

Suzanne Does Not Live Here Anymore

She walked into my life like a strong gust of wind,
Tearing away my reserve and challenging me toward the unknown,
She sculpted her love for me point by point,
Till it looked a sharply delineated mystery,
The beauty of which filled our empty lives.

Our rendezvous were at secluded remote seashores,
Where we tried to match the rhythm of our heartbeats
With the ravenous beats of the surf,
Sea breeze wafted the immaturity of our youths
Into delirious day dreams.

Time moved with the insensitive passion of a band saw,
One day in a moment of insanity and selfishness we torched
The house we had built with a million dreams,
The blooming flower of our love was snipped,
But the plant bearing it escaped death.

When Suzanne and I parted five years ago,
We kept our lines of communication open,
Through a common friend Jessica,
So that our love had a chance to return one day,
But out of this morass our spiritual seed sprouted into a bud.

Through Jessica I kept tab on Suzanne's pulse -
We never talked directly.
Fulfilled love is beautiful
But unfulfilled love is a searing, inextinguishable flame,
That expands the mind and lights the world.

It has been several months now since Jessica disappeared,
Making my anxiety about Suzanne spike.
Agitated, I went to Suzanne's place,
Finding it shut I rang the neighbor's bell,

I was told that she did not live there anymore and her whereabouts were unknown.

Seared in sorrows long and harried by worldly problems
A person can take desperate steps to regain freedom -
Our natural habitat.

I must have been a part of her gray architecture,
Deserving jettisoning away

Mornings drag into evenings and evenings struggle to reach the mornings,
Music has lost its rapture and hope is forlorn,
All the stars have extinguished and I am walking alone in the darkness,
How to live has once again become a haunting enigma on the horizon,
I am drifting along the flow of life.

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