

The Last Ring

The Appleseed Cast

this sacred word.
this sideways phrase.
these pieces let me down.
it's what this waking heart will find.
and i watch for why.
as if it might just now.
suddenly appear.
it's what these weighted hands will find empty of this pen
and vacant moves define.
the ring is lost.
white picket fence.
and sideways now this raging rushing traffic heart.
it's what you are.
and i am not.
what we were in my head and in my heart is lost.
this precious ring which was the last i had to give.
and would only fit your hand