

# One Brief Moment

*by* David Russo

I have sat aside and entertained the coveted feelings of what  
was not in my hands. Only briefly, a moment shared of hidden  
secrets  
and joy. But of and between us, I cannot say that this moment is a  
considerable spur-still I desire more.  
Even so, and now departed, uncertain of what comes from the  
horizon,  
the feelings of a connection lie within-yet with cautious indolence I  
allow thoughts to drift that these aspirations are not misplaced but  
shared.  
To explore this vice a bit further-a tremor of the heart-has certain  
consequences, privledged thought of the reflections of ecstasy,  
prove  
fatal, yet unfulfilled in the experience of this world around us after  
just one brief moment.

