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Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1996/iss1/19
So close yet so far
That is what you are to me
I know that in time you will come to see
What you mean to me
I know that somewhere sometime there will be a place for us

For now, I will wait until that day comes
Though it seems light years away
Some day, somehow, somewhere...
We will be together

Yes it is but a dream
And reality has an ugly way
Of intruding on your dreams
However, I will hang on to that hope till my very last day

Though time ages us
And may send us on different paths in life
That is how I will always think of you
And smile a pained smile
For what could have been
So I raise my glass, and make a toast
Here's to you,
Here's to me
And to what could someday be

And even though it hurts like hell
I will get over you and move on
Yet, you will always be in my head and my heart

There's something about you
That makes me wonder
Though I don't quite know what it is
I'm sure it will be revealed someday
And I will understand

My questions will be answered
Thy will be done
Someday I know
Our hearts will beat as one

Kill not me I do no harm,
bring not fear nor violence.
Death don't send upon my head,
for I dislike its lonely silence.

The flight of birds and thundering herds
bring to my lips such wondrous thoughts and words.
Golden fields sway through my veins
my mind and presence need not reins
for as I stare through purple haze
the sun dips low, disappears,
my eyes they find a sleepy gaze.

Darkness awakens from daytime sleep,
come from beneath the earth, much too deep for one to know.
From whence the place lost spirits flow,
rising, rising to the surface now,
come to dance in pale moonlight.

All come for one and one for none,
the air around about them.
Lingering still through silken mist
small rains of sun,
give now to specters come
drops of warm delight.

To which they've longed, belonged,
and have seen through the light.