

## *Soliloquy*

I dare not speak  
forever,  
next time,  
tomorrow,  
or eternity.  
I want only to stroll  
down the road  
on your arm  
and shine on you  
like midsummer sun.  
And  
collect  
memories of us in  
the pockets of my mind  
for future  
recollection.

I dare not walk down  
your redwood pathways  
on starlit nights  
without your hand  
reached out for mine  
beseeching me to join  
in your adventure.

I dare not stare too long  
into your brave eyes  
for they may capture me  
and I'll be lost in you  
absorbed

consumed

enamored ...

I dare not reveal  
more ...

for you  
butterfly my soul  
and intoxicate me  
without ever  
speaking.

I am  
wrapped up  
in your silence ...  
Yet  
your movements  
are brilliant soliloquies  
that dare me  
to love you ...  
that woo me  
to touch you  
where sweet hands  
have never roamed.

You are my wide eyed  
September,  
October,  
November,  
December,  
forever.  
I anticipate you  
like cotton candy  
and summer festivals.

I dared not say more  
yet –  
said so much.