

Remember When You Stopped Talking With Me

Remember when you stopped talking with me many years ago,
Nights became nightmarish and days struggled to survive,
The lust of love seemed an illusion,
Pain became a soothing catharsis.

Little did I know that for every smile one has to suffer twice,
That without suffering one could not reach the higher planes,
Happiness was a common illusion,
Grit was the only anchor in life.

But you did turn around and sowed new flowers in our yard,
Life swooned into a dance on a marble floor,
Birds sang from every corner,
And the sky beckoned to a walk without a return.

Years have gone by since that excruciating moment,
You resumed your gracious ways soon after,
Life regained its luster,
The memory of the recovery set in a new confidence.

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