

ROMANCE

by Adam Sifre

In the neon light and barroom shadows,
on the shores of moonlit oceans,
on September nights with memories of Summer,
by the light of cheap tv
or the darkness of a leonard cohen croon,
It's hard to be existential with you.

In the after storms of winter nights,
when aches and scars wash up like driftwood;
and the inevitable distance comes, that comes to all,
we all fall away and toward the same encore.
Still, it's hard to be existential with you.

