***Hope***
In hope, she comes

on nights like this, listening to Piaf

an empty bottle and an empty soul, waiting

for a refill but no waitress comes, no

companion to lift my arms and take me home, no

false hope of finding you, not tonight, no

I am just a guy lost in eons of longing, no

sweet kiss from you as you ready to go to bed, no

wink of the eye and the rise of my excitement, no

I am just alone, song my mere respite, wine but forgetfulness, not memory, no

it is as it is, alone, no

never so without memory, but such fails on the nights I sleep alone, no

let me be, let me be, I am here just for this moment, all is gone: no

longer the desire or the need of the universe to continue itself, no

I am here just eternally in love with you, what else? but love, always love, no

I do not recede from that, rather I embrace it, I am—no

I am not—I am all that is no longer that but only this, know

the time is now and so now I shout down the halls of forgetfulness that I love, no

that I adore you even in the emptiness of your fleeting shadow, know

that I live, ever in love with you—yes!

she comes, in hope