

First love poetry

Written after the break-ups in Oct. 1978:

man,  
confusing, wonderful  
smiles, loves, hurts  
painful pleasure, sweet bondage  
man

lover  
gentle, devoted  
touching, feeling, soothing  
pain, longing, crushed, gone  
lover

I reached out,  
and touched another.  
I held to my breast  
a gentle lover.  
Now that love  
that I did adore,  
is broken  
and loves no more.

In Aug. 1979:

Don't fly to high  
my love,  
you might fall.  
Please,  
come down to me?  
Don't fly so high  
my love,  
it's not worth it all.  
Please,  
If you love me?

Do you,  
Do you remember  
a moonlit sky?  
Do you remember  
why?  
Do you,  
Do you still  
walk down that lane?  
Do you still  
feel the pain?  
Do you,  
Do you think  
of what could have been?  
Do you think  
it will ever mend?  
Do you,  
Do you look  
for someone new?  
Do you still  
love me too?

And in June 1980:

Those eyes –  
          they haunt;  
blue and clear  
and as  
deep  
as the day I first  
looked into them.

Those eyes –  
          they search;  
burrowing and seeing  
and as  
hot  
as the day the first captured me.

The eyes –  
          they call;  
loud and sweet  
and as  
strong  
as the day I first  
loved you.