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Pale

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Pale

Gabrielle Lehmann

In waking dreams you kiss my nose
 Caress my face, my fancy grows
 I close my eyes and count to ten
 On opening, you've gone again
 And so it seems the stuff of dreams
 No more is mine, I shred my seams
 I no more wish to dream it so
 If I shall have you nevermore

I wake alone in my old bed
 No longer does it feel like home
 And how should I shake off this dread
 As out the window comfort's thrown
 And as I fear, solutions near
 Will only cast a fleeting glow
 I close my eyes and you appear
 I open; gone, forevermore

My haunt to follow all my days
 In sleep I dream we part
 My mornings pass in whiteout haze
 I miss my paper heart
 But have you taken all of me
 I should not miss it sore
 If I, your love the addressee
 Should ever see it more,
 No love, no, nevermore

A chasm left within my home
 I no more wish to sleep alone
 So curl up against the ache
 Lest I should lie all night awake
 If you could measure half the cost
 I should not feel it such a loss
 In absence will my comfort grow
 Or shall I long forevermore

Should I miss you years from now
 (The more nostalgia would allow)
 I treat it as a friend well known
 A tomb of flowers overgrown

For hours I while away my thought
On dreams all lost and longing naught
Thoughts that hold me here, forever
Should I ever leave this spot,
No, not here, not ever

Yet should I close my eyes and see
Familiar tracks no more
Exactly as my life, my dreams
Rewrite more than I show
A shadow passes years ahead
And through the tears I know
Death behind me now lies dead
And as this prose so shall I go
And shall I love you nevermore
No love, not you, no, nevermore

While You Were Sleeping

Marty Gross

Pt 1

While you were sleeping there was a bit of an accident.
I was naughtminded at the time, my service was of none to your folkses.
Tonight, my apologies square unto you, I shall stare into you
and you into me,
and there shall be
the hum.

Bums were mumbling, when it happened,
while you were asleep
and under the stairs.
I creeped up behind them
and I stared,
but I balked,
and continued to stare.

Scared, I was and why would I not be?
Mumbling bums,
Affronting your mother,
father,
auntie,
brother john,
little sister
doris,
scooter,
the rutabaga crop.