

Ode to Tomorrow

by Jack Ales-Oruam

If luscious lips
Lusted for love lost,
They wouldn't be mine.
 When time ticks
With trembling tears,
It is never.
 When birds fade
Into the mist
And don't come back,
You wonder.
 So, time flies;
Entities are lost
In the light
Of the coming day
 And feelings do the same,
Flushed down the maelstrom
Of imposing time.
 One can
But hope that
He or she hasn't hurt another or
That time will heal all.
 But when the wounded
Rise stronger than the victors,
One can but marvel
And admire
And wish again
For that which pitted them together.
 I have watched the sun rise,
The clouds meander,
But that is always.
 Few times
Have I seen footprints

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As deep
As full
As yours.

Such an impression
They leave not only in the ground
But in an observer.
In me.

It rained really nicely
A few days back.
The birds enjoyed the brief shower.

It snowed
One lovely day
When I thought that winter
Had left for good.

But yesterday,
The sun shone too harshly
In my eyes,
Like the truth
That we both see.

Sometimes,
After you watch a beautiful flower
Grow,
You just have to let go.

