

Inspired by a true story in modern dating.

THE LAST FIRST DATE



Jay Hall

POEMS

Introduction

While engrossed in “The Last First Date,” I found myself spontaneously composing poetry, an art I had yet to attempt. The style of each poem mirrors the emotions I felt while writing the chapters of this modern dating story; each verse reflects the mood of the corresponding chapter. Poetry, with its evocative language and imagery, remains one of the most subjective forms of writing, open to endless interpretations. Should it rhyme? Where should it rhyme? Long or short? Deep or easy to read? There is no one style to choose from and no one path to take.

If you enjoyed *The Last First Date*, you will surely understand these poems. Without having read the book, you’ll probably find this pointless and frustrating, lacking the context to appreciate it.

These are the poems of Act One.

POEM ONE

Spooky Action

Fate,
Destiny,
God's Hand.
Energy,
Souls,
The master plan.

Connection,
Kindred,
Space and time.
Biology,
Physics,
Follow the signs.

If Einstein figured,
Anything wild to be true,
Then perhaps it's possible,
Inevitable,
I'm meant to be with you.

Whether by spooky action,
Cosmic fate,
Or the unknown.
Discovery is,
Finding home.

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* * *

In every moment,
A chance for passion,
A chance for change,
A chance for more,
Futures exchanged.

POEM TWO

Intersecting Futures

Two fates,
Intersect.
Complicating life,
Every aspect.

A choice between,
Two divergent dreams.
How could it be made?
Roads travelled, and unseen.

Like two paths,
And one light.
Each has risk,
Each feel right.

The push and the pull,
Of getting what you want.
Can be a blessing, or curse.
Heavenly or a haunt.

That's just life,
Many would say.
That's how it goes,
In a state of play.

* * *

What would you do,
If all your dreams came true?
But the universe would force,
You to ultimately choose?

POEM THREE

Surprise Guest

As if,
Never allowed,
Never before,
As if,
Never seen,
Never more.

With the best laid plans,
Allowed to flow,
Allowed to be.
With the best laid plans,
Crashing,
All around me.

In time,
An answer,
A bright light in mind.
In time,
Peace,
But there is no time.

The present,
Or past.
A unknown future.
The present,

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To be cherished,
Time stitched like a suture.

A decision will be made.
It must be, if we make our own fate.

POEM FOR

The Wait

The madness, the waiting,
The haunting, the pacing.
The worry, the reaction,
The anxiety, lack of satisfaction.
The thoughts, the feelings,
The tension, the reeling.
The deflation, the sedation,
The visual creations,
All mental masturbation.

As you wait,
And wait,
And wait it out.
You wonder why,
Someone would not,
Want you,
You start to doubt.

Doubt you said,
What was right.
Doubt that you did,
What others might.

Craziness looms in her heart and soul,
Then a response,

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It comes,
Light in your mental dark hole.

POEM FIVE

Nine Hours

Passing notes,
All day in school,
From locker to locker,
Longing looks,
While keeping it cool.

You ran home and waited,
Watching the phone.
Waiting for that call so you could say,
What you couldn't write,
In monotone.

Hours pass,
As you both laugh,
Giggle, in fact.
Learning about someone,
Like you learn about math.
Connecting the dots,
Forging a new path.

Until your parents call out,
It's time to get off the phone.
You posture, you beg,
You absolutely bemoan.

Jay Hall

* * *

Oh to be a teenager not knowing,
Why you're even so drawn.
So to experience it years later,
It's savoured,
Appreciated,
Like art through the eyes of a curator.