

Poetry Series

Ross Hanna
- poems -

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Ross Hanna(07/18/1966)

The Empty Bed

Reaching in the slow morning air
Extending wanting fingertips to that place
The place where you now should be
It is now cold and empty, barren of form

Where did you go in the lonely night?
What beating wings carried you from your rest?
What sound, what music, what flute took you from me?
The silent sounds of loneliness rips into night's fragile curtain

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Still darkness is stirred by your creamy green eyes
Soft, velvet flesh covers me over like a warm blanket
Your scent on my lips as you devour my soul
We, two, become one as the invisible wheels of night turn

Heavenly suns finally declare themselves'
As the smoke of creation fades into the light of eternity
Our temporary confinement is real again
Reiterating the long distance between us

I know that you will come again tonight
And the next night and the next, repeating the previous
Until time ceases and smoke retains its form, solid and substantial
And our intimate passions invigorate us to dream this dream once more

Ross Hanna