

After The Fire

Donna Lewis

You really astound me
You with your half closed eyes
Far far away

And me wide eyed and focused
Intent on perfection
What a fool to believe

Fiercly wild in the presence of strangers
Meeting for the first time
An innocent desire to display your charms

But I shall not see
I shall not fear you
I shall not hear you
Call me a friend

Tears she'd over one's broken promises
Blaming the foolish one
For a poem out of time

Big child sullen and self willed
Flashes of anger
Blood red to the core

How easy it would be to let uncontrollable
Words burst from my mouth
But why should it be me
To tell you the truth

So I shall not see
I shall not fear you
I shall not hear you
Call me never call me a friend