

## unrequited

clouds tiptoe from the west wing  
eyes unbutton layers of flannel sky  
in fervent search  
of a star

(I wish I may,  
I wish I might)

(I need you.)

knees pulled to chest  
indentions in sand cradle lonely little pools  
dispersed on the shore

the black ocean reaches to reclaim  
its lost memories

the moon slaps away  
the desperate hands of the tide

(pain is growth, and it's  
time to let go)

clouds stroll unnoticed back to bed  
spared wrath of a cranky goddess  
the sky sharpens  
revealing a barren eternity  
of starless  
disappointment

kept secret.