

FEELING THE WARMTH

Touched again inside my flesh
Left to decipher the flailing results
My pentacle lost to a deficiency
Carried beyond imagined time

I listlessly grovel among the missing
Taking strides along hopelessness
Unable with will to reverse direction
And yet things stray little from course

In a wandering heart ship's quest
Filled with things sweetly cherished
I stomp to wanting acknowledgement
Missing something left abandoned

Staking life and all its liberties found
Upon what cannot be truly owned
Telling myself that road once traveled
Leaves nothing to chanced encounter

But stars remembered position dictates
A dream still exists after nights following
To make clear the other side of yesterday
And sunshine can again touch my flesh

- Raymond J. McCarter, Sr.