars playing  
music to the skies.

A silent rhythmic wind  
blew flowers in the air,  
and gently lifted you  
above the groundless miles.

And like a silver mist  
you vanished in the night.

You were  
the first thought I had this morn  
when I dared open up my eyes.

TP Sage

# Tonight

Years from now  
We'll laugh and cry  
about foolish mistakes  
lonely moments,  
and painful happenings  
that all had happy endings.

months from now  
we'll sing out our love  
dance on the tables,  
cry in our beer  
and dream the dreams  
that only love brings.

days from now  
we'll wake to the sunshine and the birds  
jump naked from the bed  
into life  
knowing that what we have  
is what we want.

Tonight  
will last forever  
it always does when you're not here.  
But, even though when we're apart  
time stands still,  
love does not.

TP Sage

# True Love!

I will build you castles of silver and gold,  
I will risk my life, even my mortal soul  
defending you against the evils  
of both man and beast  
If, just for this one time,  
You'll let me watch the f 'ing game in peace.

TP Sage

# True Love?

True love lasts a lifetime...  
or so wise men and poets have said...  
But, if that tenet indeed were true  
Then I would certainly already be dead.

TP Sage

# Untitled

You belong to me

like a rose blossom belongs to the spring

like a firefly belongs to the twilight

like my love belongs to thee.

TP Sage

# What Chance Have I

If a lover's heart breaks apart  
Disintegrating into dust  
If our bravest sons turn and run  
Steel will corroded by fear's rust  
If the chaste and pure once defer  
Corrupted by dark lust.

What chance have I to catch your eye  
if love is all I trust.

TP Sage

# When I Look At You

when I look at you  
i see an endless universe in your eyes  
an infinite unimaginable beauty  
that I could touch every day but might never hold  
in your eyes i feel a consuming loneliness  
a soft hunger, a quiet thirst  
an invisible erosion that everyday  
silently takes more of you away.  
Your lips are silent  
but they still whisper  
the smoldering hiss of desire,  
a pulsing cayenne ember of a passion  
that will inflame the heart and mind of any man  
fortunate enough to taste of their fire.  
I sense, about you, the grey aura of loss  
a loss of love, a loss of people, a loss of trust, a loss of belief  
they do not belong to you, they belong to the past  
and if you cling to them,  
you will become what they are  
a memory...  
I hear the music of your beating heart  
a cacophony of sound  
cleansing laughter and dancing rain,  
the pregnant pause of a tear  
the startled joy of exclamation  
angry rolling thunder  
the caressing whisper of dreams  
a symphonic, new age, one woman band  
with a string section  
and i have fallen in love with the composition.

TP Sage



# Who I Am

I opened my eyes to see  
there's a little boy inside of me  
This isn't who I was going to be  
It's only who I am.

I closed my eyes one day,  
and grew up, almost all the way  
I suppose a grown up is what I must stay  
But it's only part of who I am

I opened my heart for all to see  
I feel better if who you see is me  
Regardless, I will be who I must be  
But I will still remember who I am.

TP Sage

# Will You

If I say to you...  
I already understand.  
Will you hide a laugh  
and turn away?  
Or will you nod  
then gently smile,  
and ask what else I have to say.

If I say...  
I know the answers.  
Will you ask me what the questions are?  
Or, will you stop  
and watch my eyes  
to see if I realize  
that answers aren't what's hard.

Even if I say...  
I may know nothing.  
Would you never leave my side?  
Would you keep me like a second soul  
inside you  
and give my courage  
place to hide.

And when one day...  
I leave this world.  
Will you cry  
a thousand tears?  
Or will you  
simply  
pray  
that in the end,  
I forgave myself  
for all I hadn't done  
and never saw  
and couldn't dream  
and wasted  
with my fears.



# Will You Wait For Me

will you wait for me  
till i can see  
the sunlight in my eyes  
till the stars shine bright  
and in dim moonlight  
i can feel the quiet sounds

will you wait for me  
till dreams are real  
and you can feel  
my heartbeat in your soul  
till my shadows recede  
into the light i need  
to see you through the fog

will you wait for me  
till time stands still  
if you only will  
i'll be there for you then  
when this cycle ends  
and a new begins  
then everything can change

will you wait for me  
till i can know  
you'll no longer show  
the pain that i have caused  
please forgive me dear  
it's my greatest fear  
that you can't wait  
for me  
anymore

TP Sage

# Will You?

If I say to you...  
I already understand.  
Will you hide a laugh  
and turn away?  
Or will you nod  
then gently smile,  
and ask what else I have to say.

If I say...  
I know the answers.  
Will you ask me what the questions are?  
Or, will you stop  
and watch my eyes  
to see if I realize  
that answers aren't what's hard.

Even if I say...  
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and give my courage  
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Will you cry  
a thousand tears?  
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simply  
pray  
that in the end,  
I forgave myself  
for all I hadn't done  
and never saw  
and couldn't dream  
and wasted  
with my fears.



# Winter Stain

Where were you  
when I walked lightly  
through the winter rain?  
My summer skin was covered  
by drops of freezing stain.  
I wore a cloak of clouded apathy  
that dulled the cold  
and dulled the pain.  
Even though the vindictive storm  
darkened  
my night and morning skies,  
I still looked for you in lightning  
and listened  
for your whispered lies  
as the baring winds sang all  
your last  
and best  
goodbyes.

...tell me...

Where were you  
when the winter rain  
soaked me and my blues sweater?  
It stuck to my skin  
like cellophane  
and  
on my back left a deep blues stain.  
If you had been there  
in the winter rain,  
I would have given you  
my last blues sweater,  
and then,  
on your flawless, silken skin,  
the soaking rain  
would have left  
a matching stain.





## You Are...

You are fresh cut flowers on the table,  
a rain that cools the summer air,  
cotton sheets and vanilla candles,  
the cotton candy smell of a county fair.

You are the song without a title stuck in my head,  
distant laughter on a spring afternoon,  
the lonely whistle of the wind on a dark quiet night.  
You are the only star in my sky, and I am the moon.

You are my only thought when I'm frightened.  
You are in every tear that I shed.  
You are the joy in my laughter.  
You are in every prayer I've ever said.

You are the key that opens all the love inside me.  
You are the reason in all my dreams.  
You are the soul of all the songs I'm singing  
You are the end for all my means.

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