

Mind The Gap

by D. Ohana

Alone,
we are ageless
together
in the heart
of our precious now.
A relentless wedge
of image and vanity,
gossip and innuendo,
acceptable and
most certainly not,
dashes our agelessness into
an insurmountable chasm of years.
That diabolically grand canyon
stands between us,
you on one distant rim,
I on the other.

An eagle soars
clutching my heart
with blood stained talons.

