

## ALL THESE EMOTIONS

If I could ever bring together  
all these emotions in one place,  
I know which words I'd show to you,  
but I'm not sure which I'd erase.  
I know where I want my life to be,  
even the most distant horizon is flat;  
I will always, always be your friend.  
But I want to know more love than that.

I would forfeit these few hours of sleep  
to write a good poem for you tonight:  
simple words that are pure and honest.  
But words are poor companions for the night.  
And all my emotions are scattered,  
a careless slip between right and wrong:  
Right is defined as following precepts,  
wrong affirms 'they take too long'.

My heart knew what it was doing  
when it pledged its substance all to you.  
It lay naked beneath the hard sun,  
what more could I ask my heart to do?  
Once you curled beside me asleep and still:  
I'd never felt the love so strong before.  
Old Yeller's dead, I cried and cried ...  
I don't sleep on his carcass anymore.

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