

## Sensing Darkness

The clouds roll in  
Light fades to this night  
A feeling and a sense  
For long now, the mind has searched for relief  
Altering and twisting the logic  
Yet no reprieve recognized.

A matter of coincidence and intuition  
Or that of fate unrevealed?

A consequence of eyes closed and ears deaf  
To ask but won't reveal.  
What is hidden?  
What is taken?  
What is forgotten?

Of why nothing is said  
Of why the change  
Of why the anguish that has settled in me  
Of not knowing  
Of uncertain desire to know

Of the date remembered  
Of the date we last spoke of love  
Of the date when it became something else

To give breath but not to receive it  
To forsake blame and still feel it upon my own  
To forsake growing love and feel it not in return

To search for relief  
In the words  
In the actions  
In him  
But none faithfully appears  
Lack of something and someone

So why  
Why is it that the sense of this is inside?  
What went wrong?  
What was said or was not said?  
What was done or was not done?  
What was missed?  
Did my mind forget?  
Yet his image is with the heart and mind all the times of the day.

To accept the change and to ignore  
For how long?  
For how long to live this pain?  
For how long to be pushed aside.

To sense the answer of this  
Parallels of the past

New situation and person, but same play  
Heart bruised once and twice  
Heart ignored, only to feel more  
Heart for something more  
Of that, nothing appears to grow except tenderness

Of not knowing but knowing  
Of the coincidence of time and place  
Of the coincidence of heart and feeling  
Of the coincidence of the person other  
Of the coincidence of trial  
Of the coincidence of fear  
Of the coincidence of anxiety  
Of the coincidence of fate?

A closed heart, burned and aching  
Flowing tears  
Mind of the same

Of the crisis and learning  
Of the crisis about and within  
In myself and in the pattern of thought  
Of what has and has not been done.  
Of the learning, eyes see the roots  
Of the learning, world still in circle of pain.

Waiting and have been waiting  
For much longer to wait?  
Patience for things that could be  
For much longer to ignore?  
Intuition and pain  
For much longer to forget?  
What has not taken place  
For much longer to hope?  
That it is an illusion of demons

Of the effect, of the cause  
Of the shroud, of the weary heart  
Of the seen and not seen  
Of the heard and not heard  
Of how it was heard and seen or not heard and not seen  
Of the felt and not felt  
Of the chance, of the way  
Of the mind, of the heart

Listening, breathing, sighing, brief rest  
Returning

Is there deception in this  
Within or from him?  
Is there someone else's presence felt?  
Or pray it's just an illusion  
Is there any other reason for the change?  
The logic illustrates his unpleasant silence

Where to go?

Lost aim, lost reason  
Lost place, lost light  
Lost love

The sense of it  
The constant question  
The fate of intuition and hopes  
The fate of trust and vision  
The fate of youth  
The fate of reality  
Dismissed not easily  
Tearing at the heart more

The illusion so valid  
The fate seen  
The pleasures been  
The soreness begun

Bleeding in the rejection  
Swallowing rage  
Don't let it end

To close and to hide the heart  
To smile and to learn to pretend  
And there'll be no more dreams to defend  
In this sense  
And this darkness