the love i made with your mind paralyzed my feelings
until the next time.
i saw you i didn’t.
looking at the grass
stop.
reading a poem
stop.
playing with the little children discovering what life is;
little children.
turn.
to you
i wanted to
look at
read to
play with.
just minutes before beside a pillar i became aware of
someone’s presence.
not yet ready i drove into a circle
to return
to pillars
and your presence.
we became a slow motion movie
coming closer
and closer
unto the zero point. the point of magnetism.
attracted
to one another.
time became a pressure point.
two hours of mind
to your parting
the starting of our relationship took
a second.
just long enough to create life
or end life.
the intelligence outlasted my own
the feelings of life were thrown into the wind
never again to hear
except
in the haunting of memory
always much sweeter than it really was.
and you really were.

SOARING

EDWARD L. WILLIAMS

there have been times
when i was jealous of god
for making the sand dunes.
and other times
i loved him for it.

there have been times
when i was jealous of susan
turning away,
and other times
i loved her for it.

but i've always
been jealous of the sea gulls
soaring through wind,
their shining wings
spread across the waves.